AP5 E83 xx fol Reserve

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

OCTOBER, 1919
VOL. XI., No. 4

TWENTY CENTS

"THE MASQUE"

From a Painting by T. V. McCarthy.

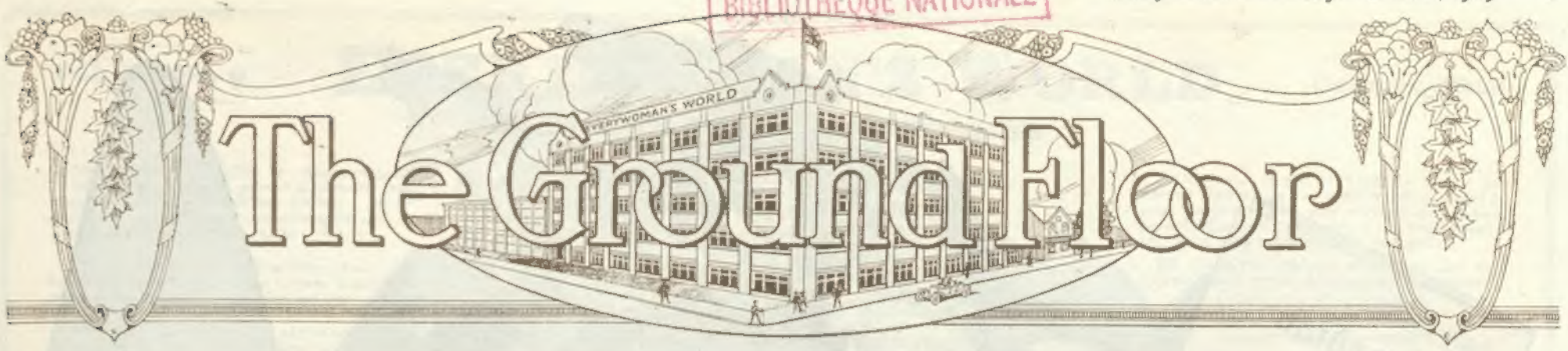
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa.
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Keeps all
Cooking and Kitchen
Utensils
Spotless and Sanitary
saves time, money and labor

MADE IN CANADA

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE



The Ground Floor

THE MAN WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

NOBODY expected Benny Metcalf to set the world on fire, although he impressively signed himself "B.J.F." His employer considered him just an average young chap tied down with a family. As for Benny, well, his wife told him he was "just the cleverest old dear" so why shouldn't he believe it on such good authority. And then came the Big Chance. Benny's employer was stricken with a sudden illness. "He's an old fogey anyway" Benny told the adoring wife, and proceeded to grasp opportunity by the forelock. Benny was the only other person who knew anything about his employer's business, and, plainly speaking, Benny cut loose among modern business methods. He took it upon his young shoulders to insert a screaming advertisement that he was sure would "bring home the bacon." And just as he was riding the crest of his own idea of success, his employer returned — — — (The dashes signify Benny's state of mind when he faced the music). If you really want to know what happened to "B.J.F." you'll find his finish in "The Metcalf Self-Starter," by Edward J. Moore, complete in November.

"I Can't Desert Her Now"

"I CAN'T desert her now" was Jimmy's heart-broken cry when the Doctor told him his lungs had gone back on him. And his only confidant was the old battered typewriter that had helped him "pound out stuff for his paper." But his young wife of only a few weeks found out, as women will and although Augusta was handicapped with the care of her invalid mother and the support of the whole family, she faced the situation with the high courage that makes "The Hills of Desire," by Richard Aumerle Maher, a serial of unusual merit. Don't fail to start "The Hills of Desire" in this issue. In November Augusta solves the problem of Jimmy's lung trouble with the timely aid of Donahue. You'll love Donahue, he's such a blessing in disguise.

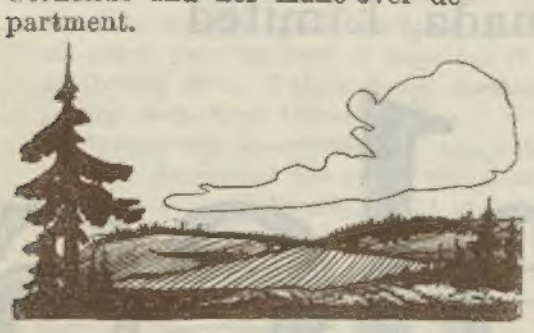
Sauce for the Goose

"SAUCE for the Goose is sauce for the Gander" so runs the old saying. And whether it's a goose or a gander or just a good, substantial roast, you'll find your culinary interest anticipated in the food feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Household Department.

"Sauces and Gravies" in this issue and similar tasty recipes in the November issue will give you many a new hint on tempting and nourishing sauces and gravies, in addition to four other helpful household pages.

A Priceless Mirror

A MIRROR that is priceless, and a mirror in which every woman dearly loves to view her image is the mirror of fashion. And this year the mirror of fashion reflects a rare riot of colours, a sudden reaction from the smoke grey economy of war. Brocades and velvets, rainbow chiffons, silks and colour and style without stint, reflect feminine fashions for fall. The November issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will carry five pages of advance fashions and information in addition to the special fashion article of the month by Helen Cornelius and her make-over department.



ALICE HEGAN RICE
To The Rescue

The writer of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will offer you Beulah in next month's issue

"BEULAH" was not an ordinary person. In fact, she was quite unique. Witness her description: "Her face and figure resembled a jig-saw puzzle that has been put together by an amateur. A pair of non-committal eyes, of slightly different size and colour stood guard over a nose that was really too small to look after itself, and farther south, on her facial map, lay a mouth that opened only when it had to, and usually

shut in somebody's face. In appearance and action she announced to the world that she was quite prepared to live without it, and she wished the compliment returned."

When "Beulah" was forced into spiritualistic seances, what she thought and what she did is beyond us to express. Look for the story next month and see for yourself. The inimitable Alice Hegan Rice has surpassed herself in this story.

Wanted—A Wife

NOW, of course, Rupert did not advertise it quite that way, but all the neighbours said a wife was just what he wanted. And when he sat beside Alice in her little blue car he knew she was just the wife he needed. And because he wanted her so much he found himself "a mute, inglorious Milton" when it came to actually asking her. And then—well, who'd ever imagine an apple green gardening set and a terrible thunder shower would have any influence with a man who wanted a wife, but then you never can tell—not until you read "The Spring Song," by Margaret Wise, complete in November.

The Girl Who Never Grew Up

IT'S no use asking you to guess who she is because everybody would say at once—"Mary Pickford." And if you've seen her new photo-play "Daddy-Long-Legs" you know that it is because the heart of her has never grown up that "Little Mary" is the idol of the screen.

To all her friends, Mary Pickford is giving her facsimile autograph with each copy of the moving picture edition of Daddy-Long-Legs. This offer is only made through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Full particulars are given on page 56.

French Peas

NO, this is not a Food announcement, but the title of an unusual bit of fiction which will appear in the November issue. It is not a war story. It but touches upon the outer fringe of the great event in so far as it brings together Jules Quentin, a relation-less fighting man and Celia—quaint little Celia, just an ordinary girl to all intents and purposes, in just an ordinary tiresome Government position.

Celia has hoped and planned and built romance around Jules' return from the war, while Jules—oh well, let's not analyze him here. The fact that they had never met, adds zest to the tale. What had French Peas to do with it? A whole lot. You see, Jules liked French Peas and they're just spilled pell mell throughout the story.

Strictly Personal

The Coupon below really belongs to us—so we trust you will return it to us TODAY. The obvious reason why we lend it to you is that you may fill in the blank spaces. It brings you 12 issues of Canada's Greatest Magazine and makes you a member of Everywoman's Book and Music Club.

Secretary of Everywoman's Book and Music Club.
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.
Dear Madam:

I enclose $2.00. Please send me new / renewal subscription to Everywoman's World to begin at once / expiration of my present subscription and to run for one year thereafter. This elects me a member of Everywoman's Book and Music Club and entitles me to a $1.00 selection of books free at once and a further opportunity of securing $1.00 worth of books free each month. Send me the following books:

.....

Name .....

Address c3

See page 36 for this month's List. Illustrated Catalogue mailed on request.

Shoe-Soles Would Insure Every Returned Soldier for $2,000

Every year Canadians buy millions of dollars worth of shoe soles they don't need.

Enough to pay the premium on $2,000 insurance for every returned or returning soldier.

Enough to give the next of kin of every man who died in France insurance for over $10,000.

Enough to build homes for a workingman's city of 20,000 people.

Enough to give every city child in Canada two weeks' holiday in the country.

Enough to give every shoe merchant in Canada between $4,000 and $5,000.

Enough to buy a motor car for every farmer working over 200 acres in Manitoba; for every second such farmer in Saskatchewan; for nearly all in Alberta; for all in Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined; for all in Quebec, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island combined.

You are partly responsible for this appalling waste. You are partly the loser—nationally and personally. You can help make this tremendous national saving.

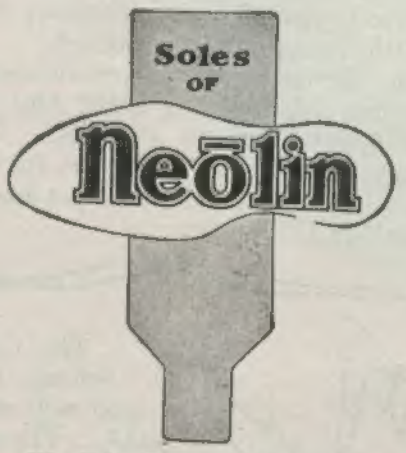
Wear shoes with Neōlin Soles.

Neōlin Soles have been tested in actual use in direct comparison with other soles.

The actual saving has been figured out for the whole of Canada on a very conservative basis.

And the result, as given above, is startling.

Start now to make this big saving. Start now to wear shoes of longer life. See your shoe merchant at the first opportunity and ask him to show you the shoes he has with Neōlin Soles.



Watch for this price-ticket. When you see it, ask for your favorite style of shoes with Neolin Soles.

Neōlin Soles—half-soles and full-soles—are nailed or sewn on all kinds of shoes by manufacturers, repairmen, and at home.

Neōlin Soles have been a great success. So they have imitators. But the methods and materials that make Neōlin Soles superior are known only to Goodyear. You can be sure of Neōlin Sole quality only when you see the trademark "Neōlin" on the bottom of the sole.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Neōlin Soles

Vol. XI., No. 4

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE

October, 1919

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $2.00 a year, payable in advance, anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 20 cents. United States subscriptions, $2.25 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

MARY M. MURPHY, *Editor-in-Chief*

KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, *Associate Editor*

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Magazine and Book Publishers.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Published the First of Each Month by Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Publishers also of "Everywoman's Storekeeper" and "Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittance.

Advertising Branch Offices
(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)

Philadelphia, Metropolitan Building
Chicago, People's Gas Building
London, England, 16 Regent Street, S.W.
Montreal, Cartier Building

Editorially Speaking

The Influence That Counts

THAT the women of to-day are the hope of the nation of to-morrow, is possibly a trite statement, but it carries with it at the present time enough significance, in this country, to bear repetition. Long after we have forgotten the admonitions of the press, to "reconstruct," and "carry on," to "make the world safe for democracy" and "democracy safe for the world;" long after we have become accustomed to the presence of our governing officials after their sojourn abroad and have memorized their reminiscences of the Peace Conference and the parts they played therein—considerably long after all this there will still remain with us this fact—that this Canada of ours needs a national overhauling and that this housecleaning rests in the hands of the women.

Women have not advanced one whit more than when Eve kept house for Adam "somewhere in Eden." And Eve was no super-woman; at least, not after she fell! Possibly she didn't realize the tremendous responsibility that rested upon her—her influence upon future generations—or she would not have erred. But the women of to-day have no such excuse. They do realize their responsibility, and, whereas, Eve kept house for only one man with no knowledge of what the results of her mission in life might be in years to come, the twentieth century woman must know that from her very hearth (granting that the Government will some day make it possible for her to maintain a hearth) will go forth either stalwart citizens who must throw in their lot with their fellows in establishing the Dominion of to-morrow, or weaklings.

The call to women of courage, faith, strength and understanding shall not, and does not come from the public platform, from the political arena or from any of the various niches women have, especially in the past five years, hewn for themselves. True, since 1914, women have been needed in the public field. There is probably no exaggeration in the statement that the war could not have continued without their help in official channels. Many of these women must still remain in these public capacities if they are to support themselves. On the other hand if they are to support the country their not too distant goal should be a home, where all the experience they have gained, all their self-reliance may be brought to bear upon the creation of a creditable family circle.

Never before have men needed more guidance, more sympathetic understanding. The chaos from which so many of them have emerged has loosened their grasp upon the realities of both commercial and home life. It will take time and careful coaching on the part of women to bring them back to normal. This does not imply humouring, but it does call for tact.

Labour unrest, incipient Bolshevism—all this can be combated by women; not from the platform, not by political propaganda, but, in the home. There, the ideals of the small boy and the small girl should be formed and fostered; brightened up when they become tarnished by contact with the unscrupulous. There, the young lives should be shaped, moulded into the dignity of future citizenship. The school has its part to play, the pulpit also; but both of these fail if there is not behind them, if there is not constantly supporting them, home influence.

"Women and Reconstruction" is a slogan that has been flaunted in and out of the press for the past ten or eleven months. It is at best, a generality. The part women are to play in Canada's upbuilding or re-building, or whatever it should be styled, is individual. It can be summed up in this—the improvement of home life.

IN France, which country after all, has been most devastated, the voice of women in public, or political agitation is conspicuous by its absence. They suffered as the women of no other country have suffered. Now that it is all over; they still remain peculiarly silent. They are busy. Their work is too overwhelming to permit of either plans or controversy. They are re-making their country's homes—their own homes.

In the northern districts of the country, as soon as the conflict ceased, these women who had tilled the land and produced so large a quota of the nation's food supplies, living, the while, huddled together in make-shift community shelters, immediately set about building log houses, re-modelling wells, scraping together enough currency to purchase cows, horses, and fowl—why? Because these things represented the re-establishment of their homes—(not merely houses) to which those of their men-folk who were left, might return.

Throughout every region of France immediately affected by the war the women are trying to put on a newer and better status, the home life and influence that produced such men as Foch, Joffre, and Clemenceau.

IS there not a parallel to be drawn? The women of Canada have an opportunity to-day they have never had before. The men have been under stress. They may not as yet feel equal to the burdens that await them. The new Canada depends upon its women.

Referring back again to Eve, it is still the primal instinct in every woman, to manage a home. Woman may have taken hold in channels that did not exist in Eden, but her greatest influence will always be that which she can exert over her husband, her sons, and her daughters, in the home circle from which must emanate the principles which will make of this Dominion a broader and stronger and healthier place in which to live.

A Cradle Song

Little feet, grown weary of play,
Daytime and playtime have passed away
And the sun swings low in the west;
Fades the glory of sunset light
In ruby and gold and malachite,
Then rest, my little one, rest.

Deeper, softer the shadows grow,
Hark to the sleep-call soft and low
Stealing across the night;
Silver stars are hung in the sky,
And a silver moon is riding high
Like a ship with sails of white.

Golden head on my heart that lies,
Folded fingers and fast shut eyes,
Slumber has whelmed you deep;
Out on a tide of dream and dew
The galley of night is bearing you,
Then sleep, my little one, sleep.

NORAH M. HOLLAND.

The Woman and the Profiteer

"NOW that they haven't the war to talk about, the newspapers are full of tiresome Profiteers!"

"Tiresome," they are indeed, those profiteers—though not in the sense of the non-thinker rocking on a hotel verandah, and bemoaning the lack of sensation in the daily papers.

Tiresome? Ask the woman who is trying to provide nourishing food for growing children, with bread and potatoes and butter and meat at breath-taking prices. Or the woman who must keep two or three school-children neatly shod. She will answer, "Tiresome," but with a sigh and a moment's tensing at the mere thought of the struggle.

Are some women thus to exclaim of boredom at the mention of the great living-problem or others to double their at present splendid effort to meet the crisis individually and let the matter rest there?

We think not. We hear of different attitudes here and there that belie such indifference and suffering acceptance. In Chicago, organized women have gone themselves to retailer, to wholesaler, to manufacturer, or producer, inquiring the margin of profit they consider fair and necessary. With the resulting data in hand, they have found wide discrepancies—and have been neither silent nor acquiescent thereat.

But, of course, only a few of life's necessities can be traced by a layman in any such simple fashion, for many of our products come at least in part from distant markets and are things about which we ourselves cannot know.

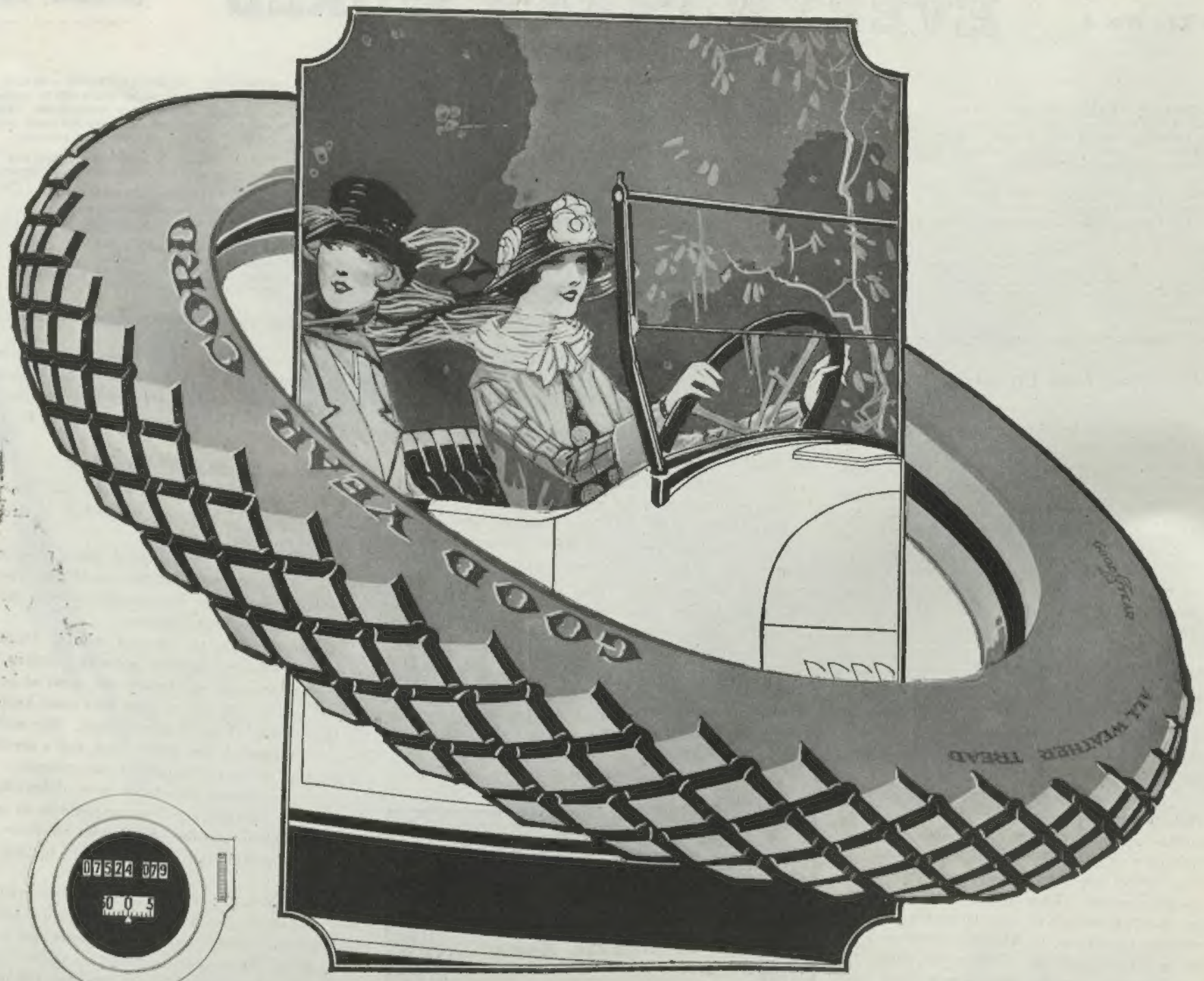
Herein lies an active danger—that of a false hue and cry that actually gives protection to real offenders. There is everywhere a tendency to brand an increased price in almost any article the result of profiteering.

Is there profiteering in its production or merchandising—or is its high price the result of some of the intricate and abnormal conditions prevailing in the world to-day? To wrongly brand its costliness as due to inflated profits somewhere, aggravates a condition that is already bad, and lends cover to the illegitimate profit-maker.

To draw these vital lines of distinction is as important as is the task of each of us—to see that we are not adding to the temptation or the ease of profiteering by failing to know what we can of values and avoiding the carelessness that comes from a too ready acceptance of the "everything-is-high, this-must-be-expected" idea when big prices are asked us. Let us rather shop round—look round—ask round, and enter seriously into any plans that will reduce selling costs to us.

The women of Canada must arraign themselves intelligently as a definite part of that Power Behind that is working toward more balanced conditions. Indifference is not our cue, increasing struggle not our duty. We must look about us with seeing eyes, note how much of the fault may lie with us, as being too "easy" or too ignorant, to recognize abnormal or inflated values when we see them, or reasonable high cost in things which are temporarily and unavoidably dear. And where increase in our power to better faulty conditions lies in using combined effort and the greater knowledge of our organizations, let us use them to some purpose.

But above all, let us get away from this pose—for pose it must be—of indifference, from equally harmful passivity and from the assumption that all costs are high for the same reasons!



Have you ever given real thought to keeping down the cost of running your car?

You have a car—do you know how much it is costing?

Do you know whether any money is being wasted in running it?

You can save money—as thousands of women have done—by watching the mileage of your tires—and by buying only the kind of tire *that gives the most mileage for the money.*

Those who watch mileage most closely have found that the more expensive Goodyear Cord Tire, the best-looking tire, admittedly the ultimate in tires, is really the cheapest—that when you use Goodyear Cords *it costs less to run your car.* (A few days ago the press of Canada carried a list of mileages obtained from Goodyear Cords.)

Isn't it worth while to study this question of mileage, just a little? Your car may be costing more to operate than it should.

If no one else is watching the mileage, it rests with you to insist on the same economy in running your motor car as you maintain in your housekeeping affairs.

As a start toward true motoring economy, have the Goodyear Service Station Dealer replace your tires, as you need them, with Goodyear Cords. And as a further economy, pay slightly more for Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube. You, with them, have the most economical combination obtainable.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

GOODYEAR CORD TIRES

MADE IN CANADA

The Moon of Nanakuli

By

FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Five o'clock of a marky afternoon it was, and Lewis' emotional barometer very low.

NANAKULI is a beach. It might, from the liquid, alluring, nonsensical name of it, be a song, or a perfume, or a woman, but it isn't. Yet Lewis found all three there one hushed Hawaiian moonrise—after this fashion:

Lewis had been going round the island over the week-end alone, in his battered, grey car, nursing a soul-scaring grievance. Undoubtedly he had his reasons, but two days of sun and wind and sudden, fleeting rains and doubtful roads failed somehow to dislodge them, so that he came at the end, not of a perfect day, but of a sand-smitten, care-ridden Sunday, to the kiawe trees that hedge the way to Nanakuli and to the promise—glimmering vaguely through the kiawes—of the most perfect strip of ivory beach that he had ever seen.

It was just dusk—road and trees were powdered with shadow. There was an echo of surf in the air.

Lewis knew a sudden, overwhelming desire for the sting of the spray on his eyelids, for the coolness of breaking waves on his sunburnt shoulders. He drew the car up at the side of a ditch, got out his bathing-suit and a towel, selected in one sweeping glance the thickest clump of trees in sight as a likely dressing-room, and plunged across the road.

Behind him loneliness settled, absolute and void.

It was dark among the kiawes, and unpleasantly thorny. Lewis, emerging after a little, straight and slim in his old grey bathing-suit, cursed gently but with amazing attention to detail the discomfort of a pricked left heel. Then he came out upon the beach, and the loveliness of Nanakuli took him by the throat and silenced him.

Sunset had faded; only an eerie afterglow remained, smudging the clearness of the western sky with blood-stained gold, against whose dying ardours a line of black volcanic rock thrust jaggedly, beginning midway up the beach and running down into the water to end in a smother of creaming surf.

Well up the beach, between the rocks and the dark of the kiawe trees, there was a shack, grass-roofed and shambling-walled, barely perceptible in the waning light, the one sign of human habitation in a place otherwise free, delicious wilderness.

Lewis turned away from the shack with a shrug of distaste.

"Squatters," he conjectured idly. "Smelling of stale fish and smoke and palm-tree gin. There every prospect pleases, of course——"

But the beach silenced him once more. To the east of the crescent of sand and over the high, black shoulder of a treeless hill a glow was spreading—white fire, lambent, unearthly radiance, deepening with every breath.

Lewis had seen the moon rise before, but he stood there that night on the beach of Nanakuli and felt his heart stumble in his breast before the flawless, astounding magic of the thing.

It came slowly, just at first; out of the witch-fire glow, tipping the blackness of the hill, a paring of silver; then a sickle; then, before a man might catch his breath, a great, gleaming beauty of a full moon, ripe with mischief of all the centuries.

It washed the world in an exquisite pallor like the inside of a pearl; the sea gleamed like a great king's shield. It was then for the first time that Lewis saw the girl seated upon a grim, black rock, her dark hair blowing out behind her. She was looking out to sea, and he thought he heard her singing.

"It's the moon, of course. I'm going mad!" said Lewis succinctly, and started off at once to dispel the illusion. His footsteps made no sound upon the sand. The world was still as death or a dream.

THE girl, however, was real. When Lewis came to the first black ledge of rock and stopped and looked up at her, she turned her head and looked down at him with an equal incredulity, but without a trace of fear.

"Hello!" said Lewis gently.

"Hello!" said the girl, in the softest, mellowest drawl he thought he had ever heard. She did not smile. She only sat there and looked at him and waited.

She wore a flimsy white shift of some sort that struck her between knee and ankle and that left her arms and legs and slender throat quite bare. Her flesh had a delicate darkness under the moon. The hair that streamed silkenly about her shoulders was darker even than her big questioning eyes. She had a wreath of white ginger flowers upon her head and the wild April sweetness of them came strangely to Lewis' nostrils.

He stared until his own cheeks crimsoned. She was so unbelievably a creature made for the evanescent moment, for moonshine on southern seas, for untrodden beaches, and for dead-gold sunsets fading over black volcanic rock.

"Very nice moon!" he said with a feeling of deep chagrin at his own banality. He held his breath waiting for her to answer.

"Yes," said the girl with a kind of naive soft gravity, "ver' nice moon. You too much like this place?"

"By gad! I should say I did!" said Lewis fervently.

"Where you come from?"

He gestured vaguely towards the road behind the kiawes.

"I go round island—car—too hot, too tired—I see beach—think I like swim—leave car beside the road—(You cursed ass!" he finished fiercely to himself. "Talking pidgin to a dream like this.'). But the dream only nodded its lovely head in unquestioning acceptance of his method of speech.

"This ver' good beach for swim—no coral—not many shark."

"You live here?" demanded Lewis irresistibly.

For an instant she looked away, smiling to herself as if she had not heard him. Then her eyes returned gravely to his.

"Long time I live here. I born Nanakuli."

"What?" Lewis had never heard so silken-soft a sound.

She repeated slowly: "I born—Na-na-ku-li—tha's name this place. You think—pretty?"

"It's perfect," said Lewis softly. "I can hardly believe I'm awake." He put out one hand and swung himself up beside her. He smiled, and Lewis had in his softer moments a smile not easy to be denied. The Eternal Boy, at such times, looked out of his eyes. Women never failed to see it, and to weaken before it.

"I like stay little while and talk to you—all right?"

"All right," repeated the girl serenely. She moved over to make room for him with just a touch of shyness, and the perfume of the wild ginger flowers in her hair floated to him as she turned. In that white, unearthly air her eyes were pools of shadow, her skin had a lucent warmth and smoothness.

"Sit tight, old boy," said Lewis to himself. "She's only a pretty little squatter after all."

But it took all his reserves of calm to keep that fact in mind. There was a fragrance about her and a delicacy. She might have been made of moonlight.

"You live in that house?" he asked at last to discipline his mounting excitement.

She nodded sweetly.

"I got father, mother, one sister. My sister marry nice Portugee man. She live Honolulu—got plenty holuku, six small children. I never go Honolulu myself." There was a wistfulness in her lowered tones that tightened Lewis' throat. He thrust away from him the vision of the holukued sister (a holuku is a sort of loose native dress very grateful to increasing curves)—thrust away the vision of the nice Portugee man and the six small children, fastened his eyes upon the slim, flower-crowned thing beside him, and tried not to spill his heart at her feet before the moon should at least be overhead. Thus entangled, he made desperate attempt at conversation.

"Your father Hawaiian man—where he stop now?"

She lifted a dreaming gaze. "My mother, Hawaiian. My father, English-man—name—Ed-monds-son. He stop inside house—sleep—drunk, I think."

At Lewis' muttered exclamation she shrugged and gestured daintily with two small brown hands.

"Oh—no pilikia! (trouble)—all time drunk. I think he like forget. Be-fore—he stop 'nother country. Not like this. All time—wear good clothes—all time wear shoes. He have money then—everybody like. Now"—she broke into a mellow note of laughter—"little fish; plenty drink, plenty sleep. He say like I tell you, he like forget. Thas' ver' good way—eh?"

"Certainly it's one way, if you like," admitted Lewis curiously. "And you—you dream of old ivory and rose leaves!—I suppose you'll marry a nice Portugee man, too, and grow fat and clumsy—and—"

"I not too old," she interrupted haughtily. "Eighteen—that's not too old. But I no marry Portugee man"—her chin lifted proudly. "Some day I go England—marry Englishman." She pointed with a slender forefinger straight across the moon-swept empty splendour of the sea.

Steps crossed the wide, bare floor from the dining-room windows and Lewis, getting to his feet, looked suddenly and straight and unexpectedly into eyes which he had not, in seven doggedly busy days, been able for one moment to forget.

"Crown the hair, and come away!
Hear the calling of the moon,
And the whispering scents that stray
About the idle, warm lagoon."

"England over there?"

"Thereabouts," said Lewis gently.

"You think I b'long more better England?"

He smiled down into her eyes that dared him to deny her.

"If it comes down to that, I think you b'long in 'magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn'—You're just Romance—that's what you are! I'd begun to believe you didn't exist."

She frowned adorably. "I no understan' how you talk that way."

"No," said Lewis regretfully; "I suppose not. You see, it's like this. I'd heard all my life that these islands of yours were the Garden of Eden, and I was disappointed after I got here because I simply couldn't see it—until to-night. By the way, your name is Eve, I suppose?"

"My name Kealoha," she told him softly. "You like that name?"

"It's too perfect," said Lewis again. "I don't know what I ever did to deserve it."

She laid one cool little hand for the barest flutter of a second over his, and in that second Lewis' pulses raced. Then, before he could stop her, she sprang from the rocks and stood on the shining wet sand, a figure of sheer enchantment.

"If you are not happy, I think more better we go swim—thas' good for forget—everything! No be sorry any more—eh?"

LAUGHING, she ran out into the sea, her white shift modelling her slender limbs in lines of an exquisitely tender youth; the wreath of flowers still upon her head, she flung herself into a breaking wave, and the moonlight glimmered upon one lifted arm as she struck out for the reef.

Lewis followed, not by any means so calmly as he might have wished. He was, in the majority of instances, a young man who knew his way about, and it startled him somewhat, annoyed him not a little, to find himself pursuing this creature of foam and faery with all the unconsidering ardour of the boy he used to be.

He fancied the scent of her wild ginger flowers came back to him on the wind. He thought he heard a luring sigh of laughter, and the sound tingled through all his veins.

Something sang in his mind like music, while the water slipped away from his eager strokes.

"A man had given all other bliss . . . to waste his whole heart in one kiss upon her perfect lips!"

"It's that damned moon!" groaned Lewis savagely, and quickened his way through the grey, velvety shadow of sea that lay between them. The feel of that sea on his face and body was unadulterated ecstasy, cooler than April rain, sharper than breaking bubbles of pale gold wine. He caught up to her, a little way out, and they drifted side by side without a word.

After a long time she sighed to him sweetly: "You happy now, eh?"

Like the inside of a great milky pearl, the whole world set them round with silence.

She turned her face to his, small and soft and mysteriously sweet, like the fragile white flower in her streaming hair. Her eyes held his for a moment—for a moment only.

"Listen!" she whispered.

From the shore a faint call came to them, twice repeated while they drifted, waiting.

"My father," said Kealoha, suddenly. "I think he not sleep any more." She put one hand to her mouth, and cried back startlingly clear across the water. Then she swam very fast, without parleying, straight for the beach, with Lewis close behind her.

"You go back by kiawe trees," she panted over one gleaming shoulder. "I no like he see you—please!"

"I'll do whatever you say," Lewis returned reluctantly, his idyll melting away before his eyes. "But I'm not afraid of your father, you know."

"Please—tha's more better for me," she begged.

So Lewis said simply that he would do as she told him.

Only—when they came

(*Continued on page 57*)

"A skin you love to touch"

PAINTED BY
WALTER BIGGS

You, too, can have the charm of *"A skin you love to touch"*

YOU, too, can have the charm of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant. Every one admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the care it requires.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care *every day*, you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and unsightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the famous treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

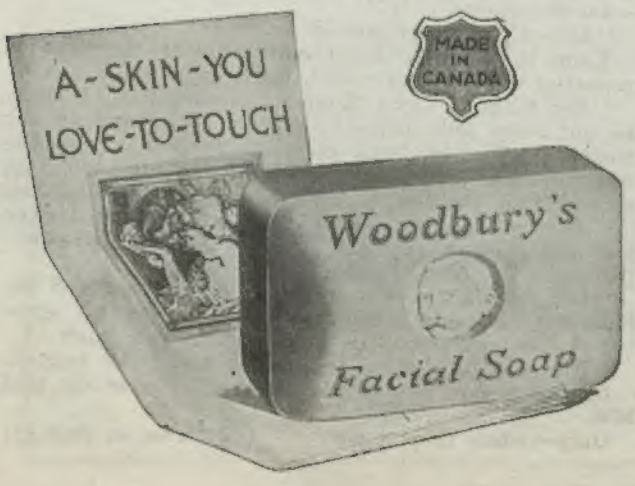
You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture for framing

Send for your copy today!

Picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 20c.

This delightful picture is Walter Biggs' masterful interpretation of the famous subject, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, your copy is now ready for framing! Size 15x19 inches. No printing. Thousands will want this picture. Send today to the address below.



TO GET THE ABOVE PICTURE with a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, send 20 cents to The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7510 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

"The One Who Comes Alone"

By EDITH J. CRAINE

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

"NO, Miss, not a vision! Quite clearly I could see the great trees with their branches pointing upward as if they could not understand why they had been so torn. The ground about me was furrowed as by a giant plow and my injured foot lay in a pool of water. So near to me that I could touch him lay the American who had cracked jokes in the trench but a few hours before. Above us the springtime moon shone pityingly. It seemed to want to soften the awfulness of what it must look upon. No, Miss, I dreamed not. Clearly I saw him come to me, swiftly over the uneven ground. Like a woman he dressed my wounds and bathed my face, and so tenderly did he carry me that I suffered not at all."

The little poilu talked earnestly and his companions listened with grave faces.

"Oui, Mademoiselle," another soldier interrupted, "many times he has come. In his uniform—his uniform with the cross of crimson on his arm. He comes into the battlefield where men lie dying, and into the trenches when the boys are hungry and disheartened. Always he comes quietly and gives to each man what most he needs, and always, Miss, he is kind. His eyes they shine with much understanding, and beautiful he smiles, always, Miss!"

"Is he French?" I ventured to ask, but the men only exchanged glances and shrugged.

"Always we understand him, Miss; also the Anglais," one answered patiently.

During my eight months of service, I had heard many weird tales of help and comfort that had come to the soldiers. Some of the wounded men told of waking to find themselves in protected spots many feet from where they had fallen; others told of being miraculously saved by skillful first aid, or of being dragged out from the enemies' lines. But knowing their keen appreciation of every slight service I decided that in the fullness of gratitude the wounded men attributed supernatural powers to the nurses or doctors who were able to relieve their sufferings. In their semi-conscious state a stretcher-bearer might easily seem to descend from out the setting sun, nor would it be difficult to believe that the fingers that tenderly bound a wound were those of a saint. But for the past few months the stories of this one man had grown in number and detail, and they were told with remarkable similarity both by the soldiers from the Somme and by the soldiers from the Piave front. His uniform with the crimson cross on the sleeve, his marvellous strength and tenderness, and his wonderful smile that renewed men's faith and courage; these simple facts were always the same; yet, in no branch of the Red Cross of France or of Italy was there a man who answered the entire description.

"It would be impossible for a man to be transferred from one line to another so quickly, and no ordinary man could do so much," I reminded a veteran of Verdun, to which he calmly agreed:

"Oui, Mademoiselle, no ordinary man could do so much!"

The earnestness of the soldiers and their sincere belief in 'The One Who Comes Alone,' as they called him, puzzled me greatly, so, one afternoon I broached the subject to a fellow worker who had been among the first to answer the call of France.

"Have any of the men whom you have nursed told you queer things about a—a Red Cross ambulance doctor?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Do you mean 'The One Who Comes Alone?'" she asked quietly and I nodded.

"I know a boy," she answered, "who was injured so badly that it seemed almost a pity to take precious time to dress his wounds; he was shot all but to pieces and had lain for three days in a filthy barn. I was standing by his bedside wondering how he happened to be alive at all, when suddenly he opened his eyes and looked at me. 'I am in no pain,' he said, 'and in a few weeks I'll be ready to go back.' Thinking to soothe him I answered, 'Yes, surely, in a few weeks.' The poor chap smiled then and went on talking. 'It won't take long,' he said, 'you see, Miss, The One Who Comes Alone sat with me all day yesterday, and although he didn't say much, when my head got to doing queer stunts, he took hold of my hand and hung on like a regular pal.'"

"Well," the elder nurse said slowly, "we've done some remarkable things here in the hospital, but no one pretends to know how that boy happened to recover, and he did go back."

An urgent call ended our talk then, and the next morning I was sent to one of the dressing stations near the front, at that mysterious point called "somewhere." Here, every hour was so filled that I had no time to question the truthfulness of soldiers' tales. My thoughts turned often to the bevy of girls at home who were longing to come over, and I almost wished that they might be allowed to come.

One night, when the wounded were being brought in in droves and I had sponged, and plugged, and bandaged until my head swam, I caught myself saying over and over in a sort of monitone, "if-we-only-had-more-help, if we only had more help;" and I went on sponging, and plugging, and bandaging paying no particular attention to a young man in a Red Cross uniform, with the usual Red Cross on his arm, who carried in a wounded Englishman and proceeded in a cool, business-like fashion, to dress the man's wounds. This patient attended to, he turned to others, and, in an incredibly short time, the suffering men had all been made as comfortable as possible. Then the young doctor came toward me:

"You are about all in," he said, smiling. "Lie down and rest; I'll keep watch and call you, if need be." Then he took my arm and gently led me to my cot, and giving the hard bit of a pillow a punch he promised, with a queer little laugh, "Not even a Bo'he's bomb shall destroy the station while I am here!"

FOR two hours I slept, a delicious restful sleep, and when I awoke, he was leaning against the door frame and it seemed to me that absolute peace had come to our station. (*Continued on page 61*)

Sunny Jim sprang to his feet. "Did you hear what this beast said?" he demanded.

A Paris Incident

Second and Final Instalment of the Two Part Serial

By FREDERICK GORDON HAWES

Illustrated by T.V. McCarthy

KENDALL stood there, hemmed in by a swirling conglomerate mass of thoughts at his own stupidity and rashness. It took him a long time to recover his equilibrium; and when h did recover it he found upon a survey of his state of mind that he had been guilty of a nervy piece of folly and that the enlightment he had received certainly pressed home the fact, that it was dangerous to meddle with a woman's love affairs. In spite of the rebuff he wanted to meet her once more. He was desperately lonely, and this being his last night in Paris, he felt as though he was equal to any occasion that might arise, where the question of his getting better acquainted was concerned.

It occurred to him that his artist friend might k w something about her. Kendall caught sight of Barreau and hurried across the lawn. The two men viewed the girl as she scurried among the maze of dancers in the arms of a tall, thin young man.

"That's her!" Kendall pointed, "Who is she?"

"Ah, that's probably Mademoiselle Fayette. She won extraordinary fame not only because of her beauty, but her art. She danced her way into the heart of all Paris at a time when the town was interested solely in the war. I'll make you better acquainted when we unmask!"

Mademoiselle Fayette! Kendall had never heard of her before. A sumptuous realm of Parisian festivity, rouged lips and pale faces, lit up by the bright glimmer of the green and red lamps in the Café d'Etoile appeared before his mind's eye.

"The centre of a thousand love affairs, I suppose."

"Well not *that* many! The past two years since her appearance she has been engaged in war work. They tell me a young Canadian soldier once came into her life, and since then she has been rather partial to Canadians."

"That's right," remarked Kendall excitedly, "a moment ago I had a little tiff with her over the question of their amorous abilities. She became offended because I spoke somewhat disrespectfully of their attitude towards love affairs."

"But you must not miss her society on that account. It will prove quite an adventure to get acquainted again. Why not borrow a musical instrument and live up to your part. Surprise the lady in her retreat and like a real troubadour serenade her properly. Music will work wonders especially where a sentimental nature is concerned."

Barreau hurried him across the lawn to the entrance of a walled section of the garden, where several musicians were sitting in a state of inactivity, their instruments lying on the grass beside them.

"This gentleman," began Barreau, who evidently claimed most of them as friends, "is in need of a violin to win the affections of a fair lady. Would one of you gentlemen be kind enough to lend him an instrument!"

This manoeuver astonished Kendall. He was surprised to find an instrument pressed in his hand, with the generous donor urging him to realize the necessity of taking the bow.

"But I can only play one tune!" he remonstrated, "And it's so long since I touched a violin that I don't think I remember that."

"That's alright," said Barreau to a general round of merriment, "play it soft and low. One delicately played selection is sufficient."

"It's not even classical. Merely a national air—the Maple Leaf!"

"That will appeal to her. She'll be delighted with that music. I know it!"

Kendall smiled in a silly fashion. He could not help thinking he was being made fun of.

However, the idea of reaching her affection in this manner was enticing. It furnished him with a little adventure quite in keeping with his momentary emotions.

The dance had finished, and when he went to look there was no sign of her among the dancers standing in couples and little groups on the lawn. He walked slowly across the grass, his violin carefully tucked under his mantle, and turned to the left past a sundial, reflecting in a dark slice of shadow the light of the high moon. He saw her seated on a bench in the rear of the garden.

Kendall crept up close and hid himself behind a rose bush. He had a close view of the girl as she sat there oblivious of the outside world, looking as though she was nursing some secret sorrow, cherishing some well-loved memory.

Soft moonlight came through the bower; that, and the song of some night bird and the faint sweet perfume of blossoms. All was silence; and Fayette sat there as though in the arms of a great peace. The burka veil was still drawn over her features, and under it the mask shut out her beauty from his gaze.

Slowly he drew the bow over the strings. They quivered and broke into melody—like the music of a dream, soft and sweet and low. She sat there as though stupified. Once her fingers clutched affectionately the little gold emblem at her throat. For the rest she remained passively silent in a state of trance. And the melody he was playing was none other than the only selection he knew—The Maple Leaf!

When he reached the end, the melody having died down gradually, melting away as though it had been absorbed in the moonlight.

The girl arose from the seat, her hand on her heart. Her lips were moving, and Kendall strained eagerly to catch her words.

". . . . . beautiful ah, too beautiful . . . the music . . yes, he played . . " but there her lips closed. She had sensed Kendall's presence, and like a timid fawn disturbed in the woodlands, endeavoured to dart away. He laid his violin down beneath the rose bush and before she could succeed in her object he took hold of her wrist.

"One minute; p-please!"

She lifted her veil and unmasked her face. Kendall stared wildly, his eyes wide with amazement. A strange power was holding him back. He could not move a limb or utter a word. "Kiss me" she commanded.

Motionless she looked at him, her hand in his grasp.

"You remind me of somebody," he said quietly, "I knew a year or two ago—somebody who meant a lot in my life. Won't you stay and tell me something about yourself, and your life? I promise not to speak slightingly of the Canadians any more."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why did you come here?" she inquired firmly.

"Don't be angry with me! To-night I'm the most lonesome man in Paris. I came here simply because I wanted somebody to talk to—somebody with whom I could share the feelings of an empty hour."

Her sympathy was awakened.

"If I let you stay," she said, will you promise not to annoy me or disturb my dreams. I was listening before you came to some fairy music that spoke of other days!"

Without a word Kendall sat down and drew her down beside him. She shivered a little though the night was not cold.

"I am afraid of you—this strange manner of yours!"

"No need for you to be afraid," he smiled, "there's enough gallantry in me to stand between you and fear."

During the short silence that followed the tall broad shouldered troubadour looked straight at the ravishing vision in the diaphonous robes of the Orient.

"It's natural for me to be nervous about meeting men. It is difficult for a young girl to live up to her ideals in Paris. And especially so when she hasn't a friend in the world."

Impulsively Kendall put out his hand and her white tender one closed in his, and he held it very close.

"Not a friend" he murmured, "in the whole world, and I was kicking about not having a friend in Paris. But then you have health and youth and looks, and plenty of acquaintances? You are making a success of life."

"It is true what you say," she sobbed, "but what is the use of it? What are looks to me, success or even health? I am miserable and dreadfully lonely."

Back of all her disgust of life, her loneliness of heart was the stalwart figure of a young officer, who had come out of the fine dusk, and the silence of the years to become a model of adoration at the shrine of a lonely little girl's heart. That was two years ago; he had come and loved and stayed awhile, and then went away.

KENDALL crossed his legs in a vain effort to appear thoroughly at ease, and gazed tenderly almost affectionately at the apparition beside him. Charm, grace, breeding, cultured demeanour and nurtured beauty—and loneliness! Here was an enigma! A mystery baffling the most subtle psychologists.

"And is love as strong as all that?" he asked himself. "Does she care enough for that bloke to mourn two years for him, and let his absence interfere with her happiness!"

"I'd like to be your friend," he whispered "a really genuine friend forever."

"I need a friend," she sighed, "do you think you could be a friend to me—a true friend!"

"I don't see why I couldn't!"

She did not say anything for a while and then asked rather oddly.

"Have you a friend?"

"What kind?"

"A girl friend!"

"Well, not now. I had one once, and she was a real friend—more than a friend."

"What became of her?"

"I do not know!"

"Did you leave her?"

"No!"

"Did she leave you?"

"No!"

"How did it happen?"

"The war was to blame. She lived in a village when I met her. For two years I served with the British Air Force, and recently when I went to look for her the village was in ruins. And nobody could tell me her whereabouts."

"Quite a coincidence—surely.

"What!"

"Why your story and mine. If you were only somebody else, and I was just my own little self of two years ago, how nicely could we end a sweet romance."

"How?"

"I would be yours! After two years of search—and found at last!"

She gave a little ripple of laughter. "Things like that only happen in story books," she replied.

"You don't expect to meet him again?"

"Perhaps—sometime!"

"Would he mean as much to you now, as say two years ago?"

"Just as much," she nodded. "I have no doubt he is looking for me at this moment, if he hasn't gone home."

"Home, where?"

"To Canada."

Kendall gave a shudder out of pure excitement.

"This interests me immensely. What part of France do you come from?"

The girl was on her guard. He could be interested as much as he liked; he must not ask personal questions. She muttered

(*Continued on page 60*)

In The Good Old Times---and Now

In the March of Progress We Have Not Given Eye to the Picturesque, But If Speed and Comfort Count for Anything We Have Both

In the Good Old Times—

THE dance (as shown above) was slow and stately and everybody was taught to watch their step and see that it was graceful. Contra dances like the minuet or Virginia reel were all the vogue. Couples stood opposite each other and no man touched more than his partner's hand Mrs Grundy frowned severely on people who failed to "mind their manners" and romped through a dance. For music someone thumped on the spinet or played the fiddle

A modern dance to "canned music" (above to right). There is nothing slow and stately about this

In the Good Old Times

A WOMAN was never for one minute allowed to forget her age. Even if she were barely forty, black was considered the only permissible colour for one of her advanced years. She wore close bonnets tied under the chin with wide ribbons and over it a Chantilly veil that could be thrown back or worn over the face. A long "pelisse" covered her dress of silk heavy enough to "stand alone." This was made with skirt six yards or more around the bottom and worn over a big hoop skirt. The bodice was perfectly plain and seamed to fit the figure. At her neck she wore a small round lace collar fastened with a huge cameo pin or hair brooch.

Now—

THE woman of forty is as young as she ever was and looks—because she takes care of herself and cultivates her health as well as her mind. She takes as keen a delight in the fads and fashions, even to summer furs, as does her daughter and she looks and feels young because she is young physically.

Who ever imagined that crinolines could be made on a machine like this.

In Grandma's Day—

HER sewing machine was a clumsy looking contraption like the one above to right, which was considered a marvellous invention when it was first exhibited in 1863 It was run by foot power and was said by the papers to be a wonderful aid to "industrious females" and they were advised never to allow it to be "monopolised by men."

Now—

THE very newest type of sewing machine is run by electricity It is so small it can easily be packed in a trunk and used anywhere there is electric current without effort or fatigue. It has gone through many changes in the last half century but still continues to be an invaluable aid to "industrious females" and thus far no man with the possible exception of the tailor has even tried to "monopolize" it

The "Rock-a-Bye Baby" idea has passed with the old wicker cradle

In the Good Old Times—

IN the good old times babies were put in hot, stuffy cradles on feather beds that were not made over once in a generation. Even the slightest draught was kept away from them and it was firmly believed that night air would kill them. They were rocked each time they cried until they grew too dizzy to utter a sound. This cradle was brought over in the Mayflower and belonged to Peregrine White the first little Pilgrim born in America. It is of heavy woven wicker work with solid wooden rockers that must have given the occupant an awful jolt every time it swung back and forth. Modern child specialists tell us that constant rocking will effect even the strongest brain.

Now—

CONTRAST with the old cradle the hygienic crib used for babies of to-day. There are open sides so that the infant can get the best of ventilation It is made of white enamelled metal that can be washed off if desired and has a hair mattress laid on woven wire springs. The side next the mother's bed can be let down at a touch of the foot for convenience in lifting out the baby.

In the Good Old Times—

WATER came from the old bucket attached to the well sweep of the old-fashioned well and a slender pole was used to draw it up instead of a rope or chain.

Now—

TO-DAY if you want a drink of water you go out to the refrigerator and pour it from a bottle that you have bought from some spring water company that not only pipes it from a spring high up on a wooded hill where nothing but the rain from Heaven can drain into it, but also conducts hourly tests by chemists in its bacteriological and chemical laboratories to discover if the water is still running pure

In the Good Old Times—

THE kitchen was the family sitting room. All the cooking was done in a huge fire place which burned logs of wood. All pots and kettles were of iron or copper and were held over the fire by the swinging crane with its pot hooks. There were ovens in the brickwork that were heated by building a fire in them until they were very hot and then after sweeping out the ashes putting in the food to be cooked. Most of the tableware was of pewter and needed polishing every day. In those days the home did the work of the cannery and the mill for in it was manufactured all that was needed, both to eat and to wear. (See photo below.)

Now—

THE up-to-date kitchen is entirely run by electricity and nearly all the housewife has to do is to press the button. It has an electric stove, and electric dishwashing machine at one side of the sink, an electric steam table for keeping food warm, and the newest thing of all a refrigerator with its own ice-making plant. There is also in the left foreground a new vacuum washtub that at the touch of a button washes the clothes.

The photo does not show as clearly as it might the cooking utensils hanging over the fireplace.

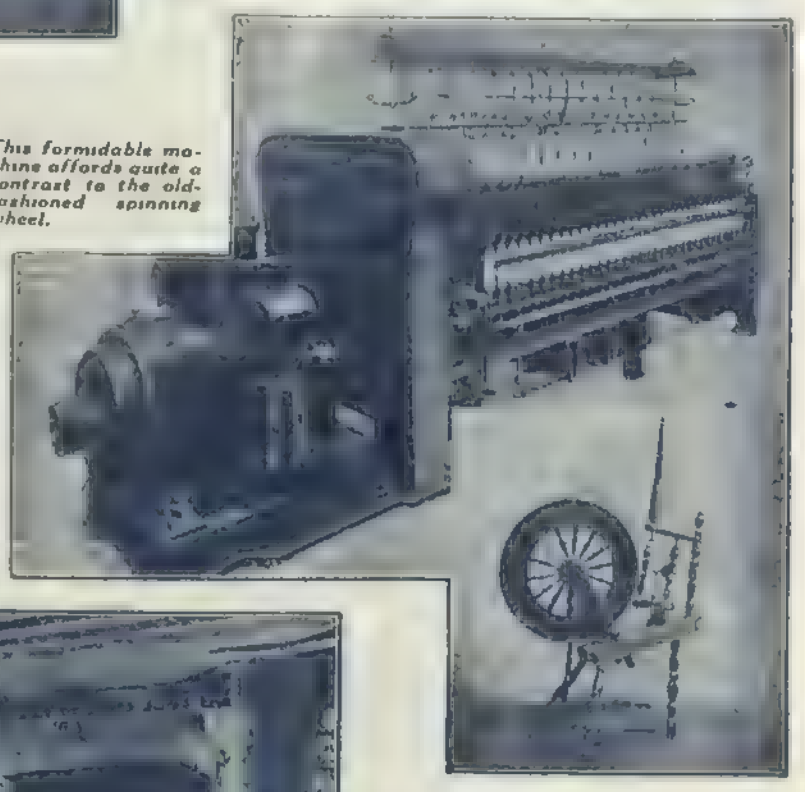
In the Good Old Times—

THE thread was spun in the home by the housewife. All the flax and wool raised on the place passed through her spinning wheel and if she worked hard she perhaps reeled off two or three dozen yards a day. Afterwards she wove the thread into cloth in a hand loom and then made it into garments for the family. This is the earliest type of spinning wheel used in this country. It was brought to New England in the Mayflower and perhaps Priscilla herself was running it when she made her famous reply to John Alden.

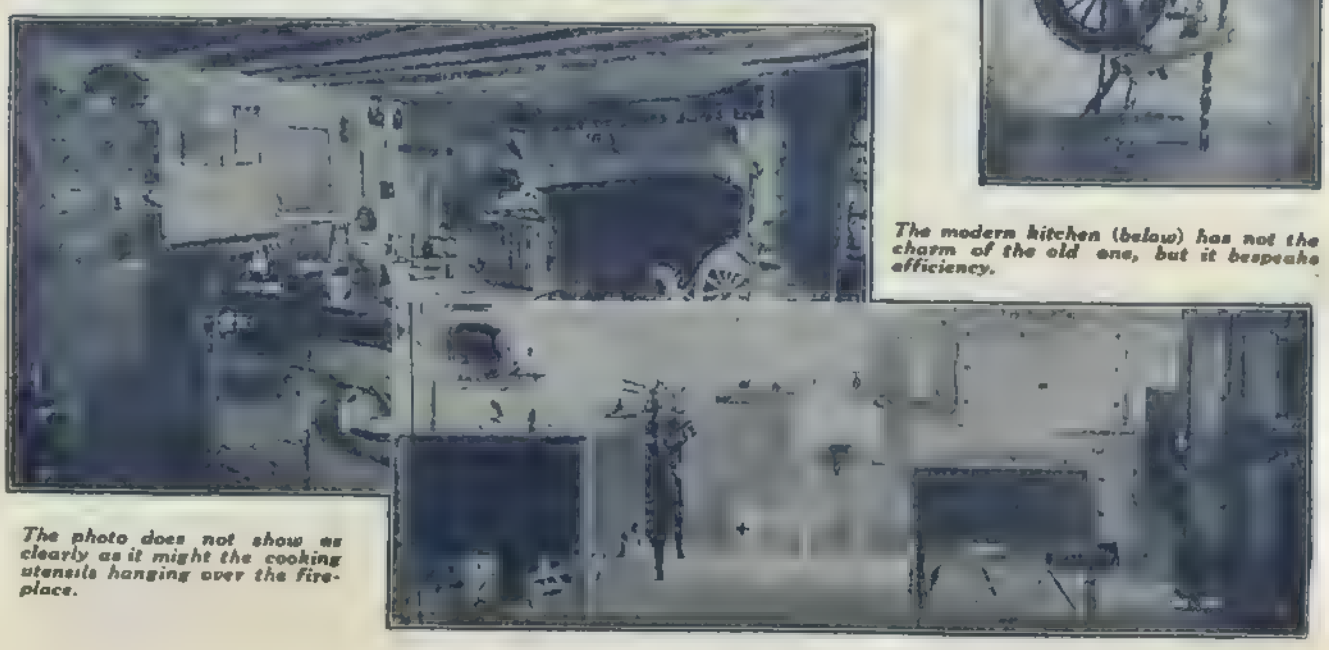
Now—

WE have speeded up this old industry and spin all our thread on a wonderful machine that runs off more than one million yards a day. This is called a "ring spinning frame" and is run not by a blushing Priscilla, in the privacy of the home, but by a greasy-looking alien from some unpronounceable part of Europe amid the roar of a huge cotton mill.

This formidable machine affords quite a contrast to the old-fashioned spinning wheel.



The modern kitchen (below) has not the charm of the old one, but it bespeaks efficiency.



Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

"I was wan. The two Maddens was two—" Jimmy Wardwell interrupted Casey as someone entered the room.

The Hills of Desire

First Instalment of an Alluring Serial

By RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER

"WELL, I was wan. The two Maddens was two. Eddie Carey was three. Jim Powers was four. And—and—But there was five of us, an' I know it. Wait. I'll count fresh.

"I was wan. The two Maddens was two. Eddie Carey was three. Jim Powers was four——"

"Shtop it, Casey! I say, Shtop it! I'll be as crazy as you next. Altogether, I say, altogether how many of you was on the picnic? All-together!"

"Five, I repeat. On me honour as a bricklayer! Five, I will have it. But I cannot, for the life of me, recollect the fifth. I'll count again

"I was wan. The two Maddens was two——"

Augusta opened the door to announce tearfully:

"Mister Jimmie, the boarders are saying that they can't stand it!"

"To arms!" cried Jimmie Wardwell, leaping up from the table and typewriter where he had been laboriously pounding out Casey's count of the picnic, "to arms to repel boarders!"

And he caught the wholly unready and dignified Augusta full in his arms and kissed her fairly.

Now Augusta is somewhat incredible. I suppose I can hardly make you understand her—as much of her, I mean, as I could ever understand. But, having a whole book before me in which to deal with her, I am going to try to explain to you the things about her which may be explained.

There was, for instance, Augusta's look of seraphic innocence. Women looked at her the first time and she looked back at them with her friendly, ready-to-wear—"Good morning, I hope you are as happy as I am," look.

Then they drew away from her with a defensive pursing of backs, saying:

"She can't be so good as that! Or so innocent!"

But then, as they continued to study her, they saw that she was just the gold that she showed. Then they took her suddenly to their hearts and wanted to mother her.

Here it must be explained that Augusta had never till this moment been kissed by a man. She knew that there was no harm in Jimmie Wardwell's kiss. To know innocence and harmlessness, when one meets them, is as great a part of wisdom as to know their opposites when met. Augusta had this large division of wisdom. Yet she was unaccountably hurt by Jimmie's act.

She was angry, but not with the anger that would prompt her to box his ears; as would have been adequate in a smaller matter. She would not let it go as a boy-and-girl tilt.

Jimmie Wardwell, looking into the dry, pained depths of the girl's gray-blue eyes, saw that she was not going to be angry in any ordinary way. He had hurt her. And he was going to be punished. He stood suddenly quiet and sober, awaiting his verdict.

"You will have to leave the house, Mr. Wardwell," she said at last, very quietly. "You must make your own reason. I do not wish to be obliged to tell mother."

She had spoken with a grave, settled finality which left Jimmie Wardwell silent and without defense.

The girl dropped the matter where she had finished it. Nor did she return to the other matter about which she had come to the room. She crossed to the typewriter and stood looking down reading the story that showed half written there.

"I thought you were going to begin on your own work," she said ignoring everything that had passed.

Wardwell knew that he had been ordered out of his boarding house as definitely as if his trunk had been deposited on Eighteenth Street. But he was willing to forget that for the instant and to answer on the new ground that she had chosen.

"I did do something on the book," he said. "But what's the use! I can't put the time on it. I'd never finish it. I have to live. And that"——he pointed angrily at the paper on the machine——"that's the only kind of stuff that anybody'll pay me for! I couldn't sell that if it wasn't ancient and bearded!"

"You couldn't sell that," the grave critic answered judiciously, "if it wasn't good of it's kind. But you don't love it. So you always hate to have to do it, and you must get away from it."

"Yes," said Wardwell, "I must." But it was plain that he was not thinking of her wise counsel about himself and his work. He was thinking of this child—She was no more in time, just a year out of Julia Richman High School. Yet it was a woman's personality that looked out of her child's dancing eyes.

He did think of returning to the question of his leaving. But he remembered that there was no question. It was not a matter of appeasing her anger, of explaining. She knew. She understood. And she had spoken her decision.

"I wonder," the girl said, crossing to look down into the street. "Mother is very long in coming. And she never delays. Could anything happen to her between here and Sixteenth Street. But, of course, what could happen! She goes and comes every morning. And everybody knows her."

"I don't know," said Jimmie darkly, peering doubtfully down into the street. "This great city is full of designing men. I've often wondered how you let her go about the streets in broad day unchaperoned. A lovely woman, an altogether delectable woman!" he proceeded, warming up to his nonsense. "Why, she's not safe a minute!"

"In fact," he announced cheerfully, "I've often thought of running away with her myself."

Augusta's laugh broke through the gathering cloud of anxiety on her face, and her eyes danced as she thought of her mother, Rose Wilding Rose the strong, the capable, the wise, the mother of all the street, being carried off—Her white hair, her broad, stately person, her two hundred pounds of active woman!

"You're right, of course; I know you are. It's silly to think of anything happening to her. But sometimes, you know, before things happen a feeling of dread comes over me. And I just know that something is wrong. I don't know where it comes from, or how. Did you ever feel yourself waiting for a loud shock to come before you hear it?"

Wardwell looked sharply at the girl for an instant. He had heard some strange things from women in the boarding house. They certainly believed that Augusta had some insight or foresight, or something. She had told them things about themselves. But when he spoke he was blandly didactic.

"That, you know," he explained, "is just the first quiver of the shock, felt by the ganglia, the nerve knots; before the rude noise gets to the brain."

"There was a man in our town," Augusta chanted, skipping to the door, "And he was wondrous wise—"

Wardwell listened to the receding hum of her voice as it died down in the well of the stairs. Then he turned and with a vicious yank tore the offending story of Casey's picnic from the machine and ground the paper into the floor with his heel.

An hour later he was sitting on the floor with half a novel of loose sheets of paper scattered all about him. He had found the table too small for the work, had transferred his operations to the bed—he was cutting madly at page after page of the type-written stuff—but, finding that he was jabbing the pencil through the paper, he had swept the whole business to the floor and gone at it with vengeance.

He had spent eight months on the book, and it was still a formless wad of words. There was an idea in it, a live, working idea. But "The Feet of the Plodders," as he was calling the book, would neither plod nor jig. They strutted along, he complained, stiff as wooden horses, fatuous as roosters.

"You talk like a hatful of wood," he said contemptuously to Gerald Straight, his hero, who, on the paper, was giving out some pet ideas of Wardwell's own on the dignity of labour. Down came the pencil and the whole paragraph was condemned as, "Rot!"

He did not notice Augusta coming back into the room. He looked up as he grunted his disapproval of what he had thought very fine while writing it.

The girl stood in the doorway, swaying and clutching desperately at the door frame for support. She must have run madly up the stairs, for it was plain that she was breathless from physical exertion, as well as speechless from some strange, uncanny fright.

"She's gone!" she gasped, as Wardwell jumped from the floor and hurried to her. "I can almost see it! It almost seems that I did see it," she went on, fighting with herself to tell a plain story.

"The apple woman at the corner saw her fall. Her head struck on the curb. The apple woman ran to her. But she got to her feet and walked away without looking back.

"Right past her own doorway she went, without looking up—the apple woman saw her—and straight over toward Broadway.

"I ran all the way, asking, begging people to say they'd seen her. But not one would say it!"

"But," said Wardwell, "it doesn't prove anything. She was a little dazed. She didn't want to come in to frighten you. She just walked around a little and went, maybe, to a doctor. That's what she'd do, can't you see?"

"I wish I could, Jimmie. But it isn't what she'd do at all. She'd just walk quietly into the house, and I'd never know that anything had happened.

"I'm going out again! I can't stay, she may be wandering farther and farther from me every minute!"

There was a fierce, mothering eagerness in the girl's voice, as though she already saw the tragedy of the months to come, and had already taken up the burden of being mother to her mother.

Wardwell laid a gentle hand on the girl's shoulder, saying:

"I think you could better let me go. I can go farther than you."

"She went toward Broadway," the girl said slowly. "But it's no use trying to save me that way. I must find her myself. I know that."

Jimmie had already pushed past her through the door and started for the stairs. He saw that she was in such a state that unless she saw someone doing something she would herself start out again.

"Thank you," she said simply. "But I cannot promise to stay in."

"I think you must. You know we're both foolish. We don't either of us really believe that anything's happened to her. But you must stay in. She's sure to come in any minute."

Arguing her into a kind of silent promise that she would not go out and would not worry, Wardwell left the house and started east through Eighteenth Street.

In the open, quiet street, away from the urge of Augusta's excitement, Wardwell felt entirely foolish. He expected to see the strong-willed, self-reliant woman who was Augusta's mother coming along the street at any moment, and he wondered what he should say to her.

Nothing ever did happen, anyway. Rose Wilding had just walked into a drug store or a doctor's maybe, and had had to wait. That was it, of course.

He walked toward Broadway, taking, without any conscious notion of following a trace, the direction which the old apple woman had given.

"DONAHUE," said Jimmy earnestly, "you may be frank. We do not invite criticism, but we can stand observation. What, then, after two thoughtful days, is your fairly honest opinion of this—ah—institution, of which you are an ornament?"

"Jimmy, you shall not make fun of Donahue. I know he's not pretty. But his eyes are kind, and he is good. He is not for ornament," Augusta defended.

"You are divinely right—as always—about Donahue. Not only is he useful and good; he is more. He is essential and virtuous. I would defend his morals in open court. And when I think of his temptations, of the wild, free and frisky gypsy life that he has led, and then contemplate the shining nobility of his stern virtues, I'm positively ashamed of myself. At such times I even resolve to lead a better life."

Who and what and how is Donahue? The next instalment of "The Hills of Desire" introduces the mysterious Donahue. Don't miss it —THE EDITORS

Coming out of the quiet cross street he stepped thoughtlessly into the rush of traffic that swept through Union Square. An automobile brushed carelessly by within inches of him. A great lumbering truck came charging down upon him. A motorcycle screamed at his ear. He leaped back to the curb, muttering at the grinning fiend in goggles who shot past.

Wardwell stood on the curb looking out over the shifting lines and tides of trucks, handcarts, automobiles, horses and people. He was looking for one person out of the hundreds and hundreds that moved within range of his eye. As well, he thought, look for a particular stone in the paving.

A few men have stepped into the wilderness and never been seen again. But how many, many men and women, have stepped off a curb into a stream like that and never been seen again.

There's Flynn, the cop, across the street. He knows me by sight. He could say he saw me step off the curb. And that's all he could say. I could lose myself from anybody that ever saw me. The string that holds us where we are is so thin that—Why it's a wonder that anybody stays where he is! It's so easy to walk out, completely out!

And then some of Augusta's excited worry came upon him. Rose Wilding might have been stunned by the fall. She might have walked, dazed, right past her own door, right off this curb and into that sea of moving life!

"Is it kiddin' me you are?" snorted officer Flynn. "Lookin' for your boarding mistress! More like, she's lookin' for you."

"No, I'm not," said Jimmie quietly. "I'm right in earnest. Her daughter has it that she fell and struck her head on the curb, and lost—"

"Sure. There'd have to be a daughter in it."

"Oh, go to Blazes!" snapped Jimmie, turning on his heel.

"I might have known better," he growled as he walked away. "They never do anything unless you show them a corpse. And then they'd like to club you for giving them trouble."

He turned south, looking to the only other resource he knew. He was a New Yorker with all of a New Yorker's entire dependence on the two forces that govern his town—the police and the newspapers.

At Astor Place he ran across Jim Ray, a dark little crank of a man, a man who looked as old as the first thing that ever happened, and seemed to have been present at every happening since the first. He was coming from a stormy, snapping interview with an irate, bullying financier, and he was on his way to get the personal story of an interesting adventuress who had gotten herself into jail.

But he listened to Wardwell. In fact, he always listened to everything, until he was sure it was not worth listening to.

He had known Wardwell during the latter's sporadic incursions into newspaper work, and had shown a grudging, contrary sort of liking for him.

"Which do you want to go on," Ray questioned non committally, "the facts, or the daughter's imagination?"

"Both," said Wardwell stubbornly.

"All right," Ray admitted. "But, if you don't want to be guyed, stick to the facts. Go on down to the office, Grayson will be just about coming in. Tell him I sent you. He'll give the word to the boys as they're going out on their assignments. If anything has happened to the woman, they'll get the thread somewhere."

Wardwell was more or less at home in Newspaper Row, and he thoroughly believed that no accident happening in the city could slip through the net of active intelligence centered there. When he had gotten assurance that the word would be passed to all the reporters going out for their rounds, that every newspaper in the city would be informed, that every police blotter and hospital record would be scanned, he started back to the house with the sure feeling that he had done all that was possible.

Augusta listened, dry-eyed, almost listless, it seemed. She did not say anything. It was plain that she had expected nothing from his search. And Wardwell was chilled by the obvious fact, that he had really accomplished nothing.

Augusta sat a little while, not seeming to notice that Wardwell had stopped speaking. Her soft blue eyes took on a deep, dark blue in which there was no visible expression. Her features were strained and sharp, as though she reached somewhere to another medium of knowledge, outside the common senses. After a little she said vaguely:

"She is not hurt. Not that way. She cannot be found that way. She has lost her thought. I've never yet called to her without getting an answer."

"Eh, what's that?" questioned Jimmie sharply.

The girl seemed to be awakened by his voice. She shivered and suddenly jumped up from her chair.

"What was I saying—? I don't remember."

"You were saying something about calling her and always getting an answer. I don't think you ought to worry so," he soothed. "We haven't the least reason to think that anything's happened her. It couldn't be anything bad, or we'd know of it before now."

Here began those incredible nightmare days, and nights, when it seemed that they were forever in the street, hurrying, the girl leading, Wardwell a wholly useless body-guard following, from house to house of all the people who had known Rose Wilding. Then came the fearful, timid questionings, at hospitals, at emergency wards, at police stations. And all the while Wardwell kept every newspaper office in town in a constant bad temper with his persistent prodding, by telephone.

Augusta did not go to the newspaper offices, either because she believed that Wardwell's acquaintance would get more attention than she could, or because she believed, as she had said in the beginning, that she herself must find her mother.

Then there were the worse times, when Wardwell, leaving Augusta peremptorily in the hands of Ann, went by himself on the last, gruesome, hopeless round. He did not tell Augusta that he was going to the morgue. He said nothing when he came back, gray of face and deathly quiet in spite of his every effort to hold up cheer. But Augusta knew where he had been, and what he had seen—and what he had not found.

There were days now when Augusta walked, as it seemed, aimlessly. There were no more definite places to be visited. She walked, Wardwell, with a dull pain of helplessness, dogged and uncomplaining at her side, through lower Fifth Avenue and University Place at the noon time when the thousands of women and girls spilled out from loft buildings and swarmed the sidewalks. Evening found her watching the cross streets from Broome to Fourteenth Street, searching excitedly the myriad faces of the crowds that move eastward to that world wonder of human hives, the great East Side.

But Wardwell, watching the girl, the weary, sharply cut look in her face, the pinched, thining lines of her slender body as she walked home beside him, decided that this must stop. There could be but one end of it for the high strung, over-sensitized mind of the girl.

Jimmie was now the sobered gentleman, the tried and patient servitor always at her side. Neither of them knew how close to each other in sympathy and understanding they had come in these weeks. They had, in truth, been living in a world almost all by themselves with their search. The girl was ready to listen, to believe, to trust; but she could not promise obedience. "I'll stay in to-day, if I can," she promised. "But, if I hear her calling—"

With this he had to be content. And leaving her with Ann he went to his room, hoping to get some work done. His money was about gone. He must get some of the hated skits ready for the Sunday paper from which he drew a hand-to-mouth living.

In the middle of the forenoon he heard Ann's step pounding heavily up the stairs of the quiet house.

"She's away out again, Misther Jimmie!" the big woman panted. "I but stepped out the alley to the corner for an onion. An' I'm just back this blessed minute. An' she's away!"

Wardwell started for the door, but came back. "There's no use going out now," he said. "I wouldn't know where to look. Probably she has started off on some new thought. But about noon I'll know where to look for her. Don't worry, Ann; she's not in the least danger." But it was a confidence he was far from feeling, whatever his common sense might tell him.

Just as the dusk was gathering he heard her key in the door and ran down the stairs. She staggered into his arms in the hall and began to cry fearfully. They were the first tears that he had seen her cry in these weeks, and he did not know whether it was good or bad.

"Oh Jimmie, Jimmie," she cried, with the first direct appeal that she

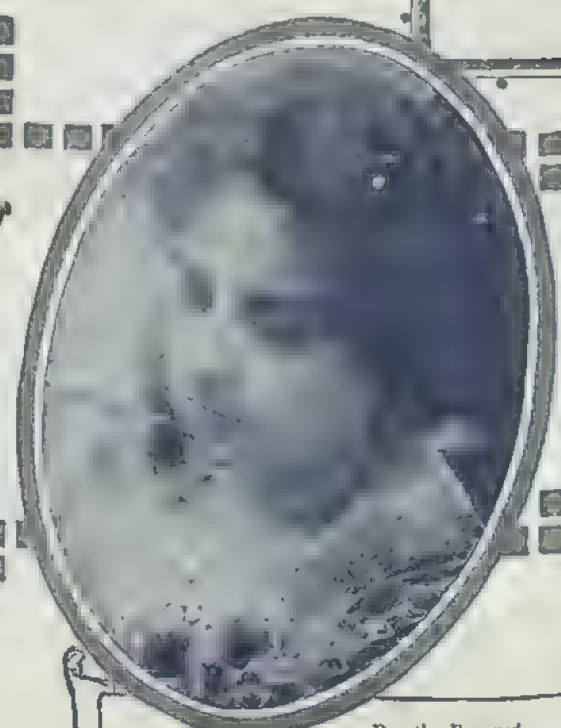
(*Continued on page 46*)

Augusta had opened the door to announce tearfully. "Mister Jimmy, the boarders are saying that they can't stand it!"

The World Shadow

Canada's First Motion Picture Exposes Bolshevism

Tyrone Power, the famous English Shakespearian actor, plays the lead.



Dorothy Bernard does creditable work in this stirring picture.

THE Canadian picture, made by Canadians and Britishers for Canadian distribution, "The World Shadow," which has been in the making at the Adanac studio, Trenton, Ontario, is rapidly nearing completion. For a time, until the company is ready to start on its second production, Trenton will miss the familiar sight of the motion-picture actors and actresses, the "extras," the camera men and the artisans who have been conspicuous figures on its streets for the past two months.

With the completion of this picture a new epoch in the motion picture is begun. For years Canada has been dependent, entirely on the American market for its motion-picture entertainment. The result has been that in Canada as well as in Great Britain, where the same thing holds true, there has been growing up a generation educated, through the pictures, in American ideas as to manners, customs, speech, humour, morals and religion. The advent of a company of Canadian and British players, directed by an Englishman, Harley Knoles, whose reputation as a Director is a guarantee of success, means that the first great step has been taken away from the American idea, and that Canada, with its boundless potentialities will be fittingly and honestly interpreted to the rest of the world.

"The World Shadow" which has been made almost entirely in Trenton, (only a few scenes having been taken in Montreal and Toronto), is a drama designed, in the moral that lies back of it, to show how necessary it is for the welfare of the Dominion that Capital and Labour, should, instead of being antagonistic, co-operate together for the general prosperity. The story of "The World Shadow" is founded on the fact that honest differences between Labour and Capital are kept from decent adjustment, not by the unfair demands of either Labour or Capital, but only because of the pernicious activities of the Bolshevists, spurred on by the vicious and half-baked theories of such false leaders as Trotsky.

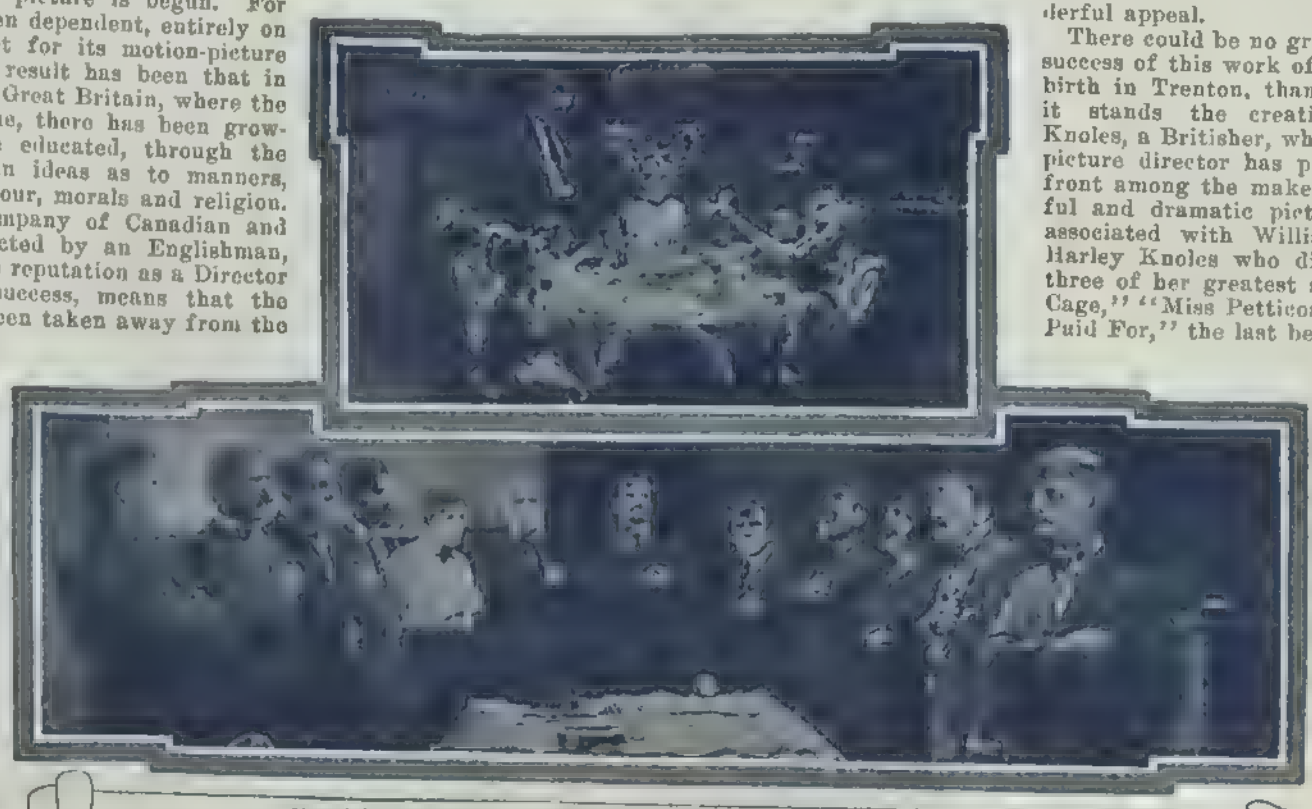
The picture shows that there are vicious elements in Capitalism which decent employers of Labour are anxious to get rid of, just as there are Bolshevist elements in labour circles and amidst the labour unions, which the decent elements of labour—the very backbone and sinew of the Dominion—are determined to throw out, so that industry may proceed in peace. Thus, if Capital and Labour can be brought honestly face to face, each realizing that each is honestly striving for the greatest good to the greatest number, the picture "The World Shadow" shows that the strike menace, the lock-out danger and all the cruel weapons that have been used in the past to paralyze industry and slacken the wheels of commerce, will be powerless to halt progress.

This, the first great motion-picture made in Canada and bearing the Dominion trade-mark, has about all the elements that go to the making of a big and popular success. Its story is keenly and humanly interesting; full of vivid and startling action; tense with suppressed drama; and behind it all there is an effective and wonderful appeal.

There could be no greater guarantee for the success of this work of art, which has had its birth in Trenton, than the fact that behind it stands the creative genius of Harley Knoles, a Britisher, whose career as a motion-picture director has placed him in the forefront among the makers of unusually beautiful and dramatic pictures. For some years associated with William A. Brady, it was Harley Knoles who directed Alice Brady in three of her greatest successes, "The Gilded Cage," "Miss Petticoats" and "Bought and Paid For," the last being one of the greatest financial successes the motion-picture field has ever known.

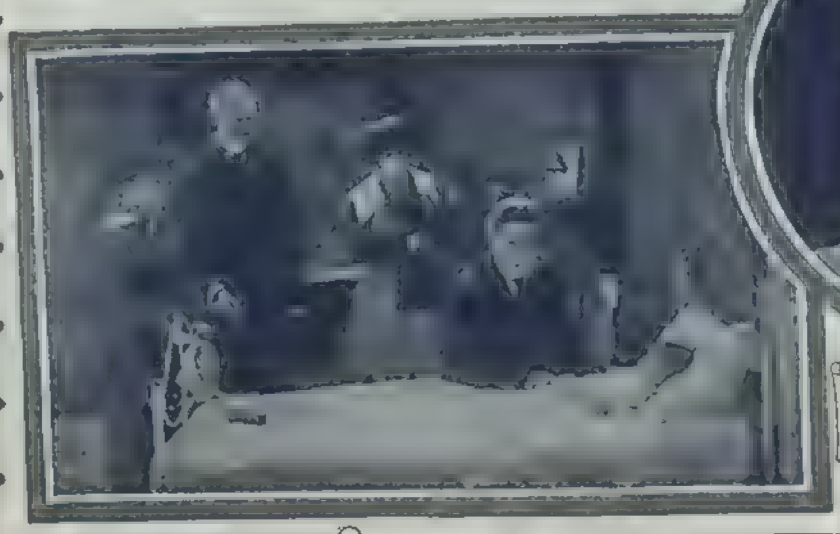
He produced "Little Women," Louise M. Alcott's beautiful story, with an all-star cast, thereby creating a work of art that will take a permanent place on the English and American screen. His direction of "Stolen Orders" resulted in a melodrama so forceful and tense, so unusual in its photographic effects, and so human in its appeal that it has taken its place as one of the "best sellers" on the program of the Select Company, and the success that it has

(*Continued on page 56*)

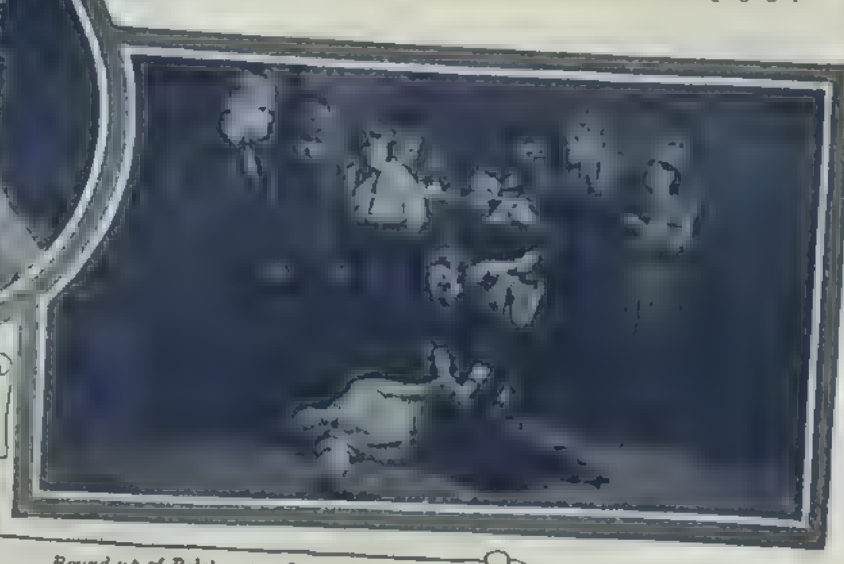


(Upper) Little Ivy Ward as "Mary," at her birthday party. Tyrone Power as seen at left.
(Immediately Above) Secret meeting of Bolshevists in Canada—Taking Oath.

Harley Knoles who directs the picture.



Death of labour leader's child as result of runaway caused by strikers. (Dorothy Bernard in centre).



Round-up of Bolshevists—One of the intensely exciting scenes in "The World Shadow."

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

Our Marketers' Guide

The Cuts of Pork And How We Use Them

THE domestic pig's proudest boast, were pigs given to boasting, would probably be the fact that of all the meat animals, there is least waste about the porker. Modern methods of raising, killing, cutting and curing the pig have made possible the using of every portion of the animal.

The hind legs are cured as hams; the choicest bacon is made from the sides and back. Practically the whole animal is cured, the only exceptions being the back-bone (called the chine bone), which is cut in desired lengths, and roasted fresh. The ribs, also, are just used as fresh pork.

The head, with the cheeks and ears removed, and the feet, are used for head-cheese. The cheek, or jowl, is a great delicacy when cured like bacon, and is preferred boiled, served with turkey or chicken, when it is almost like a pink jelly and of an indescribably delicious flavour.

The demand for fresh pork prevents the curing of vast numbers of pigs. When the butcher handles the fresh meat, it is divided as shown in the chart, and the various cuts all known as follows:

Spare Ribs—roasted; low in price but much bone waste, bringing actual food cost higher.

Hock—usually slightly salted and boiled, good either hot or cold. Sometimes cut higher to include more of the shoulder, and sold as "cottage ham." Lean like ham but without the ham flavour and fine texture.

Loin—The best roasting joint, but rather fat. Large chops are cut from the loin. Highest percentage of waste of all good cuts because of fat and amount of bone (the ribs).

Leg—The most economical roasting joint because less fat and small amount of bone.

Belly—Cut along centre line, dividing so-called "side bacon" from "back bacon." The well streaked fat and lean sides, known as English Breakfast Bacon, are preferred in the old country and in some parts of Canada.

Back—The back bacon is esteemed more in some places and where this is so, costs a few cents per pound more than side bacon.

Head — With cheeks and ears removed, used with the feet, to make head-cheese.

Jowl or Cheek—Can be bought cheap in some places. Best cured and boiled.

Feet—Boiled and served hot or cold; may be boned and stuffed, or used with head to make head cheese.

Liver and Sweet Bread—Usually sold as pig's fry.

Tenderloin—Best stuffed and baked. Price varies with demand.

Lard—The fat up each side of the back-bone, surrounding the kidney is the genuine lard. The fat which surrounds the intestines will make good soap.

When choosing pork, look for that with clear, white fat and brownish lean, ingrained with fat. The rind will be thin and the bone fine but solid, in meat of good quality.

In the selection of a ham, look for one fine in the bone. To test for freshness, thrust a skewer or a sharp knife blade close to the bone in the middle of the ham (it is near the bone that decay sets in). If it comes out clear and smells sweet, the ham is fresh and good; if fat sticks to the skewer and the smell is strong or rancid, pass it by. If the ham is cut, one can see the fat, which should be clear, white, not streaked with yellow.

A great many people find fresh pork extremely hard to digest. The best corrective to serve with it is apple sauce—it should always accompany roast pork and chops. Besides being of importance to digestion, apple sauce makes even the most delicious pork more agreeable to the palate. The favourite condiments to serve with pork are pickles and sauces of the mustard variety.

The gravy that is served with pork should be made of beef stock—not the pork gravy itself.

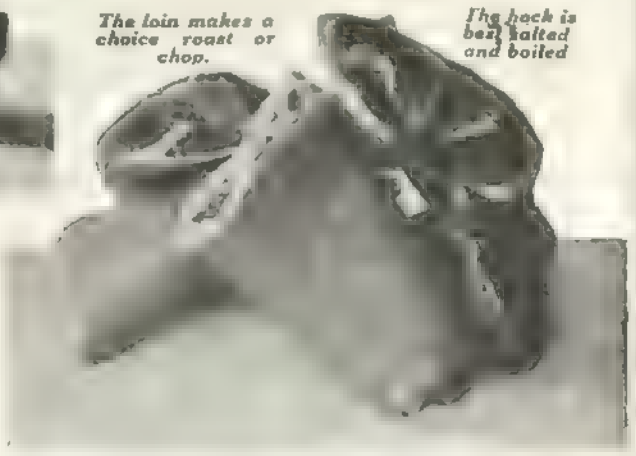
The food value of fresh pork and of the cured hams and bacon is very high. It should always be thoroughly cooked through—never served rare or underdone as we serve beef.

Apples should invariably accompany fresh pork, as they counteract much of the tendency toward indigestibility. Apple sauce, only slightly sweetened, is the usual form in which they are served, but apples pared, cored cut in slices and fried are excellent or they may be roasted in the pan with a joint, when they will take on a very delicious flavour. Another savoury dish is prepared by cooking chops in a casserole dish, with half a pared and cored apple baked on each one.

If ham or bacon is excessively salt, it should be soaked before cooking. Bacon or pork should be placed in warm water for an hour or two before it is prepared, and the rusty parts then trimmed off and the rind and surfaces scraped. A ham that has been hung a long time and is very dry and salt, may need to soak for twenty-four hours, with frequent change of water. Unless it is extremely hard and salt, however, eight to twelve hours should amply suffice. It should then be washed, trimmed and put on in enough cold water to cover. Bring gradually to the boil, skimming it as the scum rises. A ham should simmer gently and steadily, without rapid increase or decrease of temperature.

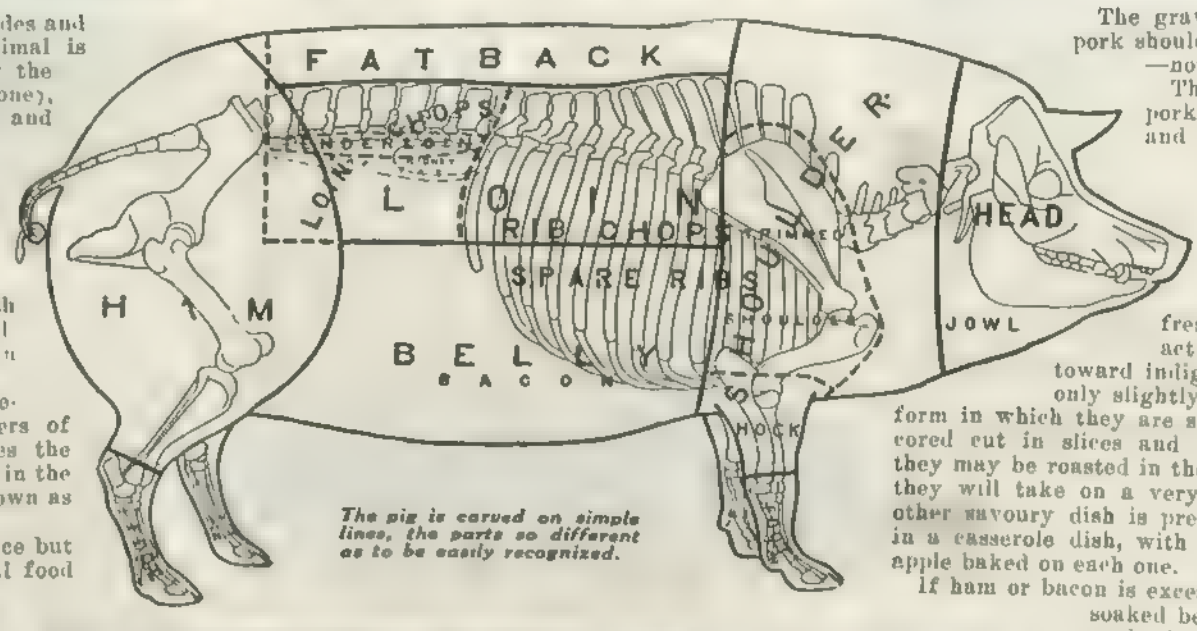
To bake a ham, soak it, wipe dry, trim away any rusty parts and encase in a rough crust made of flour and water; this will keep in all the juices. About four hours in a moderate oven will bake the ham. The crust is then removed, also the skin, and a sprinkling of toasted bread-crumbs rubbed on.

The back and sides give us our bacon

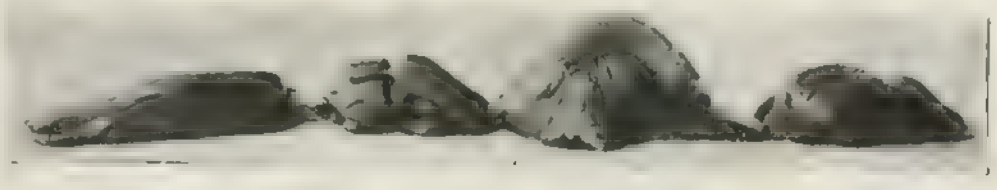


The loin makes a choice roast or chop.

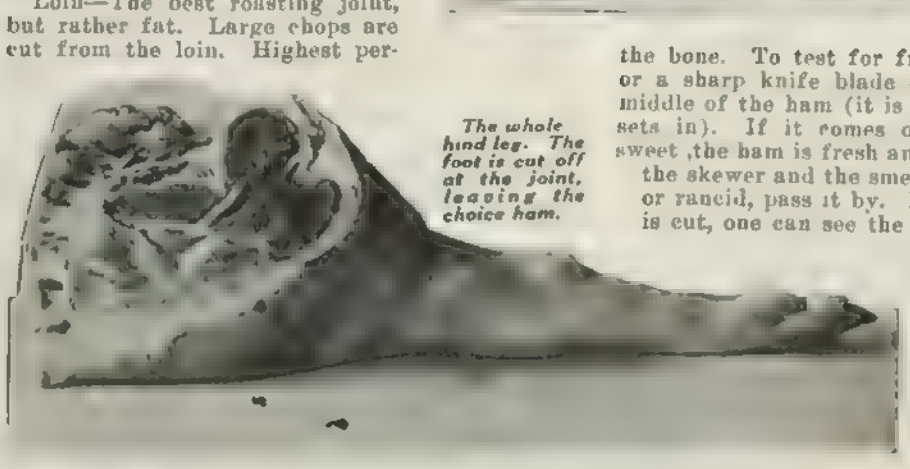
The hock is best salted and boiled

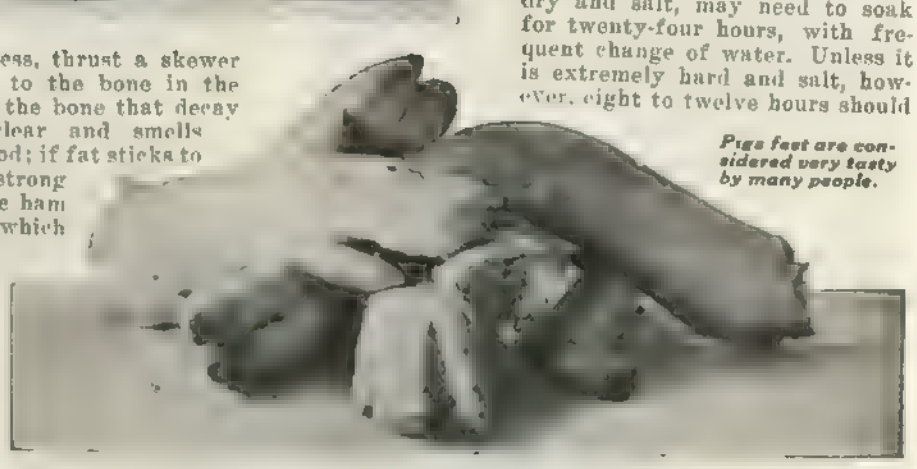


The pig is carved on simple lines, the parts so different as to be easily recognized.



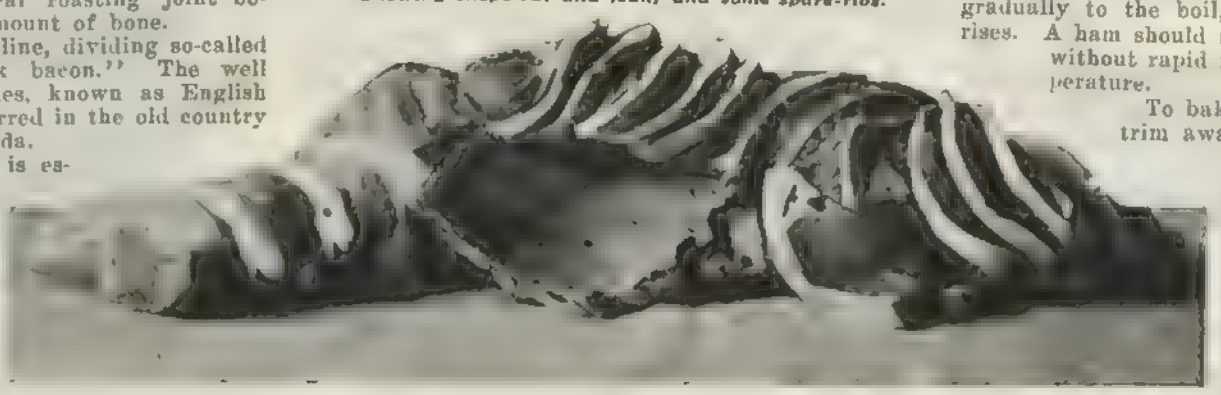
The whole hind leg. The foot is cut off at the joint, leaving the choice ham.





Pigs feet are considered very tasty by many people.

Showing chops fat and lean, and some spare-ribs.



EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

Sauces and Gravies For Every Need

"ONE can learn to cook, and one can be taught to roast, but a good sauce-maker is a genius born, not made."

So said one undoubted authority on culinary subjects; yet great though his fame may be, we are inclined to differ with him to this extent: that, once having mastered the simple fundamentals of sauce-making, and the kind of sauce that should be served with certain dishes, any careful cook can make good sauces. Perhaps it requires genius to so develop the art that one can produce a sauce that is at once the perfect complement of a dish, and an individual triumph of originality. But a little study of the established rules and a real appreciation of the change in a simple dish made by a good sauce, will soon give any good "plain cook" a sound claim to much more than plain-cook fame.

The particular mission of a sauce or gravy is usually to round out a dish, to supply some feature that is lacking—flavour, piquancy, moisture, richness or a corrective virtue. Where it is to dress a rather flat or insipid food—boiled fish or meat, or a very plain pudding, for instance—it should possess a distinctive character and flavour of its own. On the other hand, a sauce or gravy that accompanies a well-flavoured dish of game, poultry, roasted meat, or rich pudding, should never dominate them, but merely dress, enrich or complete them.

Gravy, to be served with meat, game and poultry, is primarily their juices, diluted, seasoned and unthickened (except for the very slightly thickened brown gravy which is really a thin sauce. Thick brown gravies, served impartially in some homes, with all kinds of meats, is in very bad taste—in danger in fact, of being termed vulgar.)

Sauce is termed by one authority, Liquid Seasoning, thickened in one of the several standard methods. There are two main variations, the white and the brown sauce, which serve as foundations for all the others, except the few that have their bases in oil, fruit or wine. These foundation sauces are very simple, and can be varied as much as personal taste and individual experiment may dictate. Sweet sauces or the savoury sauces that accompany meat, etc., are made in the same way.

The Usual Liquids and Thickenings

THE liquids from which practically all sauces are made, are as follows:

White Stock.—Made from chicken or veal, or the bones and trimmings of either, white stock is, with milk, the base of savoury white sauces.

Milk.—For nearly all the plain white sauces, either sweet or savoury, milk is used.

Brown Stock.—Made from he bones and trimmings of all meats; from giblets and bones of poultry and game. If the stock is poor, it may be enriched by the addition of a little beef extract of a bouillon cube.

Fish Stock.—Equal quantities of fish stock and milk form the usual basis for fish sauces.

Water.—To make a true melted butter sauce, water—or a little clear fish or meat stock—is used. A simply gravy is made by adding water to the browned particles in the roasting pan, but stock is much better.

Fruit.—Apple, cranberry, currant, gooseberry, tomato sauces all have the simple fruits as bases.

Oil.—The so-called salad sauces have oil as a base, as in mayonnaise sauce.

There are several means of thickening sauces, chief of which are:

White Roux.—Equal parts of flour and butter blended together in a saucepan over slow heat. Cook for 12 to 15 minutes, being careful not to brown it. Cool somewhat before using.

Fawn Roux.—Blend equal parts butter and flour as for white roux, but cook until it becomes a pale fawn colour.

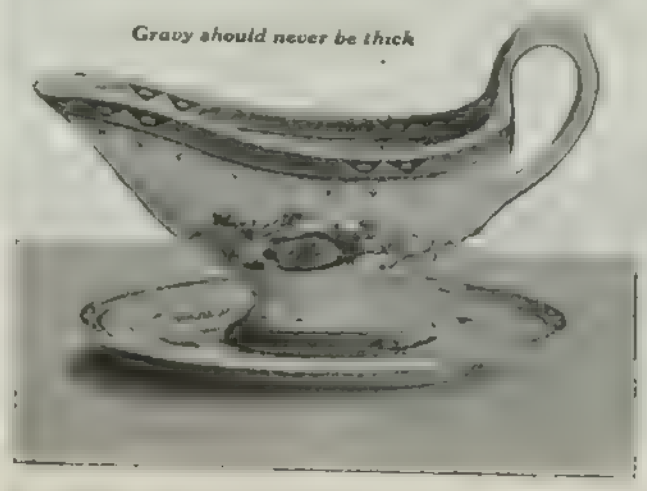
Brown Roux.—Use equal quantities flour and butter. Brown well by long, slow cooking in oven or frying pan. Brown roux is made in quantity and kept in stock, where roux is in constant use.

Egg Thickening.—Yolks of eggs, beaten up with a small quantity of cream, milk or white stock, are used for some rich sauces. This thickening is added when the sauce is cooked; merely mix a couple of tablespoonfuls of the hot sauce with the beaten eggs and cream, and then strain the mixture into the sauce, which has been removed from the fire. Stir the sauce for a few minutes beside the fire but not over direct heat, where it will boil, curdle the eggs, and "break."

Kneaded Butter and Flour.—Knead equal weights of butter and flour together on a plate, until butter is all taken up by the flour. Add a little at a time to the sauce, stirring constantly to keep it perfectly smooth.

Cornflour, Arrowroot or Flour.—Mix any one of these thickening agents very smooth with cold milk, water or stock. Stir very gradually into the hot mixture, stirring constantly to keep it smooth.

Caramel for Colouring.—There are excellent colourings that may be bought ready for use, to colour gravies. To make a caramel, put a pound of sugar and 2 tablespoons salt into an iron frying pan. Cook until it is dark brown, stirring all the time to prevent burning. Add a cup and a half of water, boil well, cool and bottle for use as required.



Gravy should never be thick

The Making of Gravy

THE juices of meats that go to the making of gravy are saved or extracted in two ways. A roast of meat, or steak or chops that are broiled, will supply the base for delicious gravy. There is a theory current that good pan gravy is secured at the expense of the roast, but this need not be so. A perfectly cooked joint will be full of juice, but will supply delicious flavouring and colouring for gravy in the crisp brown particles that fall from the outside of the roast. This sediment in the roasting pan by no means augurs a juiceless joint—it is merely a by-product when meat has been well basted with melted dripping before being put into the oven, and is basted frequently during the whole cooking period; the oven is kept fairly hot until the roast is well browned, and the cooking is completed with the oven door open, to allow steam to escape and the meat to become crisp and brown.

When the meat is removed the fat in the pan is poured off slowly and carefully, leaving the brown sediment undisturbed. The simplest form of gravy is made by merely adding boiling water, seasoning to taste, and boiling over the flame, stirring to loosen the full-flavoured particles that adhere to the pan; skin and strain over the meat or into the gravy boat. A richer gravy is obtained if the bone and trimmings of the meat have been boiled, and the stock used instead of water.

Beef gravy has nothing added but salt and pepper. Mutton gravy the same, and a few drops of caramel, to darken the colour, if needed. In veal gravy, made from the stock of bones and trimmings, added to the sediment in the pan, a little thickening of kneaded flour and butter.

The Foundation Sauces

THERE are a few sauces that are, with various changes and additions, the foundations of most of the sauces, plain or elaborate, that are in use to-day. The French people speak of four of these as the Mother Sauces. They are Bechamel (a chite sauce), Espagnole (a good brown sauce), the Veloutee and Allemande. There is a plainer white sauce than Bechamel, and a plainer brown sauce than Espagnole.

The cook who has mastered these thoroughly will have no trouble in making any of the more pretentious sauces. Add to them the knowledge of how to make a really good gravy, and you have passed a point of culinary achievement that lifts you far above the level of the merely average cook.

Plain White Sauce

ONE pint milk, 3 tablespoon butter or oleomargarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 small carrot, 1 small onion, 1 strip celery, 1 bay leaf, salt, 10 peppercorns.

Simmer the milk, seasoning and vegetables, cut small, for ½ hour, adding more milk if the quantity reduces in cooking. Melt butter in another saucepan, blend in flour, and cook 7 or 8 minutes without browning. Cool, add to the hot milk, and stir until it boils. Simmer 10 minutes, strain, season and serve.

Allemande Sauce

A WHITE sauce also, Allemande has eggs in it, and is therefore a good sauce to serve when the food value of a dish is to be materially increased.

To 1½ cups white stock, allow 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 teaspoon lemon-juice, nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Melt half the butter in a saucepan, blend in the flour, stir and cook without browning, then add stock and, stirring constantly, bring to the boil. Simmer ½ hour, remove from fire, add the egg-yolks and cream, beaten together, and pinch of nutmeg and seasoning to taste. Stir and cook a few minutes, add lemon-juice and the remaining butter, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Strain, re-heat, and use.

Bechamel Sauce

BECHAMEL is the basis for the better white sauces.

Use 3 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons butter or oleomargarine, 2½ cups white stock or milk (or equal parts of each), 1 small onion, a sprig or two of parsley, a sprig of thyme, ½ bay leaf, 1 peppercorn, 1 small blade of mace, salt and pepper.

Let the milk, with the vegetables and seasoning, come to the boil. Melt the butter in another saucepan, blend in the flour, stirring it and not allowing it to brown; stir in the hot milk, stirring constantly, until it boils. Simmer 20 minutes, then put through a fine strainer, and use as required.

Veloutee Sauce

VELOUTEE is another of the "white sauce" family, very smooth and velvety in texture. It calls for 2½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sifted flour, 2 cups good white stock, ½ bay leaf, 8 peppercorns.

Melt half the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and cook without browning, for a few minutes. Add the stock slowly, and the seasonings, and simmer, stirring frequently, for ½ hour. Skim, strain and re-heat, adding the remaining butter or a little rich cream.

Espagnole Sauce

TURNING to the brown sauces, Espagnole comes first in importance.

It calls for 1 quart stock, 1 oz. raw lean ham or bacon, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 clove, a sprig each of parsley and thyme, 1 bay leaf, 4 peppercorns, ¼ cup tomato sauce.

Melt the butter, add the ham or bacon, cut into small pieces, fry, add vegetables, sliced, the herbs and seasonings, and stir over slow fire about 5 minutes. Add the flour, and brown carefully. When a good colour, add the tomato, and set beside the fire, where it will simmer gently for about an hour. Skim off fat (a tablespoonful of water added to the sauce will cause the fat to rise to the surface), strain, season, re-heat and serve.

Sauce Tartare

TARTARE sauce, so much used with fish, is just mayonnaise sauce with chopped gherkins or capers and a little finely-chopped onion, if liked, whipped in lightly.

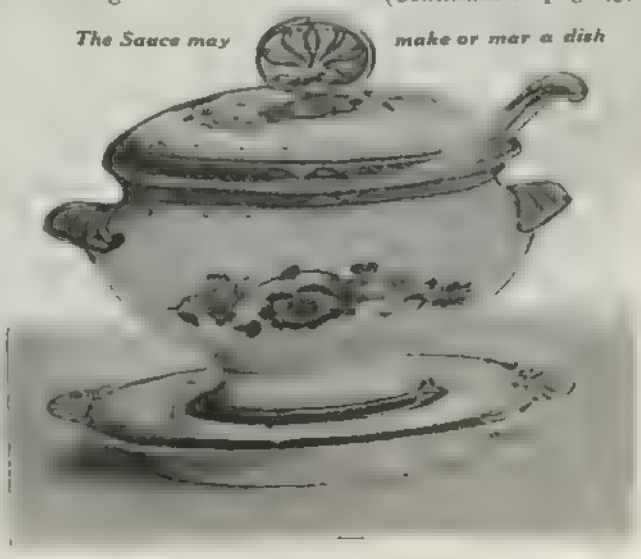
Mayonnaise Sauce

TWO egg yolks, 1 teaspoon French mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon Tarragon vinegar, 1 pint salad oil, 1 tablespoon cream.

Stir eggs, mustard, salt and pepper together with a wooden spoon. Add oil, drop by drop, and occasionally add a few drops of vinegar. Stir constantly until all oil and vinegar have been added, and mixture becomes like thick cream. Stir in the cream. If sauce is too thick, add a very little cold water. Must be kept cold while making.

(*Continued on page 45*)

The Sauce may make or mar a dish



EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT: Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

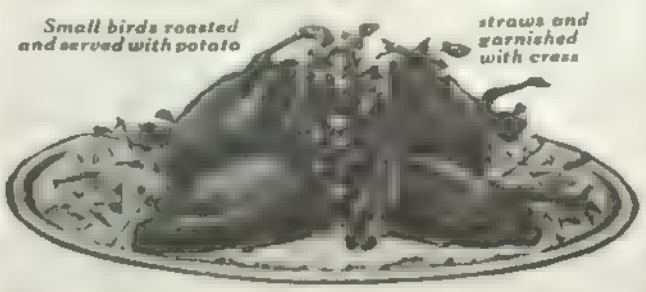
Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

When It's Open Season For Game

FROM the beginning of September until the close of the year, the restrictions governing the shooting of birds and game are lifted for a period of days or weeks. These four months are Sportsman's Holiday—for although most of the open seasons are short, there is quite a succession of them in the various provinces. First come the birds, and for most of these there is a long season. For deer, caribou, moose, it is much shorter, except in those districts where the supply is very plentiful and the need more defined.

Every household does not, of course, know the regular autumnal cleaning of guns and sorting of ammunition and hunting togs that presage the later feasting on venison, partridge, duck, and so forth. For these less fortunate folks, there is the usual market showing in the butcher's and poulterer's stalls. Deer, rabbits, pheasants, grouse, find places beside the beef and mutton, the chickens, and squabs of the duller portion of the year.

Too bad, indeed, to forego the unusual treat because of timidity regarding treatment and cook-



Small birds roasted and served with potato straws and garnished with cress

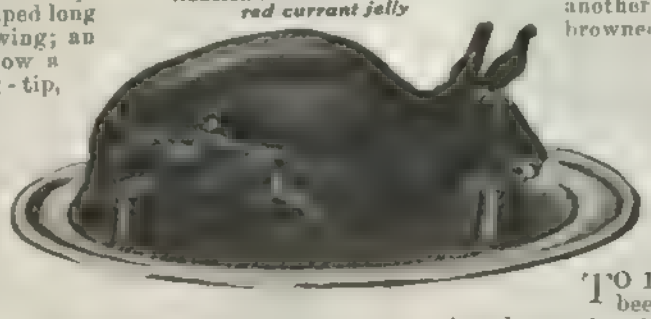
ing. Any good cook-book will have a variety of recipes that are not difficult to follow. A few hints here will be sufficient to cover the more common needs that may arise.

With regard to the keeping of game: Much depends upon the weather, the age of birds, and the tastes of the persons interested. In England, the inclination is toward well-hung game—hung to the point of putrefaction. In this country, there is less general appreciation of a "high" flavour.

Water-birds will bear least keeping, as their flesh is oily and quickly becomes rank. Damp, sticky weather is hardest on all game, whilst in clear, windy weather and a cool, dry place it will keep well. It should be examined every day, particular attention being directed to the flesh around the haunch bone, which is the first to become tainted. To test it, run a small sharp knife-blade into it; if the smell is unpleasant when it is withdrawn, wash the affected parts with warm milk and water, dry well and rub; cover thickly with pepper and ground ginger (if long keeping is desired, it is well to sprinkle venison with the pepper and ginger in the first place—always washing off well before cooking).

Old birds will keep longer than young ones, so the "bag" should be carefully sorted and the younger birds cooked first. Keep game undrawn and in its fur or feathers until used, and always hang it in a current of air. An extra day or two may be gained by preparing and partially cooking it, when it may be kept a little longer on ice, then the cooking be finished.

To select young birds and rabbits look for smoothness in the bird's claws, and a rabbit with a short, stumpy neck and long joints. A young partridge can be distinguished by the sharply-pointed V-shaped long feathers in the wing; an old bird will show a rounded wing-tip, more like the letter U. A tender pinion and small spur are also signs of a young pheasant or other bird, as well as the smooth legs and claws.



Roasted rabbit with moulds of red currant jelly

The breast of a plump bird should be thick and hard to the touch, and the supple, moist feet are a sign of freshness.

Venison

THERE is perhaps no finer meat than that of the deer, properly hung and well cooked. There is an erroneous impression in some quarters that venison is dry and uninteresting. This, be it known, is usually the fault of the cook. There are ways of cooking venison that will produce a joint tender, juicy and of delicious flavour. The haunch pictured on this page, is the choice roast of venison.

Venison steaks, cut from the upper part of the leg, and chops from the loin, are preferred even to the roasted meat by many people. They, too, must be cooked in a manner that will keep the juices. Cutlets are cut from the best end of the neck.

Those parts not suitable for these uses are used for the old-time famous "Venison pastry," a deep, luscious pie; and for stews. Perhaps only the hunting camp knows what a venison stew may really be—cooked, as it often is, with rabbits, partridge, quail, and whatever else has fallen to the guns—and dressed, of course, with the Hunger Sauce that none but the woodsman knows!

Roast Venison

THE secret of a rich, juicy joint of venison lies in its preparation for the oven.

Coat the meat with bacon dripping or one of the good shortenings, then wrap it in greased paper. Make a paste of coarse flour and water, stiff enough to roll out thin, and enclose the papered roast in it. Wrap the whole in another heavy brown paper, well greased, and tied, and cook for about four hours in a moderate oven, basting frequently and plentifully (any fresh dripping will do for this, as it does not penetrate to affect the flavour). When cooked, remove the wrappings, baste well with hot butter or bacon dripping until the outside is brown and crisp.

Venison Steaks

A VENISON steak may be either broiled over a clear flame or fried in butter or oleomargarine. It is cut much thinner than beefsteak.

Grilled Steak: Broil the neat little slices of steak over a clear fire until cooked through. Serve very hot, with a sauce made of equal parts melted butter and red-currant jelly.

Fried Venison Steak: Instead of broiling, the steaks may be fried quickly and served with the

A haunch of venison, garnished with lemon slices and pickled walnuts

same sauce, or one of melted red-currant jelly. A more elaborate and very delicious method requires the following:

For 8 small slices of steak, use 2½ tablespoons clarified butter or margarine, 1 cup Veloute or Allemande Sauce (see page 14), ¼ cup white wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon meat extract or 4 bouillon cubes, salt, pepper, a dozen juniper berries.

Crush the juniper berries (which give a very piquant flavour), and simmer them in the vinegar for 10 minutes; then add the meat extract or bouillon cubes, and the sauce. Simmer again for 15 minutes, then strain, season, and stir in a third of the butter. Trim and flatten the steaks or cutlets and fry quickly in the remainder of the butter, which has been heated in another pan. When nicely browned on both sides, arrange on a hot dish, and pour over the strained sauce.

Roast Pheasant

TO 1 pheasant, allow ¼ lb. beefsteak, some crisp fried bread crumbs, brown gravy, bread sauce (see page 14), salad oil, salt and pepper.

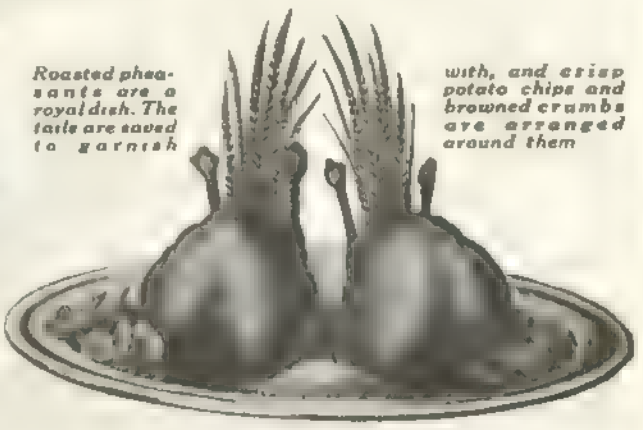
Pluck and draw the bird, cutting off the tail and putting it aside to garnish with later. Leave the head on, but otherwise truss just like a chicken for roasting. Put the beefsteak inside (it is intended to keep the bird moist and improve the flavour, not to be eaten with it; it may be re-cooked again in rissoles or hash). Fasten several strips of fat bacon across the breast, and roast in a moderate oven about three-quarters of an hour. Baste frequently with butter, oleomargarine or bacon dripping. When nearly cooked, remove the bacon strips, sprinkle the breast with flour, and baste well. This will give a fluffy, nicely-browned appearance to the bird.

Remove the strings, serve on a hot platter, garnish with the tail feathers, stuck in place, and fresh water-cress. Serve brown gravy and fried bread crumbs and bread sauce with roast pheasant.

Roasted Grouse—Partridge

FOR each bird have ready a slice of toast, bacon, butter, good brown gravy, bread sauce, fried bread crumbs.

Pluck, draw and truss them as you would chicken. Tie a thin slice of bacon over the breast of each before putting in to roast. Give them about ½ hour to cook, removing the bacon before they are done, and dredging the breast with flour. Baste well.



Roasted pheasants are a royal dish. The tails are saved to garnish with, and crisp potato chips and browned crumbs are arranged around them

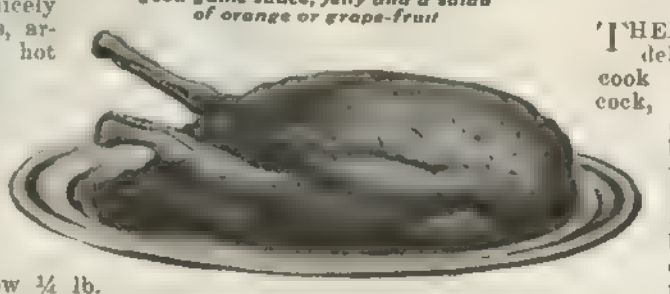
Toast the bread, and about 10 minutes before the birds are cooked, place in the pan with them.

Serve on the toast, with gravy, fried bread crumbs and bread sauce, all separately.

Roasted Wild Duck

THE fishy flavour that is frequently objected to in wild duck may be overcome by putting the bird, neatly trussed for roasting, into a baking-pan with ½ inch of boiling water and a tablespoonful of salt, and basting it frequently with the salt and water while it bakes for 15 minutes. Then remove the duck, dry it, sprinkle with flour, baste with hot butter or other fat, and roast in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes, basting frequently.

Serve with a good game sauce, and a salad of grape-fruit or orange.



Wild duck should be accompanied by a good game sauce, jelly and a salad of orange or grape-fruit

Game Pie

TO one pheasant, partridge or other game, allow three-quarters of a pound each of lean veal and fresh pork, a slice of side bacon, ½ teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon, salt and pepper. Have ready a good paste.

Put the veal and pork through the mincer, season highly with salt, pepper and the spices. Cut the game into neat joints and pieces. Put into a baking dish a layer of the minced meat, then a layer of the game and a few slices of bacon. Repeat until the pie-dish is well filled; pour over a half-cup of stock or water, cover with good paste, brush with egg, and bake in a moderate oven from an hour to an hour and a half.

To Broil Small Birds

THERE is no more delicious way to cook snipe, woodcock, grouse, and other small birds than the following: Pluck, singe and draw the bird, split it down the back, rub all over with butter, sprinkle with salt and paprika, and broil over a clear fire. Serve on buttered toast, with a hot brown gravy or game sauce.

To Roast Small Birds

PLUCK, singe and clean as usual. Leave the head on, but remove the eyes. Twist the head over the shoulder, and thrust the bill into the body. Fasten a thin slice of fat side-bacon over the breast of each bird, and roast for about 15 minutes, basting frequently with hot dripping. Remove the bacon, dredge with flour, baste brown.

(Continued on page 41)

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

The Thanksgiving Day Dinner

ON the day set apart for the giving of thanks for the blessings of the harvest, the custom has been for many years, to serve a family thanksgiving dinner that will typify the abundance of good things given us to enjoy. Gradually, the main dishes of the feast have become almost as settled as the oatmeal of a Scotchman's breakfast. Turkey, plump and tender, and pumpkin pies, fresh made from the great, golden fruit without which no Canadian garden is complete. And to these almost legendary good things we have added the finest trophies of sea and farm, orchard and vineyard.

A real, old-fashioned, regardless-of-expense Thanksgiving dinner, menu, suitable for the formal or informal repast is given as follows

Olives, Celery
Oysters on the Half Shell
Roast Turkey Chestnut Dressing
Cranberry Frappe
Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower
Succotash
Orange Salad French Dressing
Pumpkin Pie Frosted Apples with Cream
Raisins, Nuts
Coffee.

Novel Treatment for Crown Roast of Lamb.

Roast Turkey With Chestnut Dressing

CHOOSE a young, plump turkey, singe and draw it, and cut off the neck close to the body. Rinse the inside, and wipe dry with a fresh cloth. If the inside of the fowl seems at all sour, put a teaspoonful of baking soda in the last water.

Simmer the neck, pinions, heart and well-cleaned gizzard, to make stock for the gravy and dressing. Rub the well-dried inside with a little salt, then stuff with a plain dressing or one with oysters or chestnuts in it. Sew up the vent, truss correctly, fastening the legs and wings to the body. Rub over with a little butter, oleomargarine or fresh bacon dripping, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Put in a large pan with plenty of bacon dripping or a good shortening, and keep well-basted throughout the cooking. If it browns too fast, cover with greased paper. A few strips of bacon skewered into place over the breast, will improve the flavour and help prevent the drying of the white meat. Remove and brown the breast at the last.

When the turkey is cooked, the juice will run out clear when pricked with a fork.

For the Chestnut Dressing, boil 2 lbs. of chestnuts, after slitting the skins, for about 15 minutes. Then remove both skins. Replace in a saucepan with a cup of stock, and simmer for about an hour, or until chestnuts are tender. Rub through a sieve, add 3 tablespoons butter or oleomargarine, 1 egg, pepper and salt, about a cup of fresh bread-crumbs and cream or milk, to moisten sufficiently.

Put this dressing into the body cavity, fill the crop with sausage meat, shaping it nicely.

Cranberry Water Ice

BOIL a quart of cranberries in 1 quart of water for about five minutes. Bruise and strain through a cloth. Add 2 cups sugar and boil until sugar is dissolved, then add strained juice of two lemons, turn into freezer and freeze to a mush. Serve in sherbet glasses, with the roast turkey.

Orange Salad

SLICE oranges thinly, across the sections with a sharp pointed knife, remove every particle of white skin and pith, and the pips. Arrange on crisp leaves of endive or head-lettuce, with French dressing and half a pecan nut in the centre of each slice.

Frosted Apples With Cream

FOR ten persons, use 10 small cooking apples, of a variety that retains its shape and is of good flavour when cooked. Put 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 short stick of cinnamon, 2 cloves into a saucepan and cook to a fairly thick syrup. Arrange the apples in a deep baking dish, pour the syrup over and round them, cover with a buttered paper and bake in a very moderate oven until tender. Transfer carefully to buttered cake tins, coat each apple carefully with very stiffly beaten white of egg and sprinkle plentifully with confectioner's sugar. Return to a slow oven until the meringue is set, then put aside to cool.

When it is time to serve, whip ½ pint of cream stiffly, flavour as desired, sweeten with a dessertspoonful of fine sugar. Arrange the apples on an attractive dish, pile the cream around them, with a little mound on each one, decorate with candied fruits and nut meats.

If a less costly but nevertheless festive, dinner is desired, the following menu is suggested:

Oyster Cocktail
Crown Roast of Lamb Red Currant Jelly
Vegetable Marrow, Cream Sauce, Braised Celery,
Sweet Potatoes with honey
Head Lettuce Salad, Cheese Balls, French Dressing
Pumpkin Pie Ginger Cream
Fig and Walnut Balls Coffee

(Continued on page 41)

Suggestions for the School Lunch Box

THE school season is once more in full swing—and the problem of the school lunch box has reared its head again, after its long summer sleep. Every mother whose child does not come home for the noon-day meal, knows the inevitable morning question: "What can I put in to-day?"

Too often, the oft-repeated question is answered by a hasty glance into ice-box or cupboard—something salvaged that will make sandwiches, a piece of pie or a tart added—and the child is speeded on its way with half a lunch.

Yes, half a lunch, no matter what the quantity may be, if it is a one-sided affair, mostly starches, and quite possible, not altogether digestible.

The child should not be allowed to pay a penalty because one of the three meals must be carried! At the school-age, there is not only worn-out tissues to be replaced but much new tissue to be made, for there is growth, at this period, demanding ever an increase of body-builders of all kinds. We cannot afford, therefore, to regard any one meal as "filler" merely—it should be a properly-planned, all-round little meal, just as much as those eaten at the home table.

What are the child's requirements, is the logical next question.

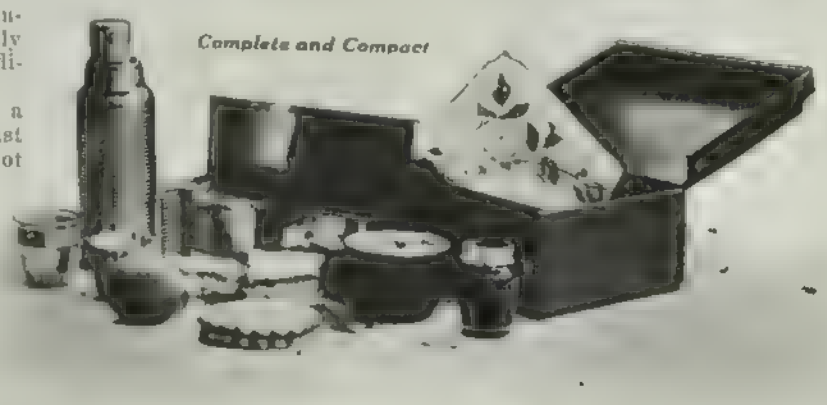
Of course, there will be starchy food in the sandwich bread. A cooky or piece of cake will also provide some starch, but there will be more protein (the tissue-building food) in good home-made cake (in the milk and eggs it is wet with).

The sandwich-filling will usually supply protein—cold meat or fowl, fish, eggs, cheese, nuts. A little mould of milk pudding or custard will have protein in its milk and egg. If a cup of milk or cocoa made with milk is possible, there is further protein of the most desirable order for the child. Any of the foods in the second list here will supply the so-necessary protein.

Fat is supplied by the butter, and is also present in milk, yolk of egg, nuts and such foods as have these fats in amongst their ingredients.

Very important to the growing child are the minerals that are present in fruit and vegetables. For this reason, it is worth some effort to have fresh fruit for the luncheon every day. Vegetables are seldom feasible except for a few kinds of sandwiches and a little pot of salad or vegetable jelly.

It may seem over-elaborate to the busy mother, this planning of an inclusive little luncheon that will not only sustain but will nourish properly the growing child. The matter is very easily arranged, in comparison with its importance, however, and it is surprising how little actual trouble it is, once one has formed the habit of thinking ahead about the school lunch-box. During the preparation of every dish for the home table, one should keep in mind the question: "Can I adapt this to the carried luncheon in any way?"



Complete and Compact

Given first a few little containers of the right sort, it is very easy to save many things for the lunch that one would not ordinarily think of for that purpose.

There should be, for each child, a little earthenware or china ramekin dish or an individual mould; a tiny glass jar with a wide mouth is invaluable, if it have either a screw top or a wide, flat cork (the little white china jars in which we buy cold cream are just the right size and very useful). Or one may have a supply of the little waxed drinking cups that come in packages.

A drinking cup is the very first essential for the child in any school that does not supply the individual paper cups. The one absolute rule that should be impressed upon children is that they must never, under any circumstances, drink from a public drinking cup, even in their own school or Sunday School. The war against this practice is the result of no idle scare, but of sound knowledge of its dangers—there is probably no finer little disease-carrier at large than the public cup.

A thermos bottle is indeed a boon to any youngster, and if it is given proper care, will be well worth the investment it requires. The little half-pint bottle will carry a cup of hot or cold milk, cocoa, hot soup, hot or cold fruit drinks, and serve them at noon just as hot or as cold as they were when they went into the bottle. This is, of course, splendid, for in severe weather it ensures a good hot drink, or when heat is not important, the nourishment of milk or the healthfulness of a fruit drink are decidedly desirable.

Sometimes hot water is provided at noon hour at the school. If so, don't overlook the advantage of a bouillon cube or a teaspoonful of the cocoa that comes prepared with milk and sugar. Either of these requires only the hot water to be poured over it. Something hot like this will, with care as to the selection of the rest of the luncheon, often overcome the digestion troubles that often follow the cold luncheon.

With the simplest of the equipment mentioned here, the thoughtful mother can manage many delightful little dishes. For example, she will never make a milk pudding of any kind for family use, without filling one of the little ramekins or jars that stand conveniently at hand, always awaiting their opportunities. A spoonful of jam first, then filled up with rice, tapioca, sago, corn-starch, or bread pudding.

The same with many salads—those of mixed cooked vegetables, meat and vegetables, etc. A jar with a top will take stewed or preserved fruits, custard, and many other things. Tuck in a small spoon, preferably an odd one for which the child will be held responsible.

(Continued on page 41)

The Experiment Kitchen

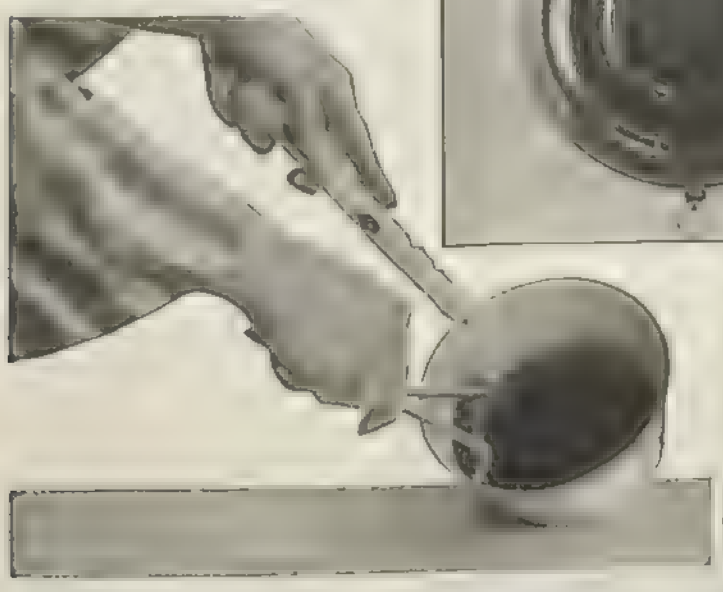
Some Small Conveniences

THIS neat little coffee strainer can be kept right at hand by hooking it into the pot ready for use. It adjusts over the spout-hole, inside, taking the curve of the pot, and costs 15 cents.

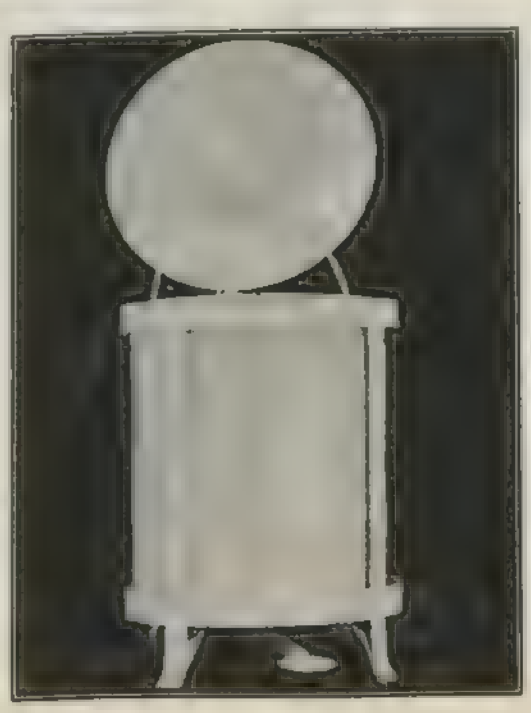
AN electric lamp that will fit any candlestick, consists of cord, with lamp attachment and a rubber end to fit into the candlestick socket. As wide a variety of lamps as you have shades and candlesticks! The price is $2.25.

A HANDY little 25 cent article is this small wire soap basket that hooks over the kitchen tap. Scraps and small ends of soap, so likely to be wasted are dropped into it, and when soapy water is required, the front wire is drawn over the tap. When clear water is wanted, drop this wire and the basket will swing back behind the stream.

THE metal hot-water bottle—descendant perhaps of the fascinating old metal bed-warmers of bright copper, that were filled with hot coals and drawn over the chilly sheets, but with the advantages of the modern rubber bottle as well. It is small and neat, about nine inches in diameter, and is so constructed that it will keep the water comparatively hot all night. It is finished in nickel-plate and may be had with or without the outlet shown at the bottom of the one pictured here, for douche attachment. Such a bottle is indeed a rare comfort, and costs $3.00 plain or $3.50 with the second outlet.

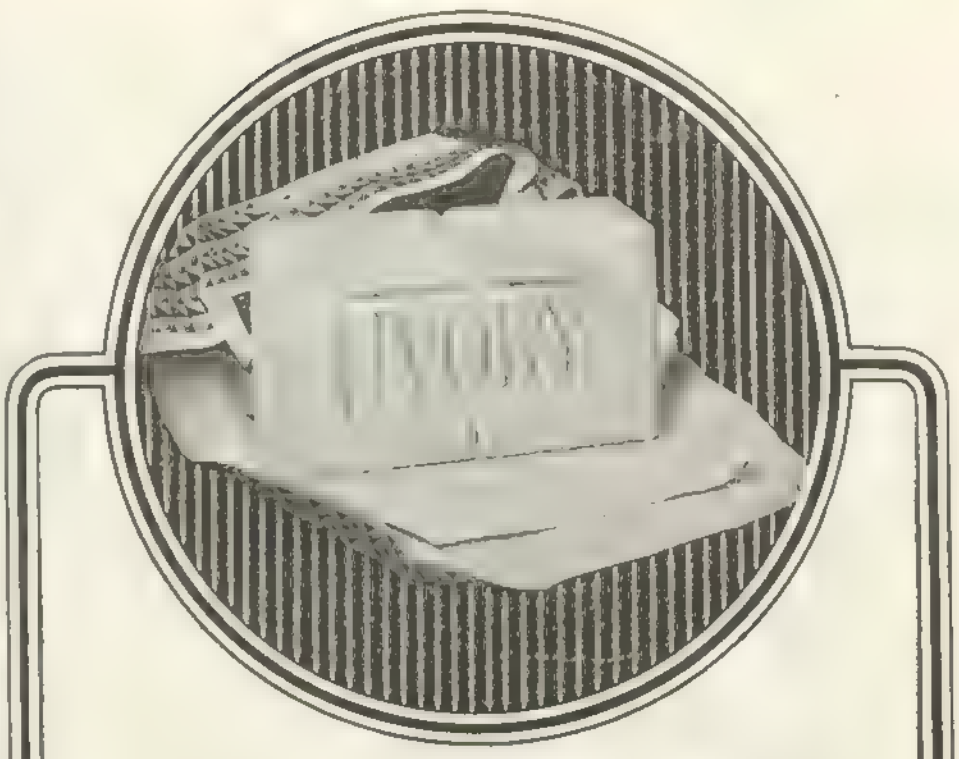


THE variety of pot scrapers is almost as wide as that of the pots that need scraping; the more reason, therefore, why some should be better than others. This is one of the better ones, because the act of gripping the handle naturally, bends the scraper in a curve to follow the lines of the pot. The price is 15 cents.



HERE is indeed the aristocrat of all garbage cans. Neater and sweeter than we ever regard anything by that name; neater, for though it is made of solid metal, weighs twelve and a half pounds, and has several special features about it, the can is very compact, and the container proper may be lifted out of its frame to be emptied. Its beautifully enamelled white surfaces inside and out, are both good looking and sanitary. A strong contributor to the sweetness is the automatic powder sifter in the lid, which, when the small foot-lever is pressed (mark you, one does not stoop to open the lid of this garbage can), the lid rises automatically and at the same time sprinkles the contents of the can with a disinfecting powder. This gives us something we can thoroughly appreciate—a can large enough to hold the day's accumulation of scrapings and refuse, without allowing the least taint to rise from its contents. The price is $4.50.

If you wish to secure any of these articles, address all enquiries, money orders, etc., to Katherine M. Caldwell, Household Editor.



For Tender Skins

IVORY Soap is soothing and comforting to the tenderest skin. Millions of mothers use Ivory for baby's bath because of its mildness and its freedom from materials which irritate. It can be used for toilet, for fine laundering, for washing dishes or glassware, with the complete assurance that it will not roughen or redden the skin.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST 1837 ·

Such Fairy Confections as Children Dream Of

Every child has visions of a dream-world made of goodies. And in that dream-world Chiclets hold the throne of glory! Dainty, piquantly pleasing, "Really Delightful"—they are truly fairy confections—the crowning delight of childhood joy!

Not all confections are so *good for children* as Chiclets are.

The dainty candy-coating tickles the appetite with its zestful peppermint flavor.

And Chiclets keep the teeth clean, strengthen the gums, sweeten the breath, aid digestion.

Buy Chiclets anywhere. Ten for 5c.—or better still, in the generous family-size Week-End Box at 25c.

MADE IN CANADA

—an Adams product, particularly prepared

Canadian Chewing Gum Co., Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

October Ushers In A Riot of Colour and A Variety of Design

By Helen Bruchési

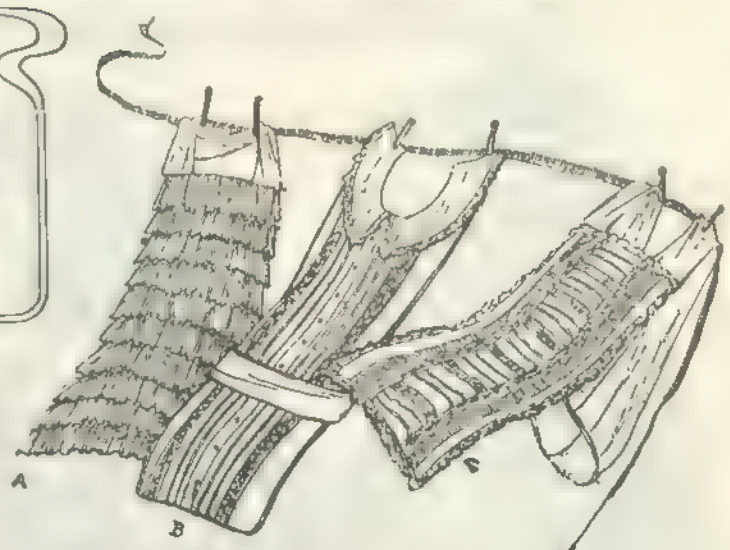
THE fur dealers and manufacturers are most optimistic about their trade this fall and are agreed that the majority of their sales will be in the more expensive and naturally better grade furs. While the plutocrat will undoubtedly swagger around in a beautiful Dolman wrap or one of those very chic short fur coats of seal, beaver or mole skin, the many tailed, novelty sable (skunk) "throw and tie" scarf (above) will figure very largely in the smart woman's outfit.

HARK! Hark! List, to the tale of a poor distracted fashion scribe who journeyed far and wide to poke her long "nose" into Fashion's "pie" She rambled here, she rambled there, and then returned with a stony stare for what she had seen had grayed her hair and twisted her thoughts beyond repair. There were skirts cut higher and hips made wider; sleeves chopped off and belts much tighter. There were panniers and puffs and furs all fluff!

Verily, ladies, the world has gone down on its knees before the shrine of Queen "Duds." All the pent up desire (of four years of war) to spread one's gay plumage has resulted in an all-star production of riotous colour and form. The winds of desire have blown forty ways and it would seem milady of fashion has followed them all. One minute she is shy and demure, frilling her lace and flouncing her skirt; dropping her sleeves and broadening her collar. A sudden whim alters her silhouette. Where before she was demure she is now daring, shortening her skirts decreasing her waistline, merely suggesting her sleeves and relying on beads and embroidery principally for her bodice.

To say she is not attractive, not alluring wouldn't be fair. She is even more than that. She enchants, dazzles, and leaves one gasping and wondering how it is done. Whether to remodel our "last year's best" after Maison Georgette who leans towards Louis XV. or Doeuillet who expresses the 18th Century, Medici collars 'n everything or any of the other innumerable designers is a problem. Of course, not one-half of us can afford to saunter into a shop and choose our winter wardrobe *ad lib* just as our fancy dictates. But, there is always a certain satisfaction in shortening our skirts or lowering them, taking them in or letting them out, putting on a collar or taking one off. At least we don't feel entirely out of it, and there is no reason why any woman with ordinary intelligence should allow herself to become dowdy. But, just which model one should adopt this year will depend largely on one's individual taste for we dare not, cannot designate one designer's word as law. This much however, we are sure of for all are agreed that skirts shall be shorter and somewhat wider to permit graceful navigation.

It is an established fact that every costume as well as every other work of art is built upon tradition plus contemporaneous interpretation and creation. The history of human thought and art has been continuous. Therefore, the mere habit of giving dates and periods in connection with modern styles, thus creating the impression that at certain times things began anew, is not true. The creation of a costume is exactly the same as that of any other physical fact. There is always the past, the present and the future to be considered. So when we hear that we are being influenced by the costumes of such and such a period it is not to be wondered at for we are bound to revive and revise—for "there is nothing new under the sun."



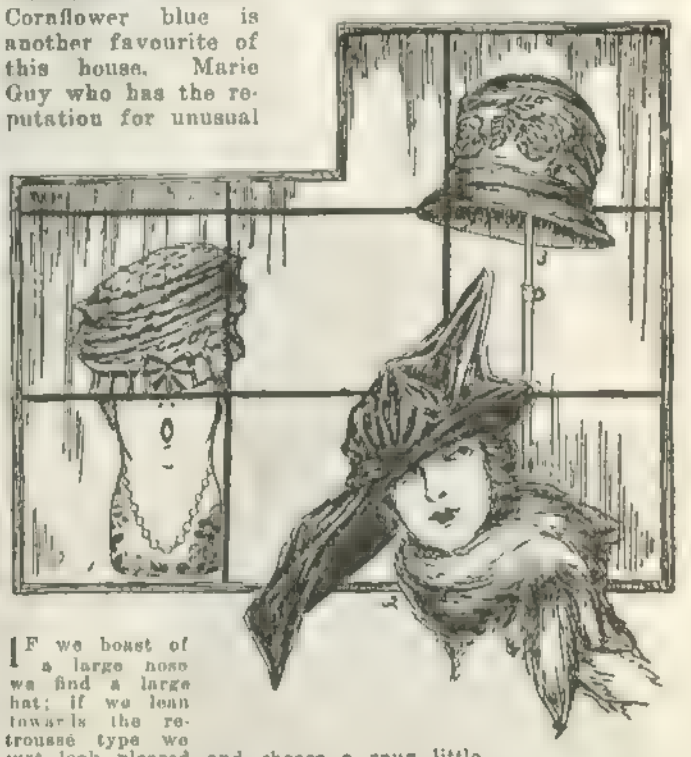
FRILLY, fussy neck wear like this above, is the kind that every well dressed woman is pinning her faith to this season. Of course, it means yards and yards of lace and organdie and patience to make these dainty bibs and gilets but what rare possessions they are when finished. Net ruffles stand alone in all their daintiness in A. Valenciennes lace, crotchet buttons and tucked organdie share and share alike in the beauty of B and C.

THERE are innumerable ways of looking our best—one of the most important is to wear a becoming hat and wear it becomingly. So often a veritable creation falls into obscurity upon a woman's head because she fails to put it on correctly. Either of the three hats above if worn on the right head in the right way will be stunning despite their lack of trimming. A binding of black grosgrain ribbon, a twist of the same about the oddly creased crown of the golden brown felt hat in the left-hand corner is all that makes it attractive Heavy floss tassels trim the receda green felt (upper right) and monkey fur forms the curtain edge on the black satin hat (centre).

THESE are just two "whims" of the designers (above). There are innumerable others, too, but we have selected these as about the very nicest. If one were sure of appearing in copper duvetyne trimmed in squirrel (by the way that is a pelt which has returned to popular favour again), all our winter wardrobe worries would cease. To prove that we dare be individual in our tastes this year, the couturiers offer us the Eton coat suit again. This one is of velvet with long tunic pleated and bordered in fox.

Hats

WHILE a certain richness characterizes the new fall millinery, there is really nothing surprisingly new in the way of hat shapes, trimming and draping. Contrary to the exceptionally profuse use of colour in millinery circles in this country, Paris is noticeably sombre in this respect. Occasionally a designer will deviate from this however, as for instance, Lucie Hamar who offers in her interesting collection of chapeau a new blue gray shade which has been christened "Lizard." Cornflower blue is another favourite of this house. Marie Guy who has the reputation for unusual



IF we boast of a large nose we find a large hat; if we lean towards the retroussé type we just look pleased and choose a snug little turban. In either case we will have plenty of models from which to select The turban of brown beaver cloth (1) above is run with gray angora and trimmed with electric blue grosgrain ribbon. Dark brown satin is cleverly used in (2) to form the loop, the crown and brim. Brown is again used in (3). Felt is employed for the foundation of the hat; velvet drapes the crown and upon it shaded rose and green chenille embroiders the pomegranite design.

creative genius has specialized in black this season occasionally relieved by browns.

Metal and tinsel effects are being stressed by other houses by way of trimming and large draped puffed-out-at-the-sides velvet crowns are very often considered sufficient trimming unto the hat thereof.

There are many other novel ways of trimming including that of chain stitching beaver strip, a very popular fall millinery fabric. Flowers and leaves are often fashioned of this beaver strip too and when treated with contrasting chain stitching, is most effective.

(*Continued on page 34*)

When milady of fashion frills and fluffs her skirts, she doesn't pay very much attention to her blouse—you see it's just plain by way of contrast and basks in the beauty of the skirt.

New Touches Are Embroidery And Bands of Self-Material

8546—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch navy blue Poiret twill—⅝ yard olive-green broadcloth for the vest—½ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The combination of blue and green is a most attractive one for Fall and would work out very well in this dress which closes at the back where there is a tunic section that is sewed in with the side seams. On the underbody is mounted a vest of broadcloth embroidered in design 12508. For the embroidery silk or wool may be used. High white kid laced boots may be worn with this frock or walking Oxfords of mahogany color or cordovan. Also very smart for street wear are pumps of glazed kidskin in gray or brown worn with spats in a matching tone.

Blouse 8441—25c.
Skirt 8404—20c.

Dress 8546—25c.
Embroidery 12508, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8540—25c.
Braiding 12425, blue or yellow—50c.

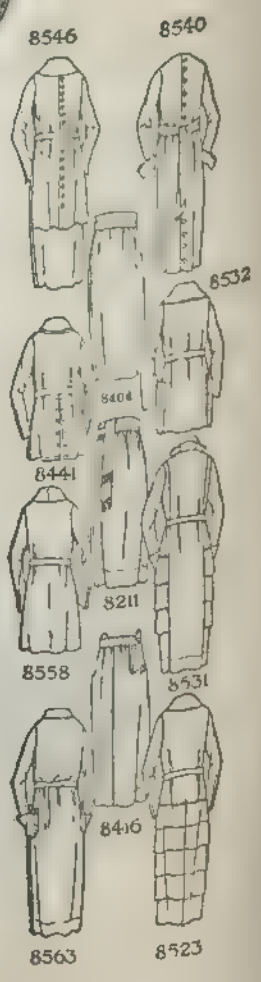
Dress 8531—25c.
Embroidery 12512, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8523—25c.
Embroidery 12510, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8563—25c.
Embroidery 12444, blue or yellow—15c.

Jacket 8558—25c.
Skirt 8416—20c.

Blouse 8532—25c.
Embroidery 12084, blue or yellow—10c.
Skirt 8211—20c.



8441—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest. Simplicity of line marks many of the best models for Autumn. This is a particularly good one developed in black satin with tunic blouse that is caught together at the neck and then falls open below showing a narrow inserted vest. At the top of the skirt there is a slight fulness, and the closing is at left side seam. To complete this costume high white kidskin shoes may be worn if decided contrasts are liked. Or if preferred the footwear may consist of black patent leather or kidskin pumps.

8540—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch white tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin for vest. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A dart on the shoulders in front gives a snug fit to this attractive one-piece frock which is cut down in front to show a narrow vest extending up to form a shallow yoke effect. The closing is at the back and richness is given to the dress by a deep braided border worked cut in soutache in design 12425. High white glazed kid shoes would complete this frock attractively, tho, if low shoes are preferred, pumps of white glazed kid or black patent leather may be worn.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

What Paris Favors in Autumn Suits and Coats

8578—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 45 inches. No. 8416—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 54-inch serge—3⅝ yards 36-inch printed taffeta for lining. As the season advances the suit with long jacket seems to be increasing in favor. Here is an attractive model in simple tailored style to be fashioned of serge or tricotine and made up without trimming. A square collar finishes the neck and is attached to the fronts of the jacket which roll to form revers opening almost to the waist-line.

Jacket 8578—25c.
Skirt 8416—20c.

Jacket 8545—25c.
Skirt 7830—20c.

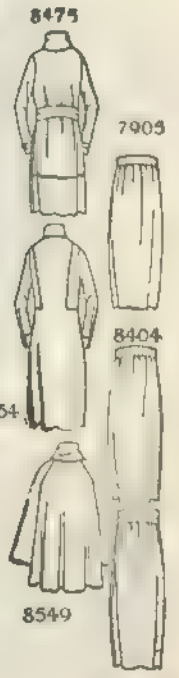
Coat 8570—25c.

Jacket 8564—25c.
Skirt 8404—20c.

Coat 8542—25c.

Coat 8475—25c.
Embroidery 1237, blue or yellow—20c.
Skirt 7905—20c.

Coat 8549—25c.
Skirt 8215—20c.



8542—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth or 5¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 48 inches. A practical coat with convertible collar and raglan sleeves.

8545—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅛ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—3¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. Wool Jersey is very much in favor for light-weight early Fall suits, and if preferred, the jacket may be unlined. The mannish notched collar forms the neck finish, and a narrow string belt encircles the waist-line. A belt with tab extensions gives a touch of novelty to the skirt which closes at left side-seam.

8570—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch plush or Bolivia cloth—5 yards 36-inch satin for lining. Length at center-back 48 inches. A panel back and large convertible collar are smart features. White kidskin shoes or pumps of brown kidskin may be worn.

8564—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 44½ inches. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch gabardine—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. A smart suit the jacket of which shows the new length, the Directoire collar, and dart fitted front. At center-back there is a panel that extends into the skirt section that lengthens the short side-back sections of the jacket.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

All the Latest Whims of Fashion for the Miss

8505—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard 27-inch allover lace for collar—2 yards braid for girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The tunic blouse of this frock crosses in surplice style over a front-closing underbody and the tunic section is embroidered in design 12506. Wool or coarse rope silk may be used for the embroidery. If of silk, self-color is most fashionable, but if worsted is selected two or three vivid colors may be employed, with a little black to tone it down

8483—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch white taffeta for vest—3¾ yards caught-in fringe for trimming—2⅛ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Fringe is a very fashionable trimming and the newest method of using it is illustrated here with the edge caught in so as to give the effect of insertion. The blouse is cut down in deep U-shaping disclosing a vest of white taffeta, and on the front-closing skirt is arranged a gathered tunic. Lower-edge width 1¼ yard.

Dress 8547—25c.
Braiding 11453, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8507—25c.
Braiding—12321, blue or yellow—20c

Dress 8483
25c

Dress 8491—25c.
Braiding 12319, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress
8511
25c

Dress 8434—25c.
Embroidery 12473, blue or yellow—10c.

Dress 8533—25c

Dress 8505—25c
Embroidery 12506, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8519—25c.

Dress 8503—25c.

8519—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch foulard—1⅛ yard 36-inch satin—1¾ yard lace—2½ yards velvet ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Suggestions of a new silhouette are offered in this frock, the skirt of which is drawn into a narrow band at the bottom. The side and back gores are cut in one and there is a deep tuck formed at the hips which gives the effect of a tunic.

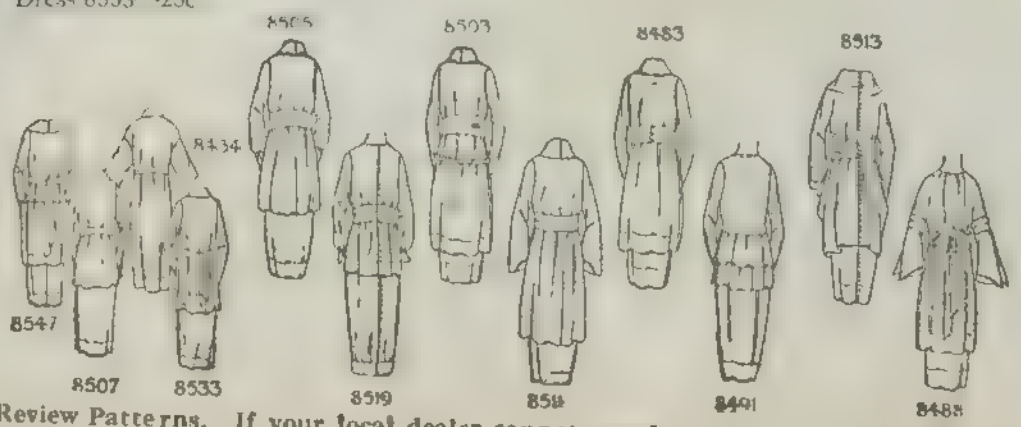
8503—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar, cuffs, and vest—3 yards banding for trimming tunic—3½ yards grosgrain ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. On the front-closing underbody is mounted a tucked vest framed by a long shawl collar of organdy to match. Just below the hips a two-piece tunic is arranged which is gathered at the top to form a frill heading. This is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side seam. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard.

8511—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch tricolet—1⅛ yard lace for collar—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. One of the fashionable tie-around blouses forms part of this charming frock, the fronts of the blouse with extensions that make the girdle. Rows of jet nail-heads are applied to form the good-looking trimming, and over the long collar of tricolet is arranged one of heavy lace. The set into narrow armholes and fitting closely above the elbow, the sleeves widen out below elbow into bell-shaping with turn-back cuff sections on the inside. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

Dress 8513—25c.
Embroidery 12445, blue or yellow—20c.

Dress 8488—25c

8547—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3-8 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—½ yard 36-inch satin for vest—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1 3-8 yard. The pockets are braided in design 11453.



8513—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey—1 yard white organdy for collar and cuffs—1¾ yard grosgrain ribbon—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Charming features of this attractive frock are the deep outstanding moat collar on the draped bodice and distended pockets on the tunic. The embroidery is design 12445. Lower-edge width 1⅜ yard.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 36F.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259-Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

All of These Will Make Most Acceptable Christmas Gifts

They Are Smart as Well as Practical and Easily Made

No. 578—Knitted Toque for Boy or Girl of 6 or 8 years

No. 576—Knitted Slip-over Sweater for Small Brother

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 576 and 578, 15 cents. Illustrated above in these two numbers is a practical knitted sweater and cap for the boy or girl of six or eight years. The sweater slips on over the head, tho it is slashed in front to afford greater ease in pulling on.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 580, 15 cents. Below is an adorable knitted cape for the little girl, with Angora collar with crossed extensions.

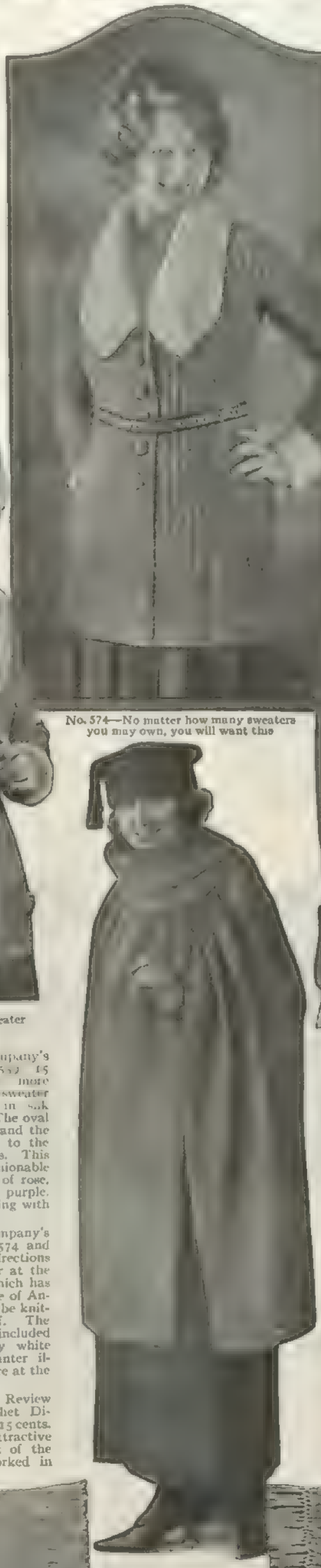
No. 580—Unusually attractive is this Child's Knitted Cape with Angora Collar

No. 559—Slip-over Knitted Sweater of Silk and Angora

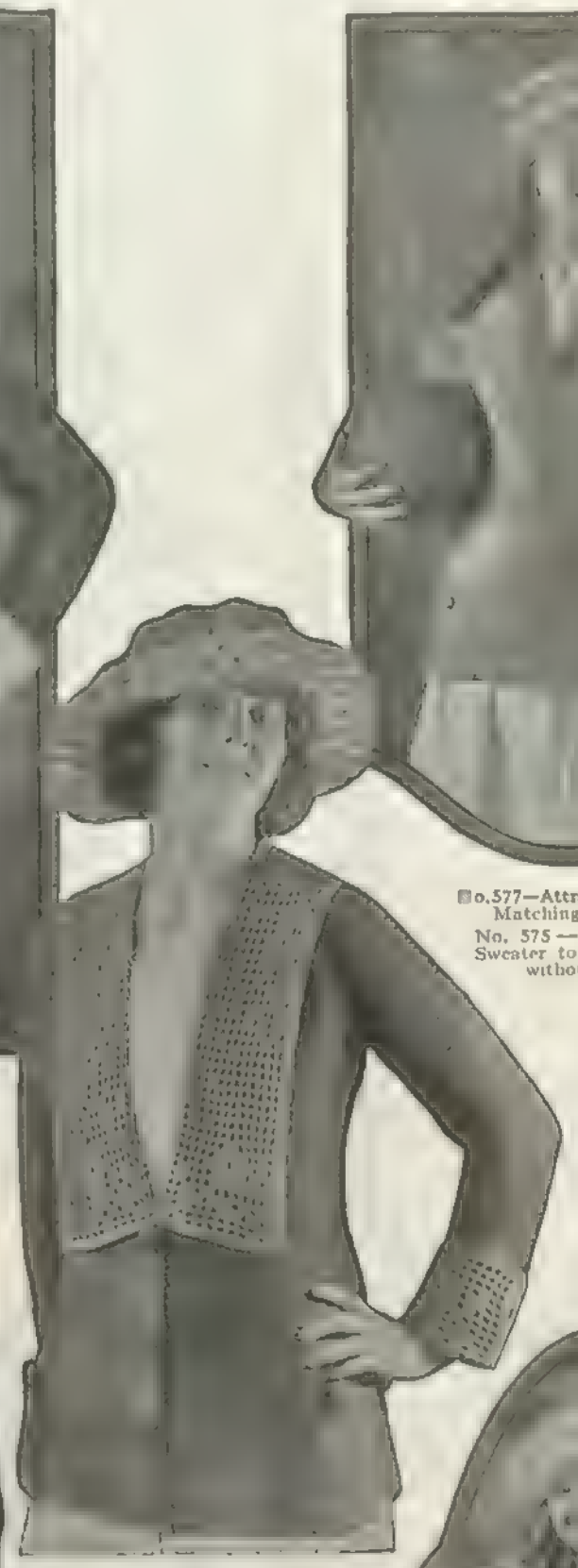
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 559, 15 cents. Nothing could be more attractive than the slip-over sweater illustrated above knitted in silk with trimming of Angora. The oval collar is a distinct novelty and the new flaring effect is given to the cuffs by the Angora bands. This may be knitted in the fashionable gold-color or in any shade of rose, pink, Nile green, orchid, or purple. Black would be very stunning with trimming of white Angora.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 574 and 154, 20 cents. No. 574 directions are for the knitted sweater at the center of the page (top) which has collar and cuffs that may be of Angora, brushed wool, or may be knitted like the sweater itself. The stitch is very attractive and included are directions for a jaunty white Angora crochet Tam-O'Shanter illustrated on the child's figure at the foot of the page (right).

The Pictorial Review Company's Crochet Directions No. 148, 15 cents. Here is a very attractive scarf at the foot of the page (right) worked in filet crochet.



No. 574—No matter how many sweaters you may own, you will want this



No. 573—Knitted Coat-sweater with Filet Crochet Collar and Cuffs

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 579, 25 cents. Here is (at left) a charming knitted cape which is ideal for all sorts of sports wear. The collar may be of gray or white angora or brushed wool.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting and Crochet Directions No. 573, 20 cents. The long rolling collar and deep cuffs of filet crochet add charm and novelty to the simple knitted sweater illustrated just above. The jaunty hat is included in the directions.

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting and Crochet Directions No. 147, 15 cents. At the foot of the page (left) is shown one of the fashionable new sports scarfs that are worn around the neck with the ends drawn under the girdle. This may be worked in orange, pink, gold, purple, or fawn-color wool with insertion of filet crochet. Many women prefer these scarfs to sweaters as they add color without too much warmth.

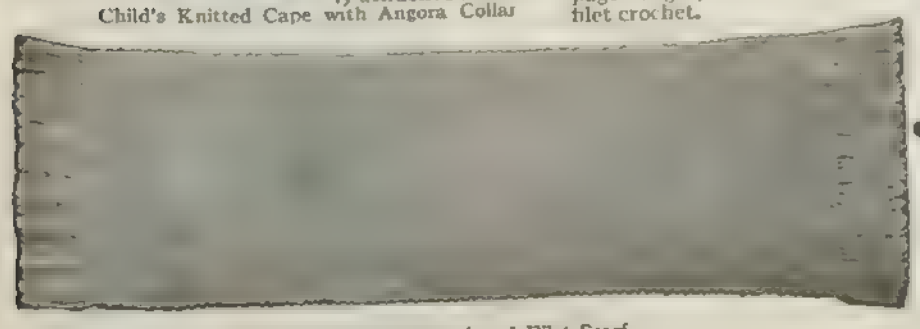
No. 577—Attractive Knitted Toque Matching Sweater No. 575

No. 575—Knitted Slip-over Sweater to Be Worn with or without a Sash-belt

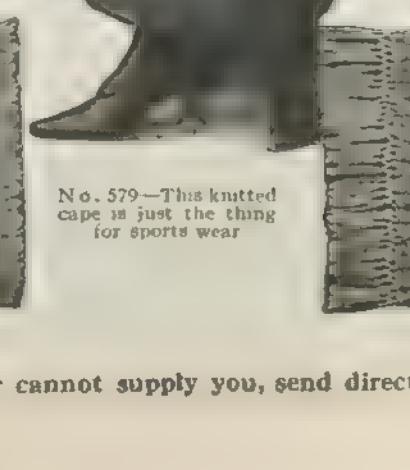
The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions Nos. 575 and 577, 15 cents. An attractive knitted toque with a matching knitted slip-over sweater. Below is a knitted coat sweater. The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions No. 564, 15 cents.

No. 154—Jaunty White Angora Crocheted Tam-O'-Shanter

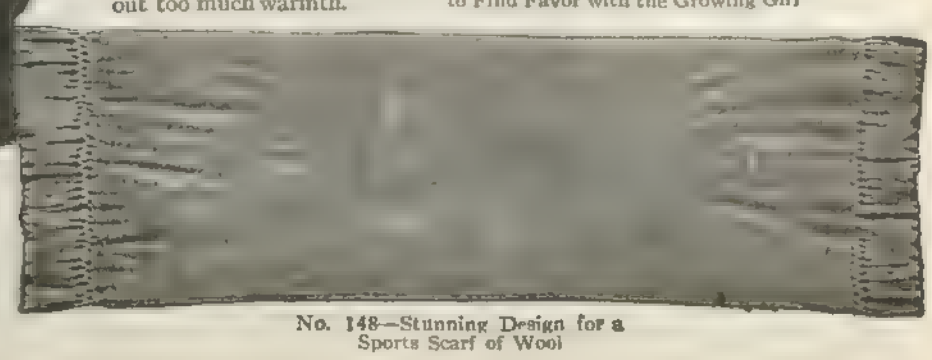
No. 564—This Knitted Coat-sweater Is Sure to Find Favor with the Growing Girl



No. 147—Knitted and Filet Scarf of Soft Pink Wool



No. 579—This knitted cape is just the thing for sports wear



No. 148—Stunning Design for a Sports Scarf of Wool

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

All the Little Girl's Needs, for School, Street, or Party

8548—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch maroon velvet. Just as fashionable for the little maid as for her mother and big sister is the velvet frock, tho naturally it is only suitable for dress wear. This is a charmingly simple frock closing at the left side-front and with a two-piece flat collar outlining the slightly oval neck. Plaits are formed on the front of the skirt.

8535—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch navy blue serge—½ yard 36-inch plaid silk. The panels which are arranged on the front and back fasten on the left shoulder and the four-piece skirt has plaits formed on the front and back while the side gores are gathered. There are outstanding pockets braided in design 11290. The combination of plain blue serge and plaid taffeta is a pleasing one, and the frock is thoroughly practical for school wear while it is at the same time pretty and bright in effect.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8548 20c.

Girls' Dress 8535—25c. Braiding 11290, blue or yellow—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8526—20c. Embroidery 12512 20c. Scallop 11661 blue or yellow—15c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8539—20c. Beading 12512 blue or yellow—20c.

Juniors' Dress 8543—25c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8559—20c.

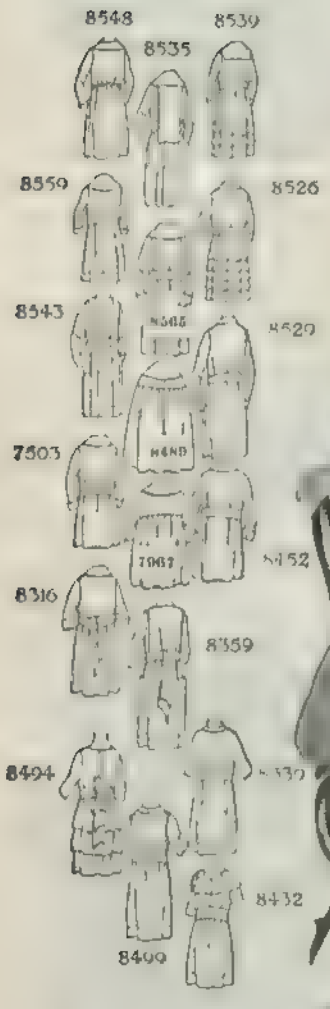
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8565—20c.

8559—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch navy blue serge. This cunning little school frock slips on over the head and has a convertible collar.

8565—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch blue crêpe de Chine. Under a plait the dress closes at left side-front and a large collar rolls over the small yoke-shaped collar in front. The front and back gores of the four-piece skirt are plaited in panel effect.

8539—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch flesh-color Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard velvet ribbon. The vest and trimming sections are beaded with chalk beads in design 12512. The closing is at left side-front.

8543—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3 yards 54-inch check broadcloth. The closing is arranged at left side-front under a box plait.



Girl's Coat 8529—25c.

Child's Coat 8452—20c.

Child's Coat 7503—20c.

Child's Coat 7967—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Cape 8489—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8316—20c. Cross-stitch 12094 blue—15c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8359—20c. Braiding 11809 blue or yellow—20c.

Girls' Dress 8339—20c.

8526—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 44-inch gabardine—⅓ yard white linen for collar and cuffs—2 yards satin ribbon for girdle. A smart frock for school and informal afternoon wear for the little girl trimmed with bands of self-material and with a chemisette, collar, and inset cuffs of white linen. The collar and cuffs are scalloped in design 11661. Above the trimming-bands an embroidery design is worked out in wool in design 12512. The dress closes on the left shoulder and is given distinctive character by the white linen trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 36F

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8494—20c. Beading—12503 blue or yellow—20c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8499—20c. Embroidery 12428 blue or yellow—15c.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8432—20c.

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Face Powder Jonteel, 75c. Flesh white, brunette. Send 10c for generous sample. State tint desired. United Drug Company, Limited, 78 Broadview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Combination Cream Jonteel, 60 cents. Will not grow hair.

Talc Jonteel, white or flesh, 35 cents

Face Powder Jonteel Compact, 50 cents. Flesh, white, brunette and a new natural shade called "outdoor," a perfect match for the complexion of outdoor enthusiasts, an exclusive Jonteel tint. Rouge Jonteel, light, medium and dark, 50 cents.

FACE POWDER 75c.

Jonteel

CLINGING INVISIBLE

You who have longed for a face powder which would remove the shine, yet would not plaster the skin. A face powder delicate and natural in tint, a powder which would last long on the skin without brushing or rubbing off. To you we recommend this new face powder, fragrant with the wonderful new odor Jonteel. Take home a box today. Try it—compare it with your favorite face powder.

The 8000 Rexall Drug Stores

throughout Canada, United States and Great Britain have been given exclusive sale of Jonteel; because they are linked together into one great International service-giving organization. Rexall stores are found in every town and city that has a modern drug store.

"The First Gentleman of Canada": His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales

Some Autumn Needs for the Little People

These are Pictorial Review Patterns. If your local dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us—253-259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 36F

You will not find the right corset by casual shopping

THE woman who desires the distinctive charm of style cannot leave it to chance. You must know what to expect of your corset and insist upon it.

GOSSARD CORSETS

The Original-Unequalled Front Lacing Corsets

interpret the fashion for you in terms of your individual needs. Whatever your figure requirements, you will find many Gossard models especially designed to mould your figure to correct proportions with the least restraint; to give you correct body poise with its attributes of priceless comfort and health; and do all this so deftly that there will be no evidence of corsetry in the finished silhouette. Your Gossard will efface itself and leave only the impression of natural beauty and grace.

Gossards are easy to buy. If it is convenient, let the expert corsetiere of your leading fashion store or shop fit you; but if you prefer to buy your Gossards without a fitting you may do so with full assurance of satisfaction, because of the exact science with which they are designed for *your* individual figure requirements.

You may buy these original front-lacing corsets for as little as $2.75 up to any price you care to pay. At any price a Gossard will render a wearing service that alone is worth the cost of the garment.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co. *Limited*

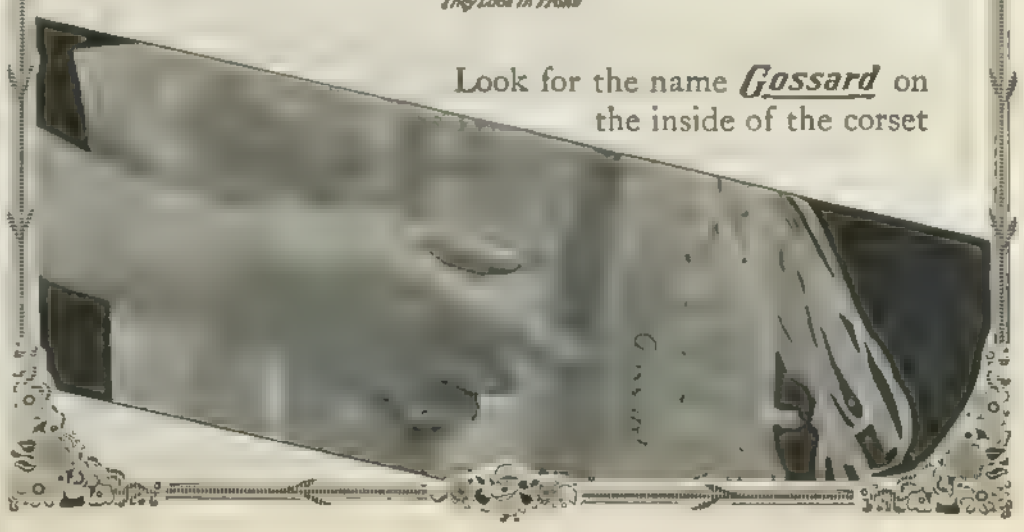
Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

284-286 West King Street, TORONTO

Made in the United States and Canada

Wear Gossard CORSETS They Lace in Front

Worn with Health and Comfort by Women the World Over



Look for the name *Gossard* on the inside of the corset

WRIGLEY'S

KEPT secret and special and personal for you is

WRIGLEY'S

in its air-tight sealed package.

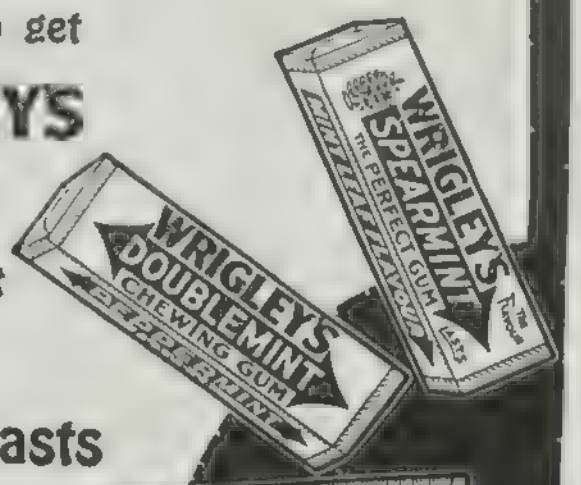
Three flavours to suit all tastes.

Be SURE to get

WRIGLEYS

Sealed Tight
Kept Right

The Flavour Lasts



54

"Send Us Some Pure Gold Jelly Powders, Please"

Mother has gone down town, and Mary is planning a pleasant surprise for her—a delicious Pure Gold Jelly for dinner. She makes them whenever she gets the chance, they're so easy, and she knows mother and dad like them just as well as she does.

Everyone likes Pure Gold Jellies with their inviting appearance and genuine fruit flavors. Try them yourself. Raspberry, strawberry, lemon, orange, red currant, pineapple, cherry and vanilla, at all grocers.

Pure Gold Desserts
JELLY POWDERS

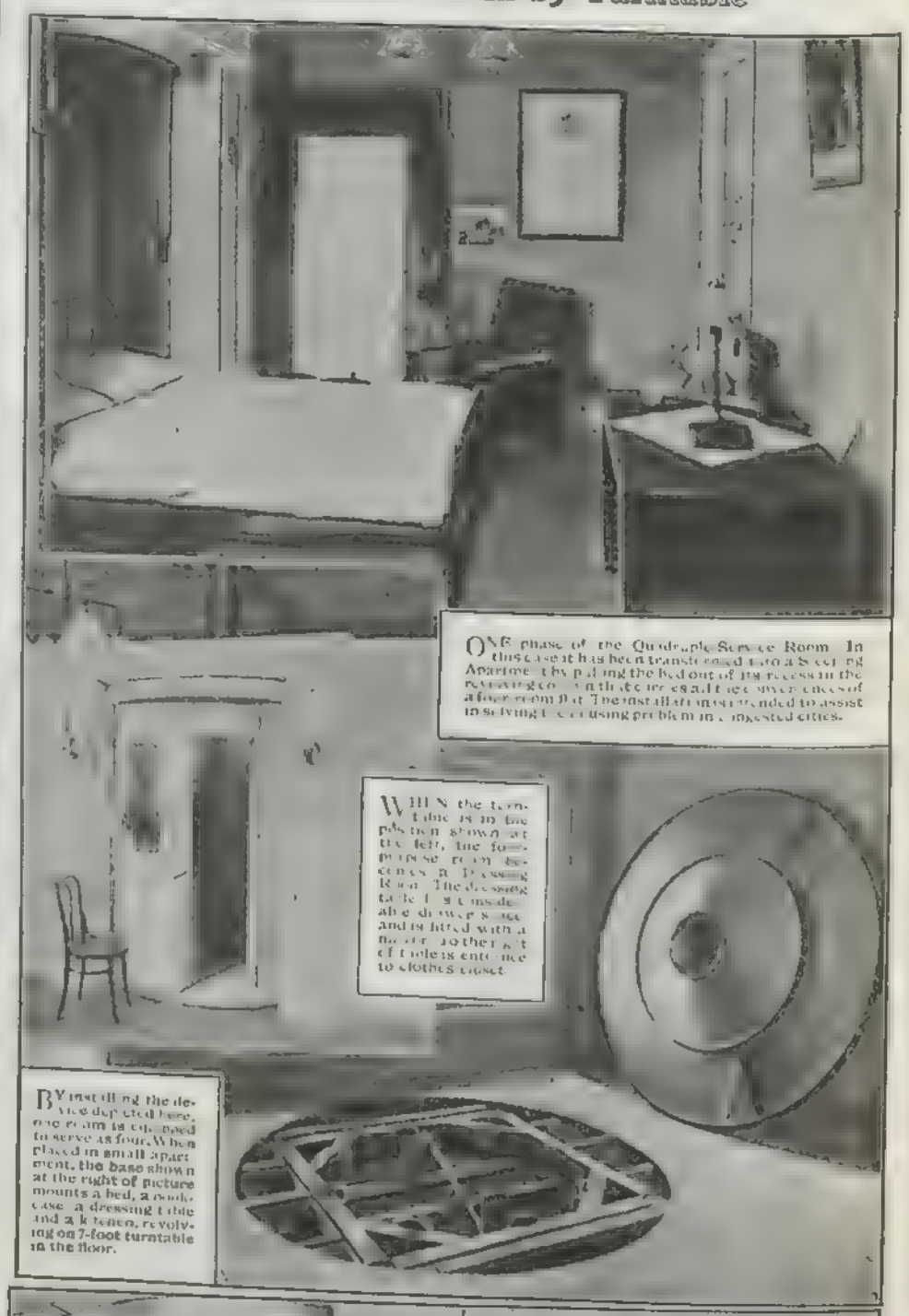
Pure Gold Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Toronto

NOTHING adds more to one's appearance than beautiful white teeth, yet ninety-nine out of every hundred people find a yellowish film or stain continually appearing on the surfaces of their teeth in spite of the regular use of a dentrifice. Some resort to an abrasive powder, which is not only harmful to the enamel but falls far short of producing the desired result. DR. MELVIN'S TOOTH-BLEACH removes dental stains and makes white teeth whiter without the slightest injury. Send to-day. By mail, post-paid, Fifty Cents.

MELVIN LABORATORIES, Dept. 43, Toronto, Ont.

One Way of Solving the Housing Problem

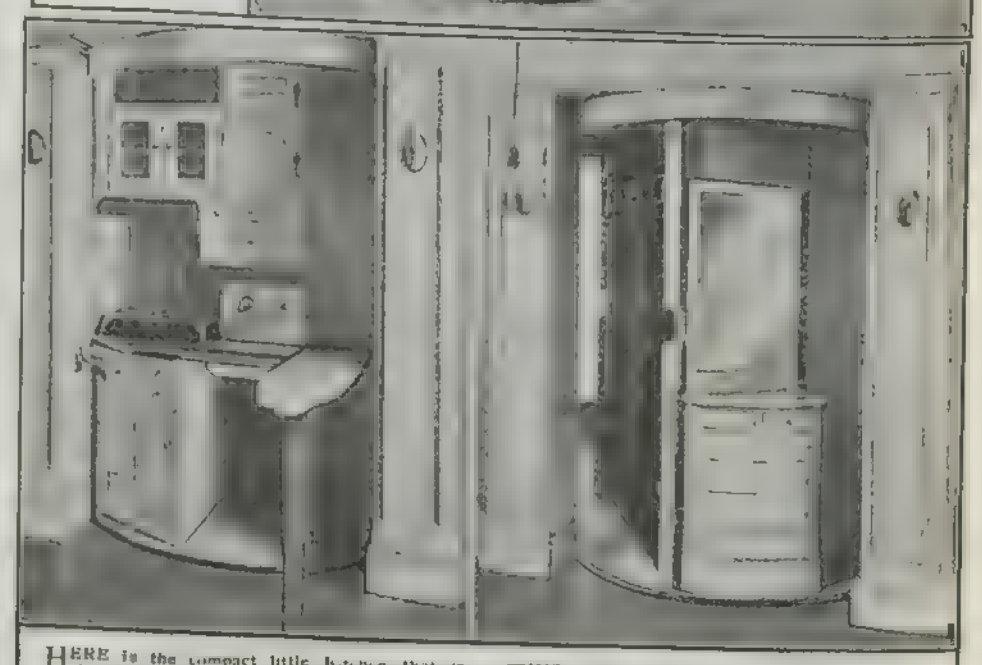
All Conveniences of Four-Room Apartment Provided in Condensed Form by Turntable



ONE phase of the Quintuple Service Room. In this case it has been transformed into a Sleeping Apartment by pulling the bed out of the recess in the partition and thus creating a bedroom out of a clothes closet. The installation is intended to assist in solving the housing problem in congested cities.

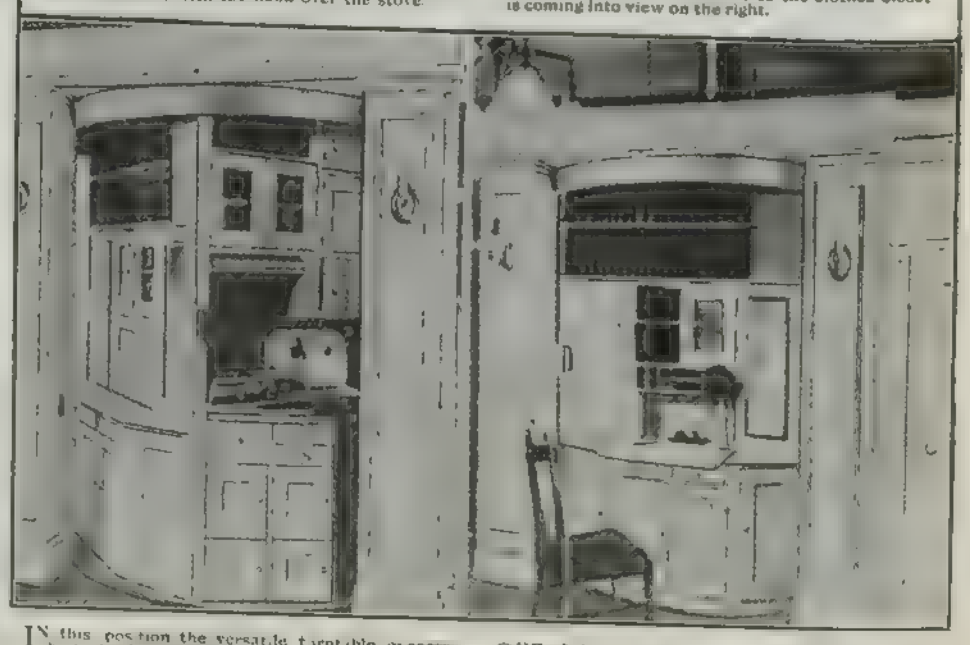
WHEN the turntable is in the position shown at the left, the four-purpose room becomes a Dressing Room. The dressing table is set inside the cabinet drawers and is fitted with a mirror. At the left of the picture is the entrance to the clothes closet.

BY installing the device described here, one room is equipped to serve as four. When placed in a small apartment, the base shown at the right of picture mounts a bed, a wardrobe, a dressing table and a kitchen, revolving on a 7-foot turntable in the floor.



HERE is the compact little kitchen that is brought into the room by revolving the platform on which it stands. Its convenient arrangement can be seen by a glance at the illustration. Cooking fumes are carried away by a ventilating duct connected with the hood over the stove.

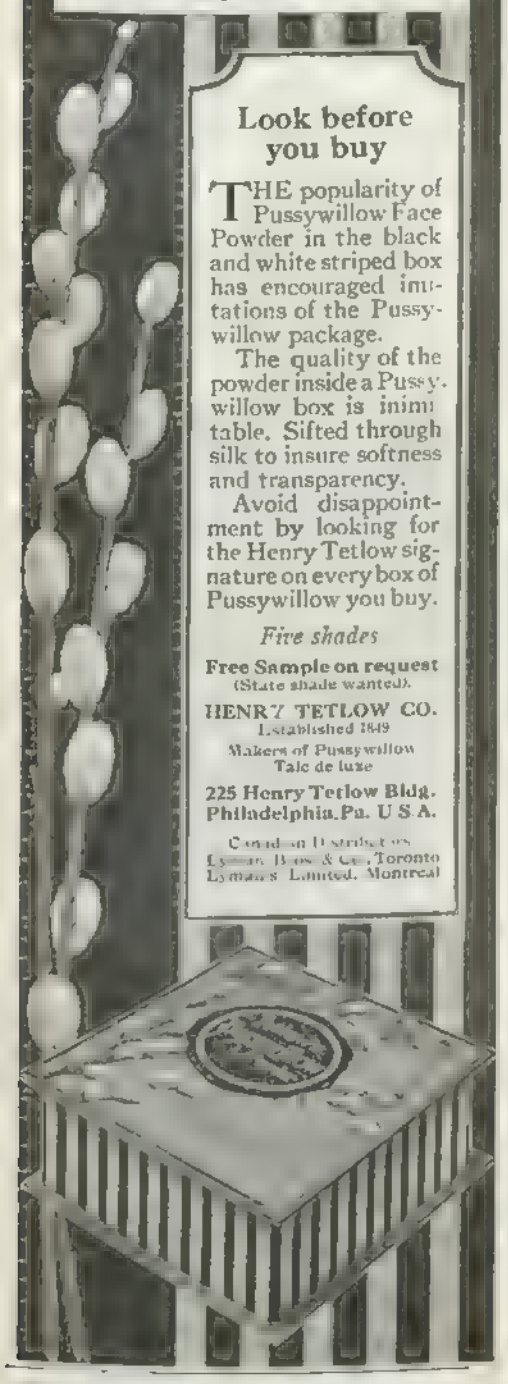
THIS picture shows the Dressing Table nearly in the proper position for use, with the bed disappearing from view at the carrier turns. At the left, beyond the bed, is seen the hall of the apartment, and the entrance to the clothes closet is coming into view on the right.



IN this position the versatile turntable exposes both the kitchen and the combination Writing Desk and Bookcase. Turning the device to one direction brings into position the means for cooking a meal, and turning it in the other makes books and writing material accessible.

ONE of the numerous doors of the Writing Desk is hinged so that it will drop down and provide a proper surface for writing. When the occupants of the four-in-one apartment desire to convert it into a library, they turn the revolving column into the position shown here.

Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder



Look before you buy

THE popularity of Pussywillow Face Powder in the black and white striped box has encouraged imitations of the Pussywillow package.

The quality of the powder inside a Pussywillow box is unsurpassable. Sifted through silk to insure softness and transparency.

Avoid disappointment by looking for the Henry Tetlow signature on every box of Pussywillow you buy.

Five shades

Free Sample on request
(State shade wanted).

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Established 1849
Makers of Pussywillow Talc de luxe

225 Henry Tetlow Bldg.
Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

Canadian Distributors
Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto
Lyman's Limited, Montreal

Instant Syrup Maker

As Quick—

as heating a kettle of water you can make your own delicious syrup for the hot cakes and waffles with

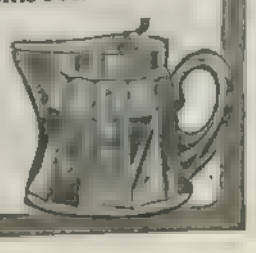
MAPLEINE
The Golden Flavor

—two cups boiling water, four cups granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of **Mapleine**.

Mapleine is also an unexcelled flavoring for cake frostings, puddings, sauces, ices and candies.

Your Grocer Can Supply You
2-oz. bottle 50c.

4c stamp and trademark from Mapleine carton will bring the Mapleine Cook Book of 200 recipes



Crescent Mfg. Co.
Dept. C.W.
25 Front St. East
Toronto, Canada

Did You Ever Give A Book Party?

It's Both Simple and Entertaining

By GERALDINE AMES

IF you have never attempted a "Book Party" you can have no idea of the great amount of fun there is in it. Such a party is not suited for little children, of course, but for young folks of from sixteen up, and for adults, too, it makes an ideal entertainment.

Such a party may be arranged in the home, but it is especially adapted for a society or lodge or church entertainment.

A curtain or some heavy baize screens are needed to pin many of the objects to, also one or two tables for such things as cannot be pinned to a cloth.

Each thing, as you will understand better when you study the accompanying list of sixty-six book puzzles I shall give below, represents the title—not the author—of some book. Take well-known books, not the newest ones, as that is scarcely fair since one cannot keep in touch with all the latest books.

Number each object, beginning with number one. Also provide a pad and paper for each one present. At the top write as follows:

TITLE OF BOOK——AUTHOR

Then the people present go around and around studying all the different objects and puzzling their heads trying to figure out what the book can be. To play the game honestly no one will help another to guess, although two may try to guess together, and no one will show his or her list.

Fix a time limit at the beginning, understood by all. Let it be announced, say, that the guessing begins at 8 o'clock and lasts until 9 or 9.30 o'clock. Then "Time" will be called, all will be seated and someone will read the correct list, beginning with number one. Each person will have the same numbers on their slips. If they cannot guess any, or do not try to make a guess at some, they should put down the number and leave it blank.

Let each one place a check against the ones they guessed correctly, sign the slip with the number of correct answers they had and turn it in.

Or each one in turn may stand up and give the number of correct guesses they made. If desirable, prizes may be given. A good book of some sort for the one guessing the most and a book catalogue all wrapped up and tied with ribbons for the booby prize.

Some of the things will be made difficult or foolish just to add to the fun. Take Robinson Crusoe, for example. This book is represented by the picture of a rooster and the sentence under it, "Why did they call him Robinson?" Of course, many will guess that, "Because he crew so." The pretzel will puzzle a great many, yet it is simple when one stops to think—all of a twist!

The date "1927" may puzzle many, yet it is simple because it is ten years later than this year. And 1937 is, of course, twenty years after this year. Not many will guess the two sailboats racing. These boats must be even, not one ahead of the other. When two sailboats are even the technical description is "wing and wing." A few hard ones like this add to the fun. A copy of the "Voyage of the Jeanette," a book you can get from any library, is, naturally, a winter's tale, and it will surely prove a mystery to most of the folks at your book party.

Not only is this fun, but it is educational, in a way, and the correctness of the authors must count as well as the correctness of the title of the books.

Some You May Try

HERE is the list. One need not use all of these, although if there are a dozen or twenty at the party it is best to use at least fifty:

"The Rivals"—Sheridan—pictures of King George and the Kaiser.

"A Winter's Tale"—de Long—copy of "The Voyage of the Jeanette."

"King Henry the Eighth"—Shakespeare—write "King Henry" eight times, eighth written heavy and hand pointing to it.

"Measure for Measure"—Shakespeare—two measures labelled "For exchange."

"The White Company"—Doyle—White motor car advertisement.

"A Study in Scarlet"—Doyle—"Study" written in scarlet.

"The House with the Green Shutters"—Greene—doll's house with green shutters.

"The Fifth String"—Sousa—violin with five strings. (*Continued on page 28*)

It's the Tone Quality

TONE volume and tone quality are the features on which the Nordheimer claim to supremacy is based.

The illustration shown above is an actual photograph of the

NORDHEIMER
APARTMENT UPRIGHT

It is the *tone* of this superb little instrument that is winning for it the unqualified approval of musicians. Artistic though it is in case design, the Apartment Upright depends for its prestige upon its Grand Piano Tone—a volume and richness extraordinary in a piano of its size.

At $500 we know it to be "Value unprecedented." $500 is its price f.o.b. Fort William. Transportation cost to more distant points must be added.

Write for Design Book "E"

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Company, Limited
Corner Yonge and Albert Streets, Toronto

Cosy Day and Night Wear

For All The Family

can be easily and economically made at home with the aid of paper patterns supplied with

LAWRIE & SMITHS
REAL SCOTCH WINCEY

Fast in colour and practically unshrinkable; light, yet cosy, ***Real Scotch Wincey*** will stand the vissicitudes of the wash tub better than any other fabric-retaining its beautiful appearance and giving satisfaction to the end.

In a pleasing range of white, self colours and fashionable striped effects, equally suitable for Ladies' and Childrens' Slumber-Wear Night Dresses, Ladies' Underwear, Men's Pyjamas, Shirts, etc.; Babies Frocks, Childrens' Dresses, Ladies Blouses, and all articles that go frequently to the wash.

Prices from 2/- per yard. Send for Patterns

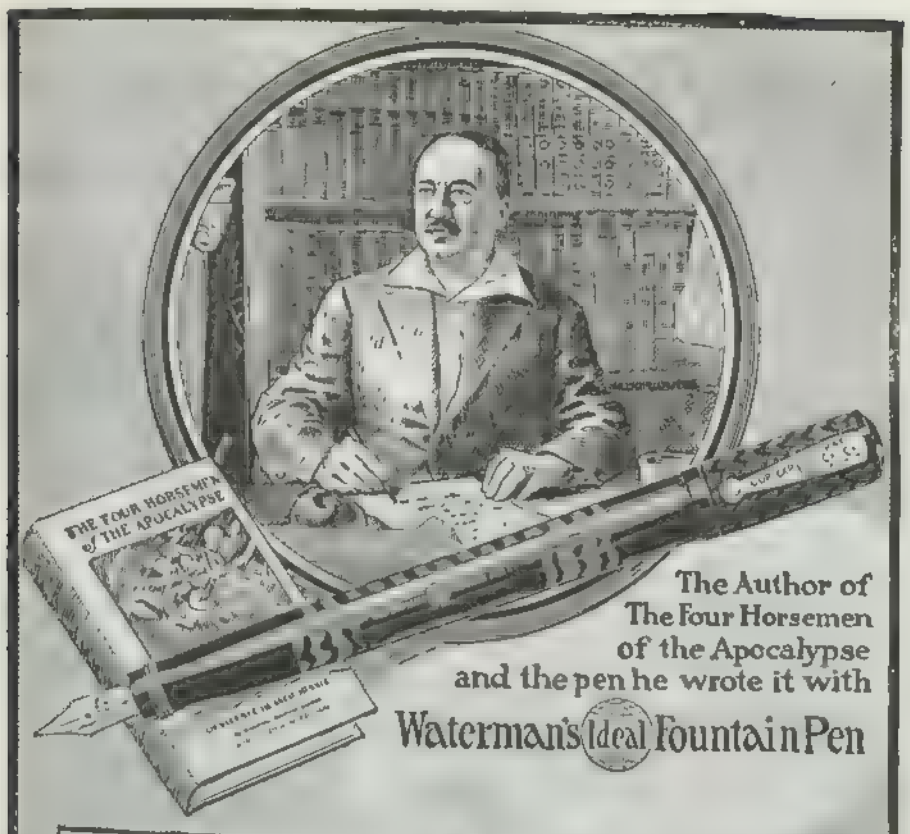
Scotch Tartans, Tweeds, Voiles, Muslins, Zephyrs and Ginghams. Lawrie & Smiths range cannot be equalled for tastefullness, quality, and durability. Patterns on request.

LAWRIE & SMITH (Dept. Y)
℗ Real Scotch Wincey House, AYR, Scotland

SINCE 1870
SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

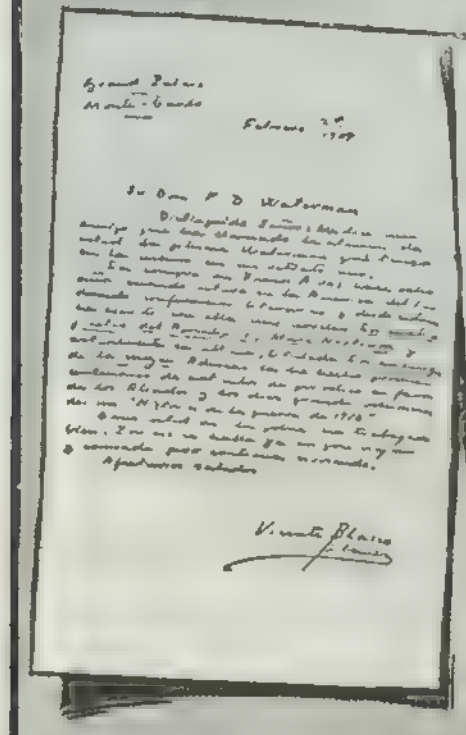
America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
And How to Feed
Mailed free to any address by the Author,
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
118 West 31st Street, New York



The Author of
The Four Horsemen
of the Apocalypse
and the pen he wrote it with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



A friend of mine told me that he has called your attention to the Waterman's Fountain Pen held in my hand in one of my pictures.

I bought it in Buenos Aires eight years ago when I was travelling in South America giving literary lectures, and since then I have written with it my novels, Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Our Sea, and actually the latest one, entitled The Enemies of the Woman. Furthermore, I have written with it hundreds of articles for the newspapers in favor of the Allied cause and the ten big volumes of my History of the War of 1914.

As you see the poor pen has worked well. For this reason, it is a little old and tired, but continues to serve me.

Best regards from

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ

Reproduced above is the original letter from
Señor Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the translation

Children Love the Taste of

"California Syrup of Figs"

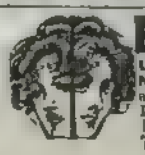
The Safe, Pleasant Laxative

All druggists sell the genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." Full directions as a laxative for children of all ages are plainly printed on the bottle label. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup" except that made by the originators.

The California Fig Syrup Co.

Wrestling Book FREE

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Hand a big man with ease. Write for free book. State age. Farmer Burns, 317 Range Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LETEJECTHAIR destroy yours FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 25c for a sample. The J.M. Co., 997 Goff Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Did You Ever Give A Book Party?

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Who's Who"—Picture strange man entitled "Mr. Who."

"The Man on the Box"—McCutcheon—picture of man pasted on a box.

"The Man Without a Country"—Hale—picture of King Peter of Servia.

"Old Boston Boys"—James D. Lovell—Hancock and Franklin pictures.

"Twice Told Tales"—Hawthorne—copy of an old Ford joke.

"Josephus"—Picture of Secretary Daniels.

"The Greatest Thing in the World"—Hammond — Cupid, representing "love."

"Gold"—Stewart Edward White—Any gold object.

"Middlemarch"—Eliot—the date March 15th.

"Three Men in a Boat"—Jerome—picture of three men in a boat.

"The Under Dog"—Smith—picture of dog fight, arrow pointing to the under dog.

"The Right of Way"—Parker—picture of railroad tracks.

"Eight Cousins"—Alcott—cousins written eight times.

"Under the Lilacs"—Alcott—Word "title" written under the picture of lilacs.

"Rose in Bloom"—Alcott—picture of a rose in bloom.

"Little Men"—Alcott—picture of very little boys.

"She"—Haggard—picture of Eve.

"Chestnuts Old and New"—Nye—one chestnut dated now, the other dated years ago.

"K"—Rinehart—alphabet except K and title "The Missing Letter."

"The River"—Aikon—map of a river.

"The Honey Bee"—Samuel Merwin—picture of a bee.

"The State"—Oppenheim—map of your state.

"Empty Pockets"—Hughes—two empty pockets.

"Mine Own People"—Kipling—photo of your family.

"In Black and White"—Kipling—black and white label.

"American Notes"—Kipling—Star Spangled Banner.

"Soldiers Three"—Kipling—three big war leaders.

"The Odd Number"—De Maupassant—the number 13.

"The Gold Bug"—Poe—a gold bug.

"Other People's Money"—Gaboriau—foreign coins.

"Puck"—Ouida—picture of Puck.

"Under Two Flags"—Ouida—Word "title" placed beneath two flags.

"Black Beauty"—Ford—a negro doll.

"Sketch Book"—Irving—an ordinary sketch book.

"Two Gentlemen of Virginia"—Page—Gleston—pictures of Washington and Jefferson.

"The House of the Seven Gables"—Hawthorne—picture of house with seven gables.

"Robinson Crusoe"—Swift—picture of rooster and line "Why did they name him Robinson?"

"Oliver Twist"—Dickens—a pretzel.

"Our Mutual Friend"—Dickens—photo of your clergyman.

"The Tale of Two Cities"—Dickens—TON (Boston, Washington).

"Ten Years Later"—Dumas—Date 1927.

"Twenty Years After"—Dumas—1937.

"Two Admirals"—Cooper—Dewey and Nelson.

"Wing and Wing"—Cooper—picture sailboats.

"Redskins"—Cooper—pictures of babies.

"Wigwam and Cabin"—Sims—picture of them.

"Two Years Before the Mast"—Dana—picture of boat with "24 months" written in front of the mast.

"The Prince and the Pauper"—Twain—pictures of prince and pauper.

"The Gilded Age"—Twain—"38 years old" written in gilt paint.

"After Dark"—Wilkie Colline—"Midnight."

"Peter Pan"—Barrie—Peter written in a pan.

"A Bow of Orange Ribbon"—Amelia Barr—same as title.

"Lavendar and Old Lace"—Myrtle Reed—same as title.

"Making Money"—Owen Johnson—photo of the U.S. mint, interior.

"The Newcombes"—Thackeray—tiny undressed baby dolls.

"Christmas Carol"—Dickens—copy of a carol.

"God's Man"—Howard—picture of Adam.

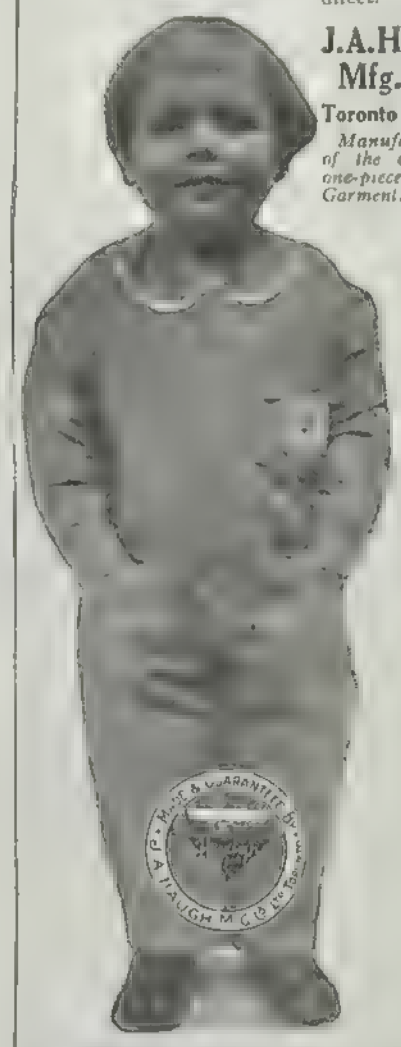
Give Him Room

To stretch his little limbs. He must have garments that are roomy and comfortable. Buy a suit of

Haugh Brand Kiddie's Garments

They are made of extra strong durable material, with workmanship of the best specially designed for hard wear. A suit or garment at a fair price. Made in 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.
Your dealer can supply. If not, write us direct.

J.A.Haugh Mfg. Co.
Toronto - Ont.
Manufacturers of the original one-piece Kiddie Garment.



Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about $2, and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easily done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

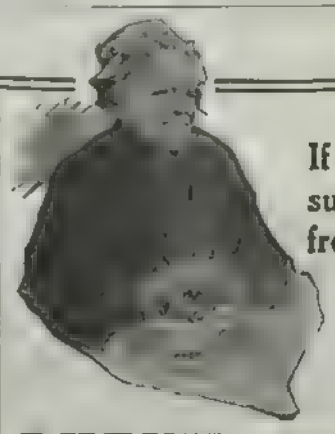
Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made, and saves easily $2. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough, and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ontario.



If you suffer from

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuralgia, or any other pain, apply Minard's Liniment to the aching spot and get quick relief. Minard's is the remedy your grandmother used. There is nothing to equal it.

On sale everywhere

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Yarmouth, N.S.

Everymother's Monthly Service Club

Conducted by One of Canada's Foremost Child Specialists

Adenoids and Tonsils

ONE is continually hearing discussions on various questions about tonsils and adenoids. Their function, their growth, whether they should be removed, whether they grow again, are some of the lines along which these discussions take place. The subject is one of great moment to mothers and fathers who are interested in the welfare of their children. That an intelligent understanding of the question might be in the possession of all, we have decided to take up the subject from all angles, that many children may benefit from the discussion.

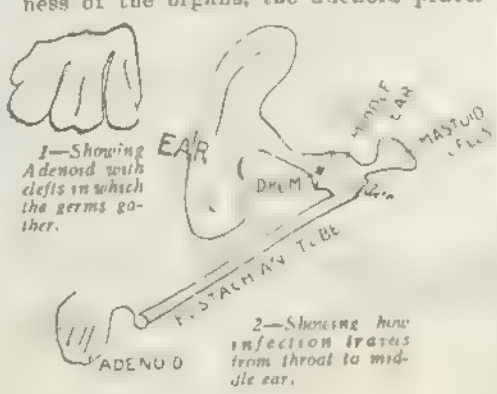
The tonsils are two in number—situated one on either side of the throat near the root of the tongue. The adenoids occur singly and are found in the middle line at the back of the nasal passages, hanging down from the roof of the pharynx. If one were to imagine half a shelled walnut attached to the middle line of the upper lip, the walnut partially closing the front of the nostrils, one would get some idea of the relative position of the adenoid to the nasal passages. Depending on the size of the walnut, one might get partial or even complete obstruction of the nasal passages.

Now the adenoid itself in appearance resembles a split-walnut, the flat surface being attached to the roof of the pharynx—the shelving portion hanging down behind the back outlet of the nose. As inferred above, the size of the adenoid decides the amount of obstruction to the passage of air. Besides the size, the structure of the adenoid is of importance—the leaf-like arrangement of the parts tends to the harbouring of disease-producing germs when once they have invaded the adenoid. Both the adenoid and tonsils are very susceptible to infection, being composed of a sponge-like tissue, which is well-supplied with blood. This structure is responsible for the head colds which may be recurring at intervals or even continuous with an abundant nasal discharge.

In regard to the adenoid, therefore, we learn two points (1) it obstructs the nasal passages—acting mechanically. (2) it harbours germs, owing to its peculiar structure.

One has to remember in this connection that there is a tube called the Eustachian tube which runs from the roof of the throat just behind the adenoid to that part of the ear apparatus called the middle ear. It is in this cavity that the bones exist which transmit the vibration from the ear drum to the hearing mechanism. It is from this cavity that the pus runs when an ear drum ruptures and the child has a so-called running ear.

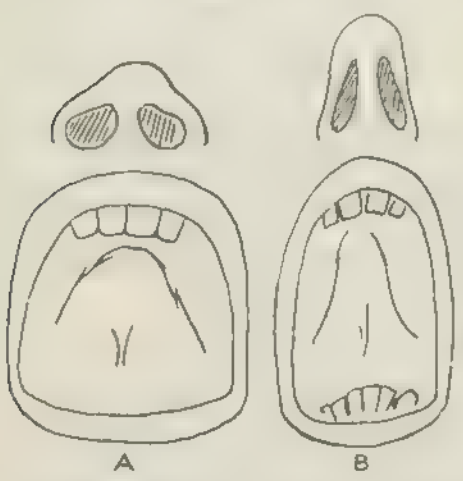
Understanding, therefore the proximity of the Eustachian tube to an inflamed adenoid, it is easy to see how infection may spread to this tube and so on into the middle ear. This occurs to some degree in 40 per cent. of all cases of head cold in infants—in the latter, particularly on account of the compactness of the organs, the adenoid practically lying over the Eustachian tube. In a smaller percentage, it occurs in older children. Sometimes the inflammation is acute resulting in an abscess of the ear, or it may be mild resulting in some slight thickening about the transmitting bones. Continuous head colds may result in continuous inflammation in the ear, causing all degrees of deafness.



1—Showing Adenoid with clefts in which the germs gather.

2—Showing how infection travels from throat to middle ear.

3—Showing Adenoid, Eustachian tube and curled plates in nose for heating and supplying moisture.



A—Showing well-shaped palate and normal nostrils in normal child.

B—Showing narrow palate with displaced teeth and badly formed nose in a "mouth-breather."

Danger of Mastoids

BESIDES the danger from deafness and abscess formation, one must remember that the inflammation, having reached the middle ear, may progress into the mastoid cells resulting in abscess formation in the mastoid cells. This is the worst complication which can arise, as the abscess often reaches the brain causing meningitis and death. Looked at in this light, one sees the chronically enlarged adenoid standing out as a great menace to good health. So far we have been considering the trouble caused by the adenoid of an in-

(Continued on page 45)

MOTHERS wishing to avail themselves of the services of one of the foremost Child-Specialists in Canada may do so by filling in the coupon below.

Mothers! Join The Monthly Service Club

Editor, Everymother's Monthly Service Club,
c/o Everywoman's World,
253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Madam.

I wish to avail myself of the information on baby's health and upbringing and service so generously offered by you.

Please enter my name as a member and supply me with the valuable reading matter offered for which I enclose 25c. in stamps to cover cost of mailing. My baby is:

Age Sex Weight..

Name

Present state of Baby's health

Present state of Mother's health..

Name . . .

Address ...

(Fill in legibly in ink, your own name and address)

Biscuits For Breakfast

Mrs. Newlywed to Mrs. Oldstyle:—

"George just loves my baking, he says it even beats his mother's,—especially the biscuits we have for breakfast."

Mrs. Oldstyle, "Biscuits for breakfast! Huh, you'll get over that!"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Never! You see I use

EGG-O Baking Powder

"I make the dough the night before and set it in a cool place, covered with a cloth until morning, I slip them in the oven first thing, and we have light, flaky biscuits by the time the kettle is boiled. A meal of hot biscuits, bacon, and coffee starts George off right for the day.

"You see, Mrs. Oldstyle, Egg-O never fails because it does not finish leavening until the biscuits are properly baked—even if you *do* leave the batch lying all night."

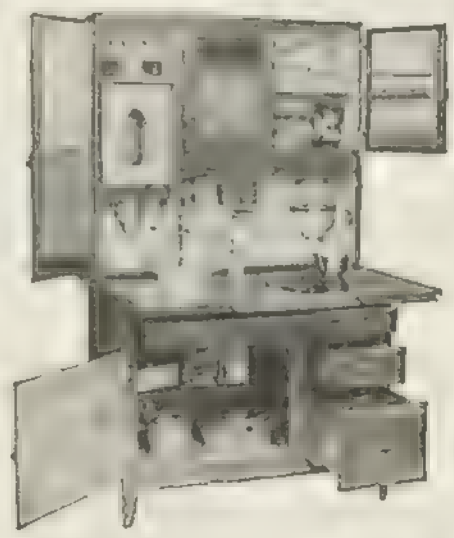
Mrs. Oldstyle:—"My, I *never* heard of such a thing. I'll order a tin now."

A few days later: Mrs. Oldstyle to Mrs. Newlywed:

"We too have biscuits for breakfast now. Thanks to you for telling us about Egg-O."

Egg-O Baking Powder Co.
Limited
Hamilton, Canada

82



The Indispensability

of kitchen equipment is judged by the amount of service it renders you. Many new equipments do certain set things, each are important in their way and are more or less indispensable, but their usefulness is not to be compared with the useful service a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet renders you. Cooking is the most important task in the kitchen. Any equipment that simplifies, makes this task easier to accomplish is the most indispensable equipment.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet has a proper place for everything, within arms reach. Everything is kept clean and tidy. Wearisome steps are eliminated. It helps you so much, that we cannot begin to describe its usefulness here, why not write us for our booklet "B." This will tell you how reasonable is the cost. In fact, everything about the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet.

TRADE MARK
KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET
REGISTERED

The **Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co.**
Limited
Hanover - Canada

If We Send You this Phonograph

at the lowest *factory price* will you show it to a few friends and tell them the low *retail price*. No canvassing or soliciting orders required. Just co-operate with us and by our special plan you may have it absolutely free. To the first in each locality who write we will make a very attractive offer. A post card will bring full particulars, illustration and complete description. Write to-day.

International Phonograph Co.
48 Scott St., Dept. 2, Toronto

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you? **Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. At your dealers, or direct** from us by mail in plain cover, prepaid. **Satisfaction assured or price refunded.** *Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct 'LASH BROW INE.' It's imitated.* LOOK FOR *The Girl with the Rose.* **It's on every box.**

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4303-09 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

The Soul of a Vision

So then—
My part is ended. Other men,
And women, too, still play their part,
With courage resolute and dauntless heart.

My broken comrade—
Seared by scars that time can not efface,
Is not the jest of fortune; for his aid
A nation's mighty forces doth provide.

And those who live—
To carry on our story down the years,
Face not their "quiet days" in bitter pain;
(Forgotten, now they've stilled the nation's fears)
Dwarfed by the lust of pride and selfish gain.

My Canada—
Thou fair land for whom great love
Inspired my youth to ancient sacrifice;
Grant that our serried ranks in realms above
May witness bear thee, worthy of the Price.

To Pay Debts of Honour

TO the Dead and to the richness of their dying, we must give pause, and in humility confess a debt beyond redemption.

Before the altar of their sacrifice, Canada is consecrated to make its dominion worthy. The Torch that illumines Victory so dearly bought, must burn eternally. Each year of peace must record an added lustre to our heritage.

But to those who have come back in suffering, Canada owes a debt which money can, in part, repay.

It is a Debt of Honour. Canada was pledged to the end, that the wounded and the sick be adequately cared for, until they were fairly fitted for the competitive existence of civil life.

For this purpose, our medical services, and our vocational training schools must be maintained until the need for them is no more.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

These, then, are some of the purposes for which the Victory Loan 1919 is being raised. Other purposes are told about in other announcements.

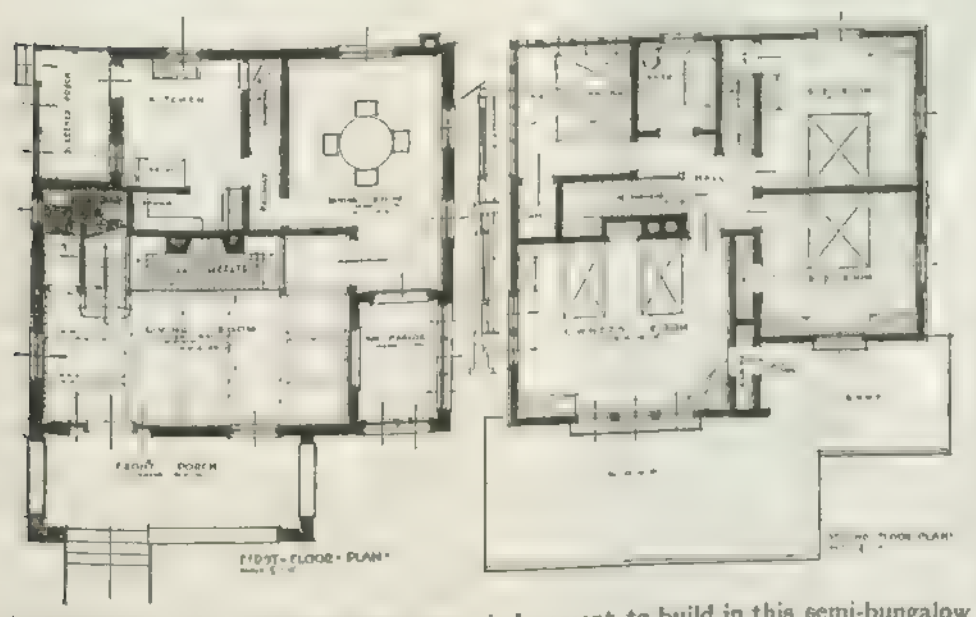
As you read them, the conviction will grow upon you of the absolute necessity for the

Victory Loan 1919

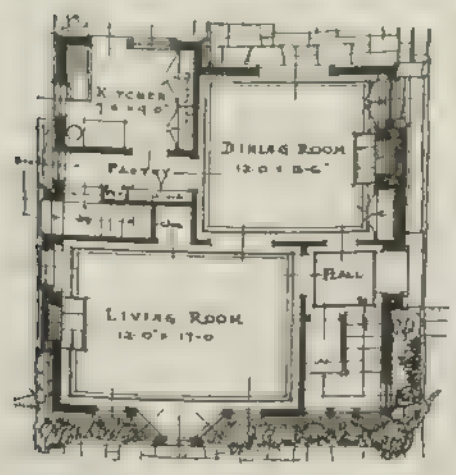
Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

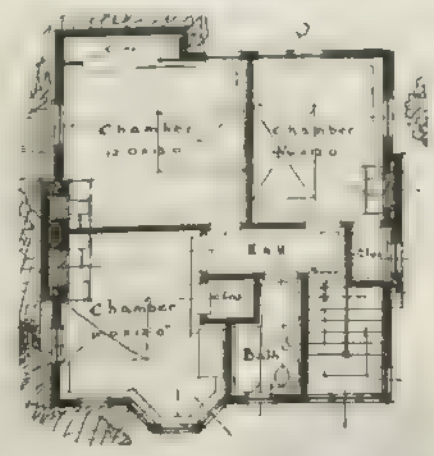
10

Two Types Of The Cosy Home

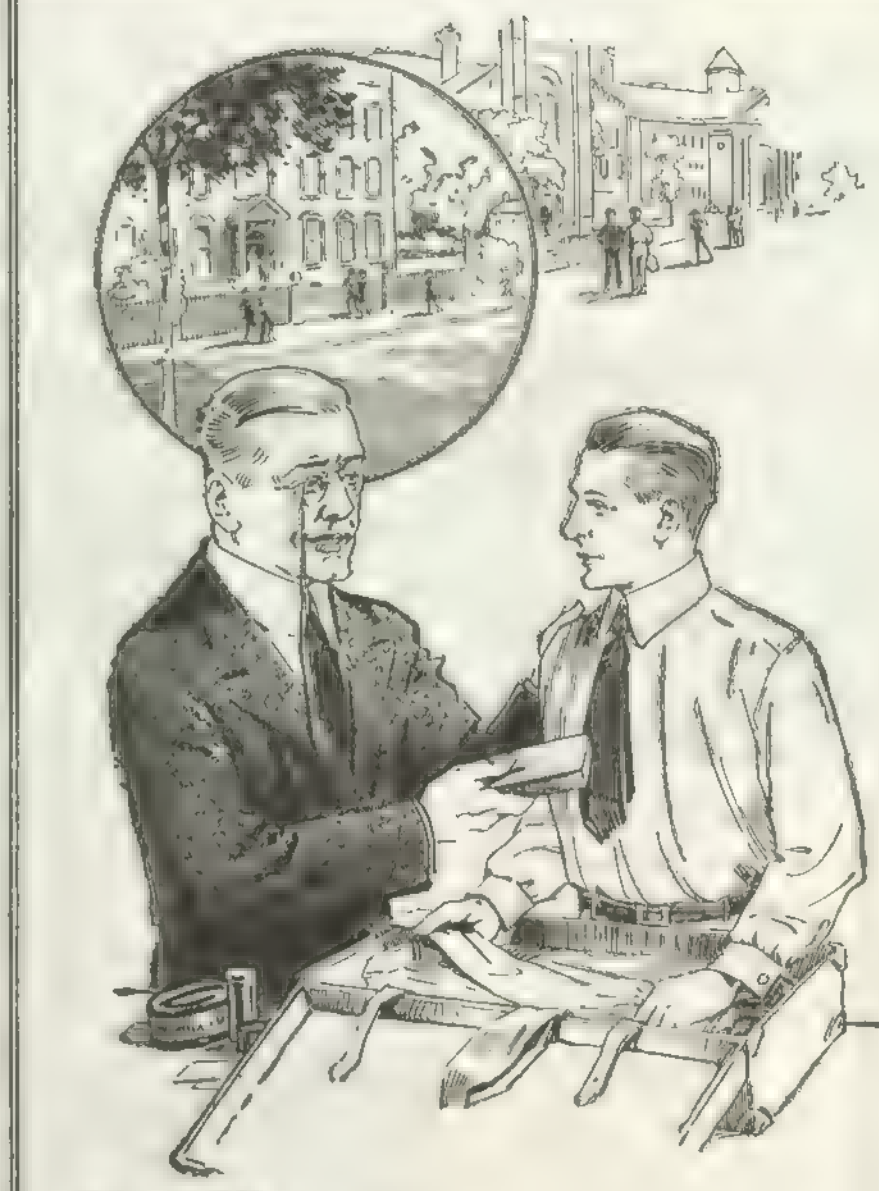


A LOT with a wide frontage offers every inducement to build in this semi-bungalow style, with its inviting porch and sun-room. On account of their positions, the ideal situation for this house would be a western exposure for the front, giving shady hours on the verandah until the sun is low, and, with winter in mind, a southern outlook for the other sun-room windows. The lay-out is most convenient and that boon of boons is provided—a screened kitchen porch.





IN strong contrast to the bungalow suggestion is this square-planned house that stands so compactly on a lot with narrow frontage. An effect of greater spaciousness is achieved by the placing of the main entrance at the side, thus ushering one into an attractive hallway, with glimpses of living and dining rooms. The artistic window arrangement means light and sunshine to one's heart's content. Note the clever impression of greater size and the correction of any possible abruptness in the lines given by the attractive little stone fence.



Is He Seventeen or Eighteen?

Do you remember those ages, when your character was being formed—how you followed examples, did what other people did—your senior years at school—your start in business? Recall them if you can. You gained a knowledge you will find useful when your own boy starts out.

Give him the right start. Teach him the value of personal appearance and self respect. Tell him how confidence may be gained merely from a clean shave—or, better still, *show* him—and show him in a practical way.

Give him a

GILLETTE Safety Razor

and make his morning shave come easy. The old-time pulling and scraping is a thing of the past. The haphazard element is gone. There is no need for your boy to know anything but the ease and comfort of the Gillette shave. It is the razor of his time—that to which he is entitled—nothing more, nothing less.

Sold at most stores catering to the needs of men

MADE IN CANADA

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Limited
73 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.

Ganong's GB Chocolates
"THE FINEST IN THE LAND"
When Everything is To Be Especially Nice
make sure that the "sweets" are "DELECTO" Chocolates. These are the finest of all G.B. Chocolates—a delectable assortment of rich chocolate coated Creams, Nuts, Fruits, Hard Centers, Nougatines and Marshmallows.
In ½, 1, 2 and 5 pound boxes.
Ask for the "DELECTO" Box.
Originated by
GANONG BROS., LIMITED
St. Stephen, N.B.
Makers for 50 years of Fine Chocolates

Stops Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gases, Sourness and Stomach Distress

Eat "Pape's Diapepsin" like Candy—
Makes Upset Stomachs feel fine

Large 50 cent case. Any drug store. Relief in five minutes! Time it!

VOL-PEEK
Mends Pots & Pans
Cooking utensils, Graniteware, Aluminum, Enamelledware, Tin, Copper, Brass Iron, etc. Easy to use, no tools required, ready for use in 2 minutes. Saves a pot for 2½ a cent. 15 cents at your Dealer, or postpaid by Vol Peek- D Co. Box 2024 Montreal

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped head noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 705th Ave. New York City

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE
MONTREAL
A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING McGILL UNIVERSITY

(Founded and endowed by the late Rt. Hon. Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal)

Courses leading to degrees in Arts, separate in the main from those for men, but under identical conditions; and to degrees in music.
Applications for residence should be made early as accommodation in the College is limited.

For prospectus and information apply to The Warden

NURSES ARE IN DEMAND

YOU can enter the ranks of a well paid profession without leaving your home to attend college.

Our correspondence system enables you to qualify yourself for a salary of $15 to $30 a week by home study. There are no heavy lecture and laboratory fees. Books supplied free to each student.

We will mail you full particulars on request.

Royal College of Science, Dept. 1, Toronto, Canada

The Hallowe'en King's Dog

The Strange Happenings at Jimmie's Hallowe'en Party

By LAWRENCE FORRESTER

RIGHT in the middle of Jimmie's Hallowe'en party—at the very most particular moment—every light in the room went out. It was just when the fun was at its height, when all the boys were laughing and all the girls giggling and blind man's buff and puss in the corner and hunt the slipper games had followed one another with a great deal of noise and skylarking.

Now, usually when lights go out and a room is left in total darkness it only causes more laughing and giggling and running around. And you would have thought this would have been the case at Jimmie's Hallowe'en party, because never was there a merrier, romping lot of boys and girls gathered together. But strange to say, there was a sort of hush. Not a sound further was heard. No one even asked for a match or what the cause for the sudden darkness was.

Instead every boy and girl seemed to feel that something odd was going to happen. Those near enough to touch one another clasped hands and those who were in the centre of the room when the lights went out felt their way to the sides as though to be sure that nothing harmful would befall them.

While all stood silent and motionless there came a faint droning sound through the room—something like the hum of bees. It seemed to come from the direction of Jimmie's papa's den, which opened on the sitting room. The boys and girls all pricked up their ears and strained their eyes through the darkness as though they all were moles and didn't need the light to discern objects.

Louder and louder came the droning. Then the boys and girls felt a strong draught of air. This too came from the direction of the den. Presently there was a sound of a door opening and as they all peered through the darkness they beheld a strange blue light in the den the door of which had opened. There stood a form fully seven feet tall. Its head was a pumpkin through the eyes of which radiated the blue light which lit up the den. A long robe of red fell on its feet reached away higher than the knees—in fact quite to the hips.

In the figure's right hand was a sceptre made of a great stick of cactus. On his head was a crown made of a section of picket fence curved to conform to the pumpkin cranium. In his left hand the figure carried a book the leaves of which were plaited corn husks with a veneer of tar.

Into the sitting room stalked the figure the blue light from its pumpkin head shedding a strange radiance here and there as he walked. He circled the room three times holding his cactus sceptre before him at arm's length very impressively and every now and then looking into his corn husk book. The little boys and girls of the merry Hallowe'en were too much awed to speak and shrank closer and closer to the wall.

Suddenly the big figure halted and halted right in front of Jimmie. The little fellow felt like calling for his papa but for some reason or other he did not seem able to get his tongue working.

"Jimmie Reynolds," said the figure very slowly and with a mighty deep voice, "do you know who I am?"

JIMMIE'S heart beat fast for he did not wish to offend the big fellow by confessing that he did not know who he was. At the same time he knew he must say something, or that would offend the big fellow perhaps far worse. So he plucked up courage and said:

"You look like you might be a king of some kind. Perhaps you are a Hallowe'en king."

"You have said it right the very first time," growled the great figure. "I am Ludie Ludiero the king of Hallowe'en. On this night every year, year in and year out century in and century out I am monarch of every household in the world. Don't you tremble when you come to think of my power?"

"Indeed I do," faltered Jimmie, "but no doubt you are a kind king and will treat us nicely."

"That will all depend," said the king in very icy tones, "that will all depend. I shall see what explanations you may give for some of your misdeeds."

"I didn't know, Mr. King, that we had done any misdeeds," said Jimmie

(Continued on page 39)

"For Value Received"

By VICTORIA C. RATCLIFFE

"Here's to the land that gave me birth,
Here's to the flag she flies,
Here's to her sons, the best on earth,
Here's to her smiling skies;
Here's to the heart that beats for me,
True as the stars above;
Here's to the day when mine she'll be,
Here's to the girl I love."

THE singer was a lad of about twenty—a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy. He stood in the trench in the bright moonlight his face turned up to the skies as he sang. Having finished the melody he broke from his pose and turning on his heel went down the steps into the semi darkness of the dug-out, muttering—

"Ah, shucks! Say some one gimme a fag."

"What's the matter, kid?" asked one of the fellows as he handed him a cigarette. "Homesick?"

"No, not exactly," came the reply. "I was just sort of filled up with feelings for everything back in Canada," then he added as if in apology for his outbreak, "I've been over here more'n three years."

"Tell us all about that girl you love. She must be wonderful to inspire such song from you at this hour of the day."

"She is. Here's her picture."

Saying which the boy took from inside his tunic a little leather case and handed it around the group. Each man looked at it and passed it on, but no word was spoken.

"She's a wonderful mother boys," said the little fellow. "I was all she had, but she never said a word when I told her I was going to enlist. In fact she only looked at me a moment and then said, 'It's what your father would have expected, son.' I tell you she's great."

"So is mine," spoke up another chap. "I tell you it's mothers like that who buck you up."

"And wives," added an older man.

"And sweethearts too," piped up another fellow sitting with his arms around his knees on the outside of the circle.

"Yes, mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts—all the women, God bless them."

"Here! Here!" came from the bunch unanimously.

There was a long silence. The men puffed away in the gloom, each one feeling the touch of loving hands far across the sea. A serious key had been struck and it found an echoing note in every heart present. Such was often the case in those days.

The candle sputtered and went out. A shell had burst outside. One of the group stirred.

"Sing it again, mate," called out one of the party, as he rose to light the candle. "I liked the first part too."

So the boy raised his voice again—

"Here's to the land that gave me birth,
Here's to the flag she flies——"

"Wait." It was the grizzled sergeant who had interrupted. "That's the part to remember. The end of it makes you all homesick. Every man here has a girl he loves, I know, whether it be mother, wife or sweetheart. Everyone of us thinks of her a great deal. But don't forget lads, the land that gave us birth and the flag she flies to each one of us means just that one woman."

HOW we loved those boys we sent away. How reluctantly we saw them go. Yet how glad we were that we had them to send, for that was our part.

We rejoice that we have them back again—although some have only a memory—back again after nearly five years' of strife. Some of them are back again as well and strong as ever. Some are lying in hospital cots in the military wards. The crutches of many a man taps off the words—"For you. For you." Many of these crippled veterans will never be able to carry on in their pre-war positions owing to the loss of an arm or a leg or probably the loss of eyesight.

These men must be trained for places into which they can fit. They must be assured of not only as good a living but a better one than before. They and their families must feel sure that the fact of their having gone overseas will not weigh against them in the fight for existence.

The Canadian Government is doing all in its power to give these men every opportunity to make good. The rehabilitation program is complete in every detail. Courses of instruction are given in every branch of mechanical work as well as in many phases of business and professional life. If a man is at all adaptable every opportunity for advancement is offered him. The Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment is the government bureau for caring for returned men about to go back to civil life. The expenses of the D.S.C.R. are high and will continue to be so until every returned soldier is satisfactorily absorbed into civil life.

In the meantime the government must have the money with which to carry on. On October 27th the Victory Loan 1919 is being launched for this purpose.

Out of thankful hearts for the safe return of sons, husbands and lovers, the women of Canada are asked to lend generously. There are many more reasons why the money is needed than the one just stated. The debt of honour to our returned soldier is not summed up in re-establishment. The expenses of transportation must be met and the costs of demobilization were heavy. The military hospitals must be kept equipped and staffed with doctors and nurses for some time to come. Dependents must be kept and pensions paid. There are certain obligations due the discharged men as well—gratuities farm loans and vocational training.

The Victory Loan 1919 in supplying money to lend returned soldiers who wish to become farmers will be doing a double duty. More production has been the cry for some time. The high cost of living is a monster that haunts every home in Canada. It is said that more production will bring down the inflated prices quicker than any other method. If such be the case the sooner more men are placed in a position to produce the better for all concerned.

The money from the Victory Loan 1919 will be loaned to returned men to buy and stock farms. The terms are easy the time is long. Already over 25,000 men have taken advantage of this offer and many more are daily making application. All depends on the success of the coming loan. Only with your money can these men be given a fresh start—your money loaned at a high rate of interest with the best security in the world behind it.

THE Victory Loan 1919 is needed to extend credit to Great Britain and the allied countries, who wish to buy goods here but have not the cash at the present time to pay for those products. "Give us credit," they ask "and we will keep your factories running and purchase the supplies from your fields."

Factories and farms demand cash. In order to give credit to the overseas countries Canada must have the money on hand to pay these concerns. You must lend your money to Canada to keep that prosperity in the country. If Canada does not give credit, other countries will. Stop and think what that means. Great Britain and her allies will buy where they can get the credit. Our markets will be gone. Factories will close and men will be thrown out of work. Women will see Want staring them in the face. Children will lack the necessities of life and the mother will not have the money to supply the need. Farmers will have no markets for their crops and the lean years will descend on the towns and villages.

This picture is one that cannot be contemplated. Canada has enjoyed prosperity in spite of adversity. The wealth that Canada has been storing up during the years of prosperity must now be poured out to keep that prosperity in the land. Every citizen must lend to the limit of ability. This picture of adversity must not be allowed to materialize.

Women have passed many a milestone since the war started. Not the least of these milestones is the one that limited business intelligence. Women have learned to buy bonds and have bought in previous loans. Women have realized that bond buying is not a difficult feat, but rather the reverse. Women are inclined to be conservative; few of them wish to speculate but a good investment appeals to them.

"I find out three things before investing in bonds," said a woman who prides herself on her business acumen. "First, I make sure that the security is beyond question; second, I ask myself is the rate of interest profitable, and thirdly, I find out how previous issues, if there have been any, are rated on the market."

Suppose, from a purely business point of view, the Victory Loan 1919 is put to this test. *(Continued on page 36f)*

"Band Music at Its Best"

IN the home where there are children, what a priceless possession is a Sonora! All children love music—why not train them to appreciate *good* music? They love band music—they will listen by the hour to the beautiful band records which the Sonora plays so wonderfully.

Each instrument is faithfully reproduced by the Sonora. With wonderful distinctness and force, the notes swell to "forte"—then slowly and softly fade into "pianissimo." None of the expression is lost in this marvellous reproduction—the volume of tone may be regulated to conform with the size of your room, without impairing the tone quality.

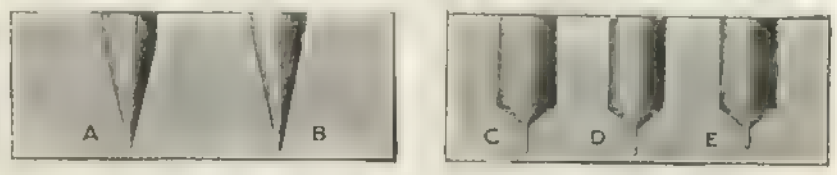
On the Sonora you may use steel, diamond or sapphire needles—also you may play all disc records without extra attachments

Sonora dealers in all large towns

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors, RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL



Sonora SEMI-PERMANENT SILVERED Needles

Play 50 to 100 times without wearing out

A—Shows a new steel needle.
B—A steel needle used once. Note how point is worn off.
C—A new Sonora needle.
D—A Sonora needle used once. Impossible to notice any wear.
E—A Sonora Needle which has played over 50 records. Worn down considerably but as good as new. It will fit the groove perfectly and play many more records.

SONORA NEEDLES mellow the tone, preserve the record and eliminate scratching.

40c. per package of 5

AT ALL DEALERS, OR WRITE

I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY

Wholesale Distributors, DEPT. E., RYRIE BUILDING, TORONTO

PRESERVE *the* LEATHER

LIQUIDS *and* PASTES: For Black, White, Tan and Ox-Blood (dark brown) Shoes.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES

The F.F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

Consult McClary's

What better source of information on cooking and heating devices could you find than this institution—*the greatest of its kind under the British Flag.*

McClary's have developed cooking appliances from the early wood stoves to the modern range. They experimented with every fuel, until they found the most practical way to use it for cooking and heating.

The results of McClary's seventy years of effort, original designing to finished product can now be placed before you, in booklet form—enabling you to choose intelligently the style of equipment most suitable for your home.

Any of this list of Booklets on heating or cooking will be sent, if you mention this paper.

"Service from the Kitchen"—about the Kootenay Steel Range.
"Magic of the Pandora"—about the Pandora Cast-Iron Range.
"Comfort in the Home"—on heating with the Sunshine Furnace.
"Satisfaction"—dealing with McClary's Gas Ranges.
"McClary's Electrical Appliances"—on cooking with electricity.
"Household Helper"—Canning Edition—describing McClary's Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove.
"The Story of a Range"—McClary's Simplex Combination Coal and Gas Range.

McClary's London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton,
"See your local paper for name of McClary's dealer."

21

October Ushers in a Riot of Colour

(*Continued from page 19*)

Sport hats are always in demand in the early fall. This need is being met to a large degree with angora, again in favour doubtless because of its flattering potentialities. When this fabric is worn, especially in the shape of a tam, a scarf of the same hue and material accompanies it. When beaver strip is used for a crown, the brim of the hat is usually made of ribbon.

Lewis offers a turban made of a drape of the capucine velvet, with the feather breasts laid about the sides and raised just slightly higher at the front. The breasts are placed so that they fall loosely over the hair on each side.

Another Lewis hat shows a cushion brim of medium size covered in brown velvet, with a draped crown and the upper brim entirely covered in a band of peacock blue bioux feathers that curl over the brim edge, and develop a small fancy on the side. Lewis makes a soft crush turban of Kolinsky, pulling the fur back slightly from the face and trimming it in bunches of wood brown silk grapes and tiny peach color roses laid in the crush of the fur all about the crown sides.

A sugar loaf is seen in a brown velvet turban by Marguerite & Leonie; stiff shape that is creased from the crown tip down to the headline on each side. A fancy of golden peacock feather is stretched across the front of this shape, branching out into wings on the sides.

Using large semi-circular wings of brown effectively posed on a tam turban of brown velvet Marthe Yerles makes a smart hat, and Villetard accomplishes a cuff of three graduated flares of brown taffeta around a soft draped crown of brown velvet, catching up the side of the cuff in a novel fancy of two ostrich tips, which show the new ostrich treatment, the flues on one side being of black burnt fancy while the other side is of uncurled King's blue ostrich.

Although furs have increased in price considerably this year, there is a new vogue being launched for fur turbans in many irregular but charming shapes.

Descriptions of Fashions

(*Continued from page 20*)

8531—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 40 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅝ yard 40-inch white Georgete crêpe for chemisette and flaring collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Just above the trimming band the dress is embroidered in worsted in design 12512. The underbody closes in front and the dress on the left shoulder and at left side front.

8523—Ladies' Long waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-incl. brown velours, ⅜ yard 40 inch white organdy for collar, 1⅞ yard 36 inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Three new style notes are featured on this frock, the dart-fitted front, the low waist-line, and trimming-bands of self-material. Above the trimming-bands the dress is embroidered in worsted in design 12510.

8563—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54 inch brown Poiret twill—⅜ yard 36 inch tan trilcot for vest and collar, ⅞ yard 36 inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards. Underneath smart is this little frock with vest and collar embroidered in squares in silk or worsted using design 12444. The pouch pockets at the sides are quite new.

8558—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at centre-back 34½ inches. No. 8416—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54 inch navy blue gabardine—¾ yard 36-inch black satin for vest. The tendency toward closer fitting effects is evidenced in this jacket which is fitted by darts on the shoulders in front. Tiny trimming bands are applied to the lower edge of the jacket fronts.

8532—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8211—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch brown broadcloth—⅜ yard 36 inch tan tricot for vest. At the neck the blouse is caught together with link buttons falling open below to show the inserted vest. The flowing sleeves and the hem pockets are embroidered in design 12084.

(*Continued from page 21*)

8475—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at centre back 36 inches. No. 7905—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The coat and skirt together form a suit requiring in medium size requires 7⅜ yards 54 inch Poiret twill—3¼ yards 36 inch lining for coat. The coat shows the new twisted belt and collar and has a trimming band at the bottom that forms outstanding pockets. Quite a decorative touch is given to the pockets by elaborate embroidery in design 12372, to be worked out in heavy rope silk or wool.

8549—Ladies' Short Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at centre back 30 inches. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54 inch silvertone—3½ yards 36 inch brocaded crêpe de Chine for lining. No. 8215—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid velours. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. In this model is featured the new short boxy coat that is so becoming to slender figures. The flowing sleeves are set into armholes that extend almost to the belt.

EVERYWOMAN'S · OPPORTUNITY · LIST

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500 000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Business Opportunities

WE WILL start you in the cleaning and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. A-D, Charlotte, N C

Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests — Refreshes — Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

Help Wanted

HOMEWORKERS—Easy, honest work; experience, capital unnecessary; unlimited possibilities. Booklet, 3c. stamp. Gray's International Trading Company, Box 905, Montreal.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

Inventions

INVENTIONS WANTED. Cash or Royalty for Ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co. 109, St. Louis, Mo

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $15 to $30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Descriptive booklet sent free. Royal College of Science, Dept. 1, Toronto, Canada.

Kodak Films

YOUR PHOTO and 30c. gets 25 gummed stamp-size photos; your photo returned. Sample for stamp. Muscatine Agency, 402E, Muscatine, Iowa

Post Cards

TWENTY BEAUTIFUL ASSORTED POST CARDS, 10c silver. Durso, Dept. 51, 25 Mulberry Street, N.Y. City.

Photoplays—Stories

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278, K32, Chicago.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers' League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

Stammering

ST-STU-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 115 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

FREE, to ambitious writers, copyright book, "How to Write for Pay," by experienced editor. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

Short Stories Wanted

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3, Hannibal, Mo

WANTED STORIES, Articles, Poems for New Magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten MSS. accepted. Send MSS. to Authors National Magazine, Desk 928, Washington, D.C.

Songs Wanted

WRITE A SONG — LOVE, MOTHER, Home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 302 Reaper Block Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 195 C Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., Room 247, 920 South Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Stamps

STAMPS—12 different from warring nations, 10c. 10 different foreign coins, 15c.; 10 Uruguay stamps, 10c. Lists free. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.

For Tender Skin

At bedtime, if the skin feels raw or tender from exposure to wind and sun, rub in a bit of

Vaseline
Trade Mark
Camphor Ice

It takes out the smart—gives instant, soothing relief.

This preparation not only carries the camphor right to where irritation lies in the breaks and crevices of the skin, but itself softens and improves the skin texture. There's nothing like it for rough, cracked or chapped skin

Sold in convenient, sanitary tubes and boxes by druggists everywhere. Booklet containing valuable advice free.

OTHER "VASELINE" HOME REMEDIES

"Vaseline" Oxide of Zinc Ointment, for eczema, sores, etc.
"Vaseline" White Jelly, for all skin irritations.
"Vaseline" Borated Jelly, for inflamed eyelids, also for catarrh.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

Arms and The Woman

By JEANETTE ATWOOD

"SHE would be beautiful were it not for her arms," I have frequently heard people say, and, looking at the person under discussion, it didn't need sharp eyes to note this defect. Such a girl would be pretty but for her thin arms, and her elbows pointed instead of dimpled.

Few women seem to realize that plump, smooth arms are one of beauty's biggest assets. There are many reasons why the arms may become thin and unattractive. A poor blood circulation will cause thin arms, insufficient exercise from sedentary habits will make the arms skinny and the flesh rough. Of course the thing to do is to improve the health at once, but unattractive arms do not always result from these things. They may just happen without any particular reason, or they may be inherited from parents of slight build. But there is not a woman who cannot improve the appearance of her arms fifty per cent., with a little patience and perseverance.

Exercise morning and night for ten minutes with two-pound Indian clubs or one-pound wooden dumb-bells, better still use both of these alternating first five minutes with the dumb-bells and then five minutes with the Indian clubs. When you take this exercise it should be in a well-ventilated room with the windows slightly open and the arms and chest quite bare. Do not stop in this exercise but keep it up steadily throughout the ten minutes. Then close the window, let the heat return to your room and put on your clothes in the morning or retire if it is at night.

Another good exercicer is made with weights or powerful elastic cords and handles. These are pulled out and then relaxed and are chest developers, but they act equally as well for the arms.

Along with the exercise massage the arms night and morning. In the morning give them a dry massage. At night rub them with olive oil. When olive oil is used pinch the flesh of the arm to increase the blood circulation and knead the oil thoroughly into the skin. Finish up these massage exercises by rubbing each arm for several minutes with long, powerful strokes up and down the entire length all around it. Then beginning with the thumb and forefinger at the wrist, massage in the so-called corkscrew fashion to the shoulder.

I can assure you that thin arms will be improved a hundred per cent at the end of six months if you follow these exercises and keep up the massage faithfully as I have outlined it. The exercise will enlarge the muscles and by increasing the circulation do away with the roughness of the skin, while the massage will keep the arms supple and the olive oil will nourish the skin and especially the underlying tissues.

Arms that are rough and red should first be washed with tepid water and castile soap, rubbed briskly with a soft towel and then rubbed slightly with an equal mixture of glycerine and rose water.

About Good Health

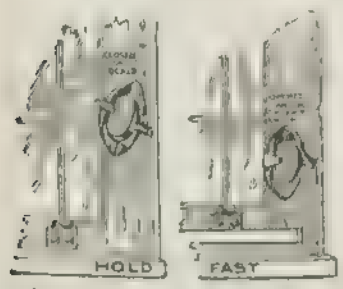
Germ Dangers

THE habit of constantly putting the fingers to the face is one that gives many germs a lodging place in the system. Our hands become infected with germs from contact with door-knobs, railings, street car straps, and even with the hands of our friends. They should therefore be kept away from the face, especially when there is an epidemic of sore eyes or some other disease. It is safest to wear gloves whenever possible, and to give the hands frequent washings in warm soap and water.

Putting in your own mouth pencils, coins or anything that somebody else's lips have touched is a reasonably certain way of acquiring disease germs.

The custom of exchanging books in school is another unhygienic habit to which many epidemics can be traced. Where school books are furnished by the town or State they are sometimes given out each morning, and only by chance does the pupil receive the same book on two successive days. This gives the germs of diphtheria, pneumonia, scarlet fever and other serious diseases their chance to spread through a school. Each child should keep the same books throughout the year. Slates are also dangerous things for the sponges used to wipe them off are usually reeking with microbes.

Because they have less resisting power, children are more susceptible to all kinds of disease germs than older persons. This is why every child should be early taught to avoid the habits which lead to infection. It is little short of criminal risk to allow a child to work or play in a room or yard that is not clean as it can be made.



Don't Use A Stick!

Use a "Holdfast" WINDOW CATCH and LOCK

to keep up the window or fasten it down. Foolproof, simple and efficient. Safety first against burglary and accidents to your children. Easily adjusted. Ask your hardware dealer, or will mail, postpaid, four catches on receipt of One Dollar.

G. S. WHITAKER & CO., Mfr.'s Agents
117 Wellington St. West Toronto, Ont.

Every Other Evening—

you have a half hour that goes to waste. As a representative of our great Canadian periodical you can make that spare time pay—in dollars and cents. We will help you earn an extra dollar every day in your spare time.

Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.
Continental Building
TORONTO - ONTARIO

THIS IS THE NAME "CEETEE"
THE PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING THAT WILL NOT SHRINK
ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU

THIS IS THE TRADE MARK
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL
Look for the Sheep on every garment.

MADE ONLY BY
The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited

Parlez vous Francais?
Have You French Friends?

Say "yes" to either of these questions and you will want to read all about "La Canadienne," the magazine of French-speaking Canada, which is announced by the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

In direct response to the reiterated demands of hundreds of the best French-Canadians, we have at last decided to publish, commencing with December, Christmas issue, "La Canadienne," a magazine in the French language the peer of any English magazine at present published in America.

Indeed, it will be edited along lines similar to Everywoman's World, but to suit the different sentimentality and viewpoint of the French-Canadian home—to foster French-Canadian ideals—to supply and perpetuate the best of the French-Canadian literature—to serve the French-Canadian housewife in her daily routine—in short, to supply for the French-Canadian home a magazine the equal of "The Ladies' Home Journal," "Saturday Evening Post," "Good Housekeeping," or "Everywoman's World."

The publishers have been fortunate in securing as Managing Editor, Mr. J. L. K. Laflamme, probably the best known of the French-Canadian literary men and an editor of over twenty years' experience. Mr. Laflamme has been successful in securing the co-operation of a splendid staff of assistants, and being an out-and-out French-Canadian himself, Mr. Laflamme will be able to interpret French-Canadian thought and ideals in such a way as to produce a magazine most popular in appeal and appearance. Needless to say, the publication of "La Canadienne" has the enthusiastic support of leading French-Canadians of church, state and laity.

To you who "parlé Francais," or who have French-Canadian friends or relatives, we give the first opportunity of subscribing for the first French magazine of the popular type to be published in America.

To French-speaking Canadians, we feel sure it is unnecessary for us to emphasize the value of this publication to you. "La Canadienne," as its name indicates and as the editorial policy and personnel guarantees, will be of such predominant interest to you that we believe you will be glad to tear off the coupon and send it along with your subscription without being greatly urged to do so.

And to you who have French-Canadian friends we suggest a gift par excellence—a year's subscription to "La Canadienne" for your friend. Twelve bright, interesting issues of a magazine of such intimate interest will furnish a most acceptable gift for the holiday season and will be a delightful monthly reminder of the donor.

Perchance you have friends whom you would like to have receive "La Canadienne" and yet you do not feel you would like to present them with a year's subscription. You will be conferring them a favor if you will let us have their names in order that we may write to them in French and tell them about this wonderful magazine for French women in their own language.

USE THE COUPON!

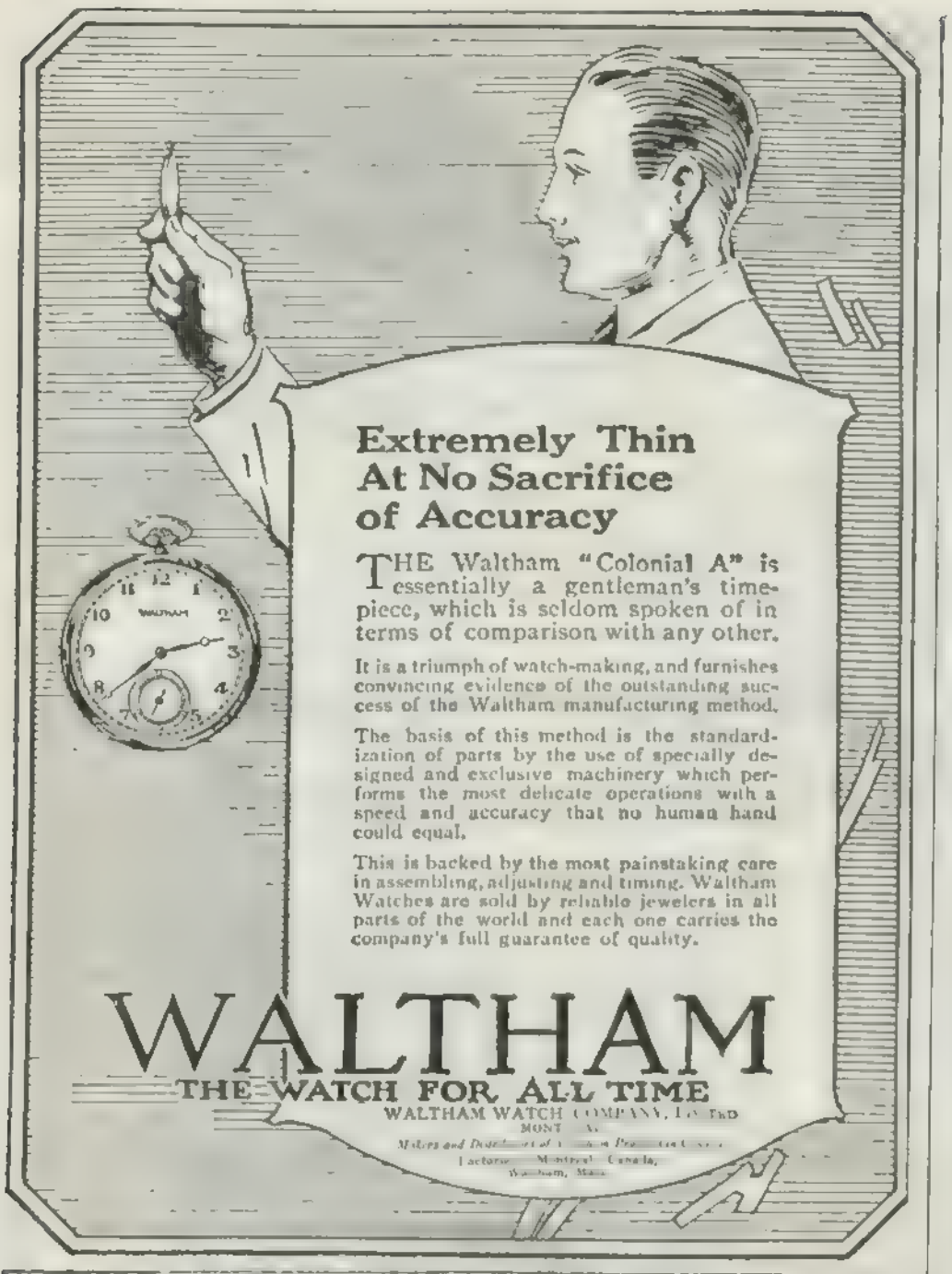
Send all subscriptions and correspondence re "La Canadienne" to

LA CANADIENNE
212 McGILL STREET - - MONTREAL

USE THIS COUPON!

La Canadienne,
212 Rue McGill, Montreal, P.Q.
Please enter the name of
for a year's subscription for your French-Canadian magazine, "La Canadienne," for which I enclose $2.00.
Yours sincerely,

The Canadian Mails are safe Just pin a $2.00 bill to this coupon and mail to us and you will receive "La Canadienne for a full year.



Extremely Thin At No Sacrifice of Accuracy

THE Waltham "Colonial A" is essentially a gentleman's timepiece, which is seldom spoken of in terms of comparison with any other.

It is a triumph of watch-making, and furnishes convincing evidence of the outstanding success of the Waltham manufacturing method.

The basis of this method is the standardization of parts by the use of specially designed and exclusive machinery which performs the most delicate operations with a speed and accuracy that no human hand could equal.

This is backed by the most painstaking care in assembling, adjusting and timing. Waltham Watches are sold by reliable jewelers in all parts of the world and each one carries the company's full guarantee of quality.

WALTHAM

THE WATCH FOR ALL TIME

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, LIMITED

MONTREAL

Makers and Distributors of Waltham Precision Chronometers

Factories: Montreal, Canada, Waltham, Mass.

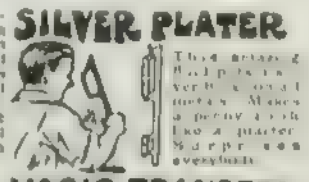
All Free!

17 WONDERFUL PUZZLE TRICKS AND CURIOS

This wonderful outfit will delight the heart of every boy and girl who possesses one, and as the outfit is so easy to get, without a cent of cost, no boy or girl can afford to be without one. With this outfit in your possession you will have no end of fun and amusement, instruction and excitement. It will amaze—it will astonish you. Read what we give you in this marvellous outfit and see how you can get everything shown here—all 17 articles—absolutely Free of Cost.

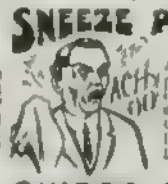
LITTLE SPORT CAMERA — Takes an instant picture. Develops in a second. More fun than a pocket can be had taking your snapshots of friends and others at work or play. It is a great sensation—a perfect scream. You will howl with laughter when you use it.

SILVER PLATER — This amazing little plater will silver plate almost any metal. Makes a penny look like a quarter. Surprises everybody.



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL PUZZLE — You must restore a cross dislodged from the top of the Cathedral during the bombardment of Rheims. Very interesting.

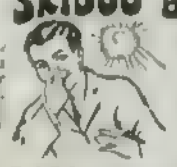
SNEEZE POWDER — A few grains of powder blown into the air makes everybody sneeze. Odorless, harmless. Tons of laughter.



MAGIC TRANSFER — Enables you to transfer pictures from magazines or newspapers to paper. Very entertaining.

VENTRILO — This little instrument enables you to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed, in the family or teacher.

SKIDOO BOMBS — Explode one of these harmless bombs and everyone runs in mad confusion. The awful odor soon disappears however.



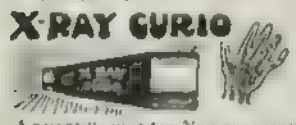
DEVIL DISKS — A clever trick you can carry in your pocket. Mystify your friends by telling them any row of figures they select.

ASTROLOGICAL PUZZLE — In this you duplicate the achievement of the old astrologers by making a square into a triangle with the same pieces.

BIRD VOICE — A small instrument that enables any boy or girl to imitate the notes of any bird. Calls the birds and be them for fun.

MIND READER — With this trick you can tell what a person thought without being told. Startles everybody.

X-RAY CURIO — A scientific wonder. You apparently see the bones in your hand, the lead in a pencil, etc. Sensational. Mystifying.



DISAPPEARING INK — A letter written with this ink can be read until heated. Then the writing shows up. Write secret love letters, etc.

CHINESE MYSTERY — Ancient Chinese trick that makes hundreds of figures from 7 pieces as shown. This cannot be done with any of the many puzzles.

VANISHING HALF DOLLAR — A 50 cent piece apparently dissolves in water in less than a minute. Astonishing. No end of spot with this trick.

ESCAPING RINGS — Put four rings on a string so no one but you can take them off without untying the string. A mystifying puzzle for everybody.

SEE BACK — Astonish friends by telling them what they are doing behind your back. Is as good as eyes in the back of your head.

How to Get the Complete 17-Piece Outfit Free. Just send us your name and address to-day and we will send you only 15 bottles of our delightful new Coronation Bouquet Perfume which we ask you to sell among your friends at our special introductory price of only 25c. per bottle. You will sell it very quickly because everybody gladly buys this exquisite new floral perfume on sight. We will send your 15 bottles postage paid and trust you with them until sold. Then return us our money, only $3.75, and the entire 17 piece outfit will be sent to you, all charges paid. Don't delay. Send to-day and earn this great outfit in a couple of hours. Address

GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. G.4 - TORONTO, ONT. 1D

We Will Buy Your Books For You!

FOR the convenience of our readers we will be glad to purchase for them from the publishers, all such books as we may review.

A post office money order enclosed with instructions—name of book and publisher—covering price of book and postage is all that will be required. There will be no extra charge for the service.

Address orders to the Review Editor, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Can.

They Love to Read

OVER 100,000 of our subscribers are book-lovers. They love to read, and when they have particularly enjoyed a certain book, the natural impulse is to share their enjoyment with the family or friends. Because people do love to read, accounts for the popularity of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB. Are *you* enjoying the boon of securing books or music through the Club without cost? If there is any particular book on any subject whatsoever that you desire and do not find in our list, we will gladly secure it for you. If it cost $1.00, it will be given you free with your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. If it costs over $1.00, you only pay the difference in price over $1.00 credit allowed you. Select one of the new fall books just out, as reviewed below, and let us send it to you.

How to Join the Book Club

Membership is secured with your new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $2.00. This entitles you to receive a one-dollar selection of club books or music absolutely free of cost. Your membership further entitles you to a dollar selection *free* with each new member you send the club, membership being secured with a new or renewal subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. All the latest books and music are in this way available to you at all times and at no expense. If your subscription has expired, send in your renewal *now* (use coupon on page 1), and secure a dollar book *free*. If you are already a member, send in the subscription of a friend or neighbour and you will both receive a dollar's worth of books or music *free*.

When the price of a book is more than the one dollar credit allowed simply add the slight difference to your subscription price of $2.00. A $1.50 book costs you only 50c. Merely add this 50c. to your subscription price of $2.00 and you receive both your magazine for a year and a $1.50 book. Any book over $1.00 cannot be secured other than for an individual subscription. The subscription of a friend will not entitle you both to receive a $1.50 book, although the book may be shared between you.

Fall Fiction Just Out

"THE BRANDING IRON," $1.75. Katherine Burt

Rex Beach says, "I wish I had written 'The Branding Iron.'" It is one of the strongest stories I have read. One dealer ordered 500 copies and had to increase his order to 5,000 to meet the popular demand. "The Branding Iron" is a thrilling romance of the untamed West—fierce, pulsing with a plot of love, hate, wrong and atonement. Once read it will never be forgotten. Order your copy early as the demand is greater than the supply.

"A WOMAN'S WOMAN," $1.60. Nalbro Bartley

When Cupid decided to make over Mother from a single home loving soul to a social leader he never expected to reap the whirlwind and in this fascinating tale of family life he does reap the whirlwind with a vengeance. If they had left Mother alone Sally would never have married a German spy—and a Senator from Washington would not have fallen in love with Mother. "A Woman's Woman" is a mighty plea for the old-fashioned Mother.

"JOAN & CO." $1.65. Frederick Bartlett

The rose of romance seeks queer blossoming places. Who would expect to find it beneath the tires of a dashing limousine? Yet when Joan Fairburnes car dashes Mark Devens to the pavement, the rose of romance blooms with unexpected rapidity. Mark is poor and to add to the eternal triangle the rich young man presents himself but Joan is distinctly modern. "Joan & Co." will prove a delightful romance for the reading hours.

"MADAME CONSTANTIA," $1.50. Jefferson Carter

A romance of [illegible] from the English Point of view. Sir Edward Craven, of the Duke of Wellington Regiment, is held a prisoner of war in a South Carolina prison. Even prison walls cannot withhold romance and love, and Constantia of Carolina conspires to free Sir Craven. The English Press enthusiastically hail "Madame Constantia" as an unusual romance. Since "Madame Constantia" is written by an Englishman it is natural that it should meet with English approval.

"THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED HIMSELF," $1.65 Willis Emerson

A delightful human interest story of the long upward trail from poverty to success and romance. The author's presentation of an old story will hold great attention from cover to cover.

"THE LADY OF THE NIGHT WIND," $1.50. Varick Vanardy

Settle down under the lamp-shade in an easy chair with this book and bed-time thoughts will banish. If you like a detective story that radiates mystery, here you have it—detectives—secret service—love and thrills aplenty. That's enough—just read it—that's all.

SONGS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

(Choose any Two Free)

There's a Long, Long Trail
When the Great Dawn is Shining
Tho' the Road be Long, Hum a Little Song
My Rosary for You
Molly Aroon
Mother Machree
Home Bells Are Ringing
There's a Wee, Wee Cottage
Evening Brings Rest and You
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Because
He Stands at the Helm
O Perfect Love
Dear Little Boy of Mine
In Flanders Fields
God Keep You in His Care
The Trail That Leads to Home
You're the Best Little Mother
God Ever Made
The Garden of My Heart
Sorter Miss You
Gypsy's Love Song

POPULAR
(Choose any Three Free)

Mickey
Smiles
In the Land of Beginning Again
Are You from Heaven?
Oui, Oui Marie
K-K-Katy
There's a Little Blue Star in the Window
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
Just Awearying For You
We're from Canada (Marching Song)

INSTRUMENTAL
(Choose any Three Free)

Somewhere a Voice is Calling
Apple Blossoms
Rendezvous
Humoresque
Melodies of Ireland
Melodies of Scotland
Narcissus
Traumerei
To Daffodils
Royal Canadian March
Ole Virginny
Valse Fascination
Hawaiian Dreams
Romany Waltzes
Memories Waltz
Charme D'Amour

Handsomely Illustrated Club Catalog on Request

USE COUPON ON PAGE ONE

Fun for Hallowe'en

By INEZ CARTER

EVERYBODY, no matter how sensible feels the impulse to "do somethin' ludicrous" on Hallowe'en, and guests invited for the thirty-first of October will largely entertain themselves with the time-honoured ceremonies of black magic. But every hostess likes something new to offer in celebrating even as old an institution as Hallowe'en—so try cutting out of water-colour paper, cats that "sit up" and colouring them all black except for green eyes, and white placards strung around the necks reading: "I hope you've a warm reception for the message on my back;" or,

The witches' cave some heat doth lack;
Your candle light and warm my back.

When the recipient inspects the cat's back it appears to be blank white paper, but on holding it above a lighted candle or lamp, the following invitation appears:

Where mountain ash hangs on the gate
(That witches may not stay),
Oh, come you early, come you late,
You're welcome anyway.
Good luck shall find, bad luck shall
leave those gathered here All Hallow's Eve.

This invitation can be written on the cat's back with new milk, or what is better, with a solution of half a scruple of sal ammoniac in one ounce of water.

For decorations make patterns of cats, witches, bats, owls, kettles, and goblins by enlarging small pictures. By cutting a dozen at a time by the same pattern out of black paper, a few minutes' work will give your rooms the appearance of a wizard's cave. Bare branches stuck about for the owls to roost on add to the effect. Fasten the rest of the paper figures to walls, doors and draperies.

For eyes, use flat buttons strung on thread drawn through the paper and tied behind. Smear these with pure brimstone just before the guests arrive, have no light but firelight for a while, and you will have a setting weird enough for any Hallowe'en frolickers.

The good old chestnut roasting and chestnut "burning" should come first, to loosen tongues and start the proper spirit. Chestnuts roasted in a corn-popper and eaten hot, with salt, will promote social feeling anywhere, and we all know the old incantation for two nuts laid on the coals:

If ye love me, stay close by;
If you hate me, pop and fly.

Weird!

FOR another test of fortune, let each girl hold salt in her left hand and a lighted candle in her right, and walk slowly down the stairs, trying to blow out the candle at every step and repeating this old Scotch charm.

One, he is lucky;
Two, he is plucky;
Three, he is tall and fair;
Four, he's a rover;
Five, a gude lover;
Six, he has siller to spare;
If still the light burn fair and free,
World full o' gude he'll bring to me.

Or the old Scotch test of the three "luggies" (or dishes) may be tried. Blindfolded, each guest (man or girl) approaches the luggies. If he touches the one containing clear water, his marriage will be happy; if the one with dirty water, unhappy; and if the empty dish, he will remain single. The position of the luggies is changed for each experiment.

After this each girl may be blindfolded and given an opal wrapped in a bay-leaf to carry in her left hand, for protection against witches. She is then led to a table holding objects representing all sorts of work—a needle and thread, whip, pen, Bible, corn, medicine bottle, etc. She repeats:

Now opal and bay-leaf protect me;
Now witches and warlocks direct me!
What thing I touch when I say nine
Shall show the work O' laird o' mine!

She then counts nine slowly and lays her hand on the prophetic object.

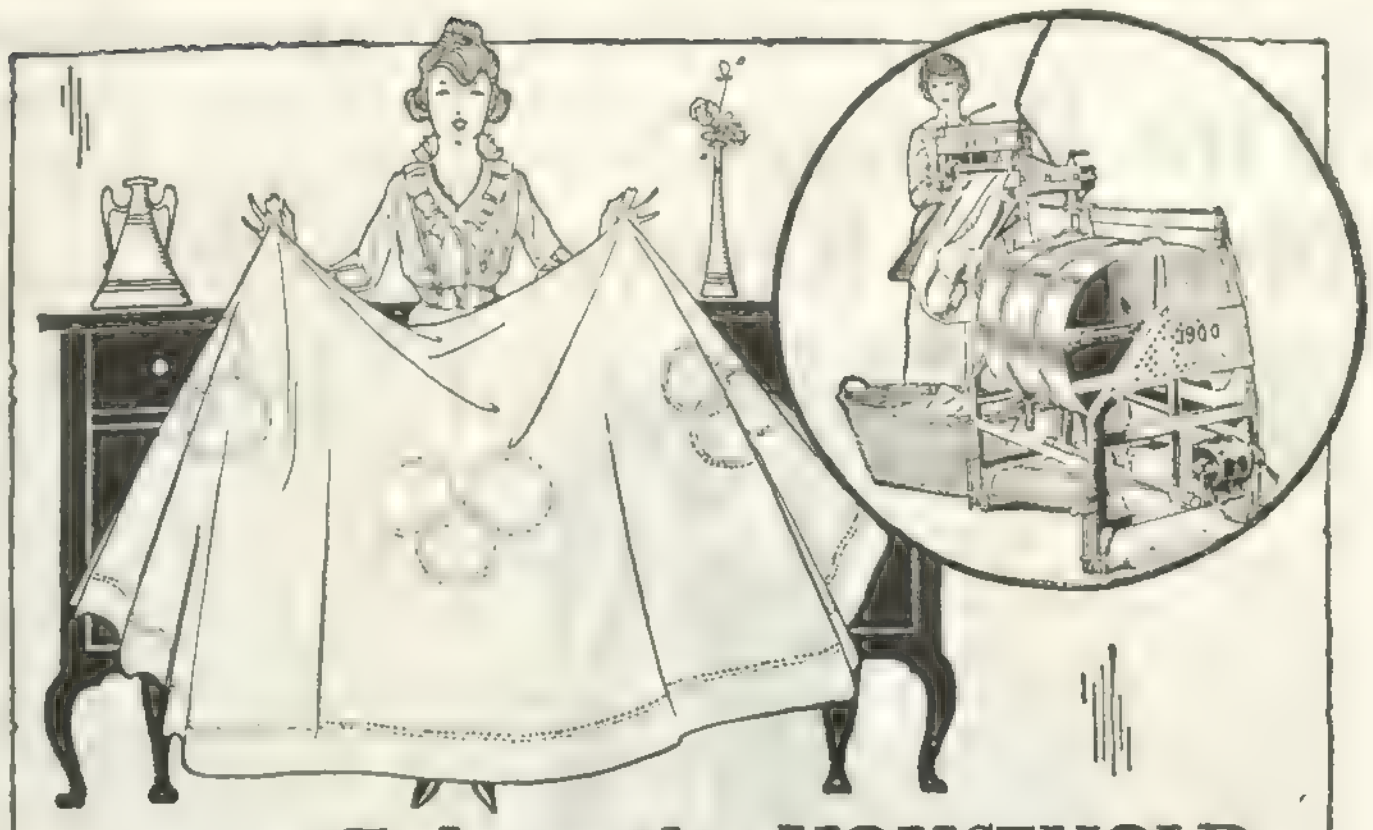
For men, the prophesy is made in this way:

A woman's slipper, a kettle, a piece of money, a spoon and a dish of ashes are placed on the table. Blindfolded, each man, in turn, touches one object. If the slipper, his wife will be a gadabout; if the coin, she will bring him wealth; if the spoon, children; if the kettle, she will be an excellent housewife, and if the ashes, a scold.

The Yarn Test

AS a variation of the old Scotch Hallowe'en test with a hank of yarn, let all the girls go out-of-doors with a

(*Continued on page 36h*)



What pride the thrifty housewife feels in the beauty of her spotless linen!

To keep the HOUSEHOLD LINENS *Snowy White*

But what a problem it is to keep them that way! Laundries take the life out of them—maids refuse to do the washing—and no woman wants to bend over hot tubs.

The answer to this problem is furnished by the "1900" Cataract Electric Washer. Electricity does the work, the soapy water in a smooth-as-glass copper washer running over, under, and through the fabrics—our unique "figure 8" motion is the most effective possible process for getting the dirt out of clothes. It is exclusive with

1900 CATARACT ElectricWasher

You put in the linens or clothes, press the lever—and in 6 or 8 minutes the work is done—the daintiest laces unharmed, the heaviest blanket made clean and fluffy, the finest linens a lovely white.

The "1900" Cataract is a really superior machine. Attaches to any electric socket—requires but 1 or 2 cents worth of current per hour. It will do your washing, wringing, blueing and rinsing. It is equipped with a swing wringer that can be used over your stationary tubs, for wringing from rinsing and blueing waters at the same time that the washing is going on. TRY before you BUY. Write for particulars of our trial offer.

THE "1900" WASHER CO., Limited
357 YONGE ST., TORONTO

NO dinner is complete without a good soup. The careful housewife will find the following stock made with Cox's Gelatine of excellent consistency, and a convenience in getting meals.

1 lb. gravy beef
2 pts. (4 cups) cold water
1½ teaspoons salt
6 white peppercorns
1 envelope Cox's Gelatine

Place lean meat, cut small, in jar with peppercorns, water and salt. Cook in saucepan of water 1 hr. Sprinkle in Gelatine, then strain through fine sieve. Cool, remove any fat, reheat as required.

Cox's Gelatine makes delicious desserts, and many kinds of salads and savories. Send for free copy of our book "Selected Recipes." Cox's Gelatine is made in Scotland.

COX'S Instant Powdered GELATINE

Dept. H, J. & G. COX, Limited
P. O. Box 3009, Montreal

BIAS FILLED CORSETS
The Extreme of Comfort
The Perfection of Style—

The "Liftup"

ALL BIAS FILLED CORSETS are designed in conformity with the science of Anatomy, improving the figure and conserving the health.

Illustration shows the "Liftup" model, a patented invention with non-slip elastic inside belt, which gently supports the abdomen. This model is very beneficial for use after an operation involving an abdominal incision, and is most effective in relieving those physical ailments from which many women suffer.

Write us NOW for the name and address of our representative in your vicinity. Useful hints on fitting and self-measurement Free upon request.

BIAS CORSETS LIMITED
41 BRITTAIN ST
TORONTO

The Woman Nobody Knew!

STRAINS of syncopated music drifted out into the rapidly filling lobby of the Hotel Regina, and carelessly enveloped the prospective diners and idle crowd with soothing melody.

Little knots of tired business men fraternized here and there, their dull monotony of attire brightened by the colourful evening dress and smart hats of various dinner companions. And in the little conversational lull that descends even upon pleasure seekers, a strikingly handsome woman entered the lobby dressed with the quiet elegance of good breeding and attended by a gentleman in faultless evening attire. Instinctively masculine spines stiffened and practised fingers felt of irreproachable ties, while individual cigars glowed resentment at temporary neglect.

"My word! I didn't know any one woman could be so beautiful" remarked young Jimmie Fisk, the son of millions, to his companion. "Who is she?" That is **"The Woman Nobody Knew,"** replied his friend in real-estate. "Interesting little mystery there my lad. But whither away so fast?" "To the feast my friend, where I may entertain myself with the angel unaware. If you are dining with me, make haste."

Seated at a desirable point of vantage Fiske opened fire. "Now turn the pages of your mystery tale, friend Thompson. Who is the fair unknown?"

"Since the world is your oyster Jim, I may as well invite you to a family dinner to-morrow. The attraction is visiting my wife. They were old school chums," replied Thompson. "We all lived on the same old shady street back home."

"But why do you call her **"The Woman Nobody Knew?"** persisted Fiske.

"Two years ago Jessie Carter was so plain and scrawny, a blind man would have shied at her lack of attraction. Then she suddenly disappeared for about three months, and when she came back to the old home town she was such a beauty nobody knew her. They say her own mother only recognized her by a childhood scar on the arm, so folks just naturally called her **"The Woman Nobody Knew,"** and it's a fact, no mortal man knows how she made the magic change from a pre-destined, unattractive old maid to the snarer of hearts like yours old chap. She came up here to take some sort of a position, I believe," concluded Thompson.

"Well, I know one position she can have for life" replied the entranced Fiske.

* * * *

They say one woman never tells another, but there are exceptions to all rules. Pretty little Mrs. Thompson chatting with her guest in the intimacy of wee, small hours and comfortable negligee, said coaxingly, "Jessie, do be a dear and relieve me of the consuming curiosity that is wrecking my life. Since you are going to marry money and that good-looking young Fiske, you might pass on your magic secret to me." Jessie ran speculative fingers through the masses of glorious hair. "Possibly you recall what a frightful frump I once was Letty," she remarked. Her friend's silence gave assent. "Well, I knew it better than anyone else, and it was a nightmare of horror to think I must live and die unloved for want of personal attraction. I used to look in my glass and hate the unlovely image I saw there The happiest day of my life was when I discovered my great secret, as you call it. I had an aunt living a few hundred miles away, so I straightway packed the secret and hied myself away to wrestle with my destiny. You all know that in three months time nobody knew me. Do you really want to know what did it?" she asked teasingly. "You know I do, wicked witch," laughed Mrs. Thompson.

"Well it was so simple it's almost silly—I read one day that the treasured and cherished beauty secrets of all the famous beauties of history had been carefully traced and collected into one valuable book called **"The Woman Beautiful."** Of course I knew that no matter how beautiful a woman may be there are certain rules she must follow, certain recipes she must use, so I just sent for that book, and when it came I knew my troubles were over. Of course there is no royal road to success, and it meant application and hard work, since I had so much less to start with than most girls, but I had the fear of Eternal Plainness to urge me on. I worked with the secrets of that book night and day for three months with the present result, and while I really do love Jim Fiske, you know he never would have seen me as I was two years ago. So now you know all there is to know my dear."

* * * *

Are you one of those women who long for the secret of a charming personal appearance? There is only one obstacle to your gaining the object of your hearts desire—**yourself.** It is your eternal heritage to enhance your natural charms, and what Jessie Carter accomplished may be done by any other woman. There is no age that cannot be made beautiful from the silvery softness of the old to the fragrant bloom of youth. Why be satisfied with impurities of skin, wrinkles of worry and age, crows feet, a poor figure weak heart, nerves, lowered vitality and the thousand ills to which the flesh is heir? A wonderful book of perpetual health is available to you. *"The Woman Beautiful"* by Ella A. Fletcher, is one of the most remarkable books ever published on the development and preservation of woman's health and beauty. It contains treasured beauty secrets, and recipes of the worlds most famous beauties, among them Sarah Bernhardt's magic skin lotion, as well as valuable information on the principles of taste in dress. With the aid of *"The Woman Beautiful"* you can make your own perfumes, face powders, toilet creams, healing lotions and shampoos. It will tell you how to have a beautiful complexion, the secret of luxuriant hair, silky lashes and brows, the care of the head, feet and teeth; correct breathing, the secret of good health, how to reduce, how to cure headaches, how to be graceful, cure for nervousness, and a thousand other guides to the splendid, vital, success attracting health and beauty of particular women.

Thus handsomely bound book of 535 pages of invaluable aid to every woman is regularly sold at $5.00. For a limited period you may secure *"The Woman Beautiful"* for only $3.00. It's value to you cannot be estimated. You will not part with it for $50.00 when you once have it. Make up your mind to make your own secret dream of a beautiful woman come true. Fill in your name and address on the coupon. Enclose $1.00 and mail to us. *"The Woman Beautiful"* will go forward to you at once, and you may send us $1.00 each month until the $3.00 has been paid, or if you prefer send us $2.50 to-day—payment in full for *"The Woman Beautiful."*

Continental Publishing Company
253-259 Spadina Ave.
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—
I enclose $1.00 for which you are to send me a copy of "The Woman Beautiful," by Ella Fletcher. Upon receipt of this book I agree to remit $1.00 monthly for the next two months, until the full amount of $3.00 has been paid.

NAME. . . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . . .

. . . . . B1

You can be the woman you want to be—by just mailing this coupon to-day.

A Hallowe'en Out of Doors

By MARY A. ROGERS

IF you live in the country in the suburbs or in a small town there is no end to the fun you may have with an outdoor Hallowe'en party. If you have gate posts at your home by all means adorn them with pumpkin jack lanterns. Your guests arriving at a given hour should be met at the gate by a ghostly figure with white stockings drawn over his shoes and white gloves on his hands. The "bones" of the feet should be drawn in black on the stockings and the bones of the hands on both sides of the gloves. Then when this white draped figure meets the guests, and in a most mysterious manner, places his fingers on his lips ordering silence, as the guests laugh or shriek as the case may be, the outlines of the skeleton on the white-gloved hand will have a most uncanny effect in the darkness. Your ghost must escort the guests to your house in silence. Here they may leave off any extra garments they do not care to wear while actively engaged in participating in the games.

After the guests have arrived and you are ready to go out of doors for the fun the same confederate who was the ghost at the gate post (and if you have no gate posts you can rig up a pair temporarily for this occasion) has had time to change from the ghost costume into that of a fierce black moustache pirate. He carries under one arm a number of small shovels. These may be made at home or may be bought at five or ten cents each, being the sort children use at the beaches.

"We will now dig for the pirate's treasure buried near this place by Captain Kidd," your pirate says in sepulchral tones. At the same time he hands one of the shovels to each of the guests. "Each shovel," explains the pirate, "is numbered. You are to take your turn at digging according to the number of your shovel. As soon as you have unearthed one treasure, you must step aside and let the next searcher dig."

For this you have previously arranged out in the orchard or the field or in a corner of the yard, a mound of sand. The sand is much more to be preferred than earth because it is clean. In this sand you have buried the favours for your guests, such favours as you would ordinarily give them at the luncheon. These are wrapped first in waxed paper to keep the moisture from them and over this is a wrapping of silver or gilt tinfoil. This, of course, gives the "treasure" appearance of silver or gold.

One by one, according to the numbers on their shovels, the guests approach the sand pile and begin to dig. It adds to the fun of this if you will make a pirate's black flag and on it, instead of the skull and crossbones, sew a jack lantern cut from white cloth with crossed brooms underneath. Have this flag flying from the top of your sand pile of buried treasures. As soon as one guest uncovers one of the treasures he steps aside and lets the next one begin. The "pirate" warns each one not to unwrap his treasure until the word is given, and he holds a lantern down for the guests to see as they shovel.

One would think that as the guests took turns at digging, they could be handed number cards and only one shovel used, and they could if it were not for the fact that later in the evening they will have a further use for these shovels.

After all your guests have unearthed their treasures lead them around to where you have prepared for a bonfire. This should be laid, but not lighted. Benches made of boards resting on boxes should be arranged in a semi-circle in the windward of the fire in order that the ashes and smoke and sparks will not annoy the guests. If there are trees about hang a number of grotesque lanterns on them. If not, set up a few poles and hang the lanterns on strings running from one to the other. Once your guests are seated, light a birch bark torch and start your bonfire in several places. If you have laid it properly and saturated a few spots with oil your fire will be a big blaze within five minutes.

While your guests are seated around here they may open their "treasures." These favours of course may be of many things, but of such a nature that they are suitable for either young men or young women, unless you want to have them understand in advance that the young men are to dig up only the silver treasures, leaving the gold for the women. These may consist of odd little cathead stick pins, or toy lanterns filled with confectionery, or enamelled witch brooches or anything of that nature you may think of. They may be home-made or purchased and in value anywhere from a penny to a dollar, although I would advise the cheaper variety, always, regardless of how able you may be to afford the costly ones, for I have found that with costly favours guests are not getting the ones they would like best and it sometimes spoils the fun. If you care, you may put all sorts of sentiments, humourous, romantic or "spooky" in these favours and while they are sitting around the bonfire, they may read them.

Chestnut Roast

NOW pass around chestnuts, beechnuts, and apples. Let your guests place the chestnuts at the edge of the fire to roast, and, placing an apple on the tin shovel, rest it on the coals to bake. Of course, you may always pop corn over this bonfire and you may have a little table out there with butter and salt, and a big bowl in order to salt and butter the corn the moment it is poured hot from the popper into the bowl. If you do not care to serve a luncheon indoors, bake potatoes in the ashes and have bread and butter and lemonade on your outdoor table. You might also broil bacon "en brochette" over this fire by stringing the strips on a piece of thoroughly clean wire. Then you may serve your guests with the baked potatoes, the crisp broiled bacon, the bread and butter and other things such as pumpkin pies, as they sit about the glowing fire out of doors. You may also toast marshmallows. After this "al fresco" luncheon, your guests should sing those good old-fashioned songs, the songs your grandparents used to sing on Hallowe'en, such as "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Ben Bolt," "There's a Tavern in the Town," "Over the Banister," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Jingle Bells," "Annie Laurie," "My Bonnie," and many, many others.

Start some good stories. Be sure and make them spooky enough for Hallowe'en. Place a box a little distance away from where the fire light shines, if possible, and have your guests take turns in telling the most ghostly stories they know. As you place them on this box have some phospherous prepared and rub it in a circle around the outside of their eyes, in a straight line down the bridge of their nose, and in a long down-curving line just under the lower lip. The effect will be startling indeed.

Now if you care to make this party just as "Hallowe'eny" as possible, slip on a black robe, a scraggly white wig, a black peaked cap, grasp a broom in your hand, put on spectacles in which there is no glass, and come out and oversee the fortune telling. Of course, you know the night of all nights for fortune telling is Hallowe'en.

It is quite as easy to enjoy those old Hallowe'en games such as bobbing for apples, looking in mirrors, etc. Out of doors as in, you may also cut candles into inch pieces, light them and tell fortunes by these. The ones that go out first having some significance. They may be given names the one that will marry, or you may use them in many other ways.

Don't forget your forfeits. There is twice as much fun in imposing out-door forfeits as there is in the house. These may include climbing a tree such as a small low-limbed apple tree, and making the couple sit on a branch. Give a couple lanterns and make one chase the other. Blindfold one person until the other one hides and let him find her. Make them climb up on a pyramid of boxes as they would climb the rungs of a chair to "pick berries."

If you care to go to the trouble you may prepare costumes consisting of long capes made out of cheap black print, black peaked hats made from cardboard and a grotesque mask. Hang up a horse blanket as a curtain and let the young ladies put on their disguises on one side of the curtain and the young men on the other side and then they will not know which is which. You can have great fun in trying to guess each other's identity you may play games or you may dance, if you care, on the lawn in these costumes.

When your bonfire burns very low you may place little pans around it filled with alcohol and salt and light it to make a ghastly fire which causes everyone to look like a ghost, or you

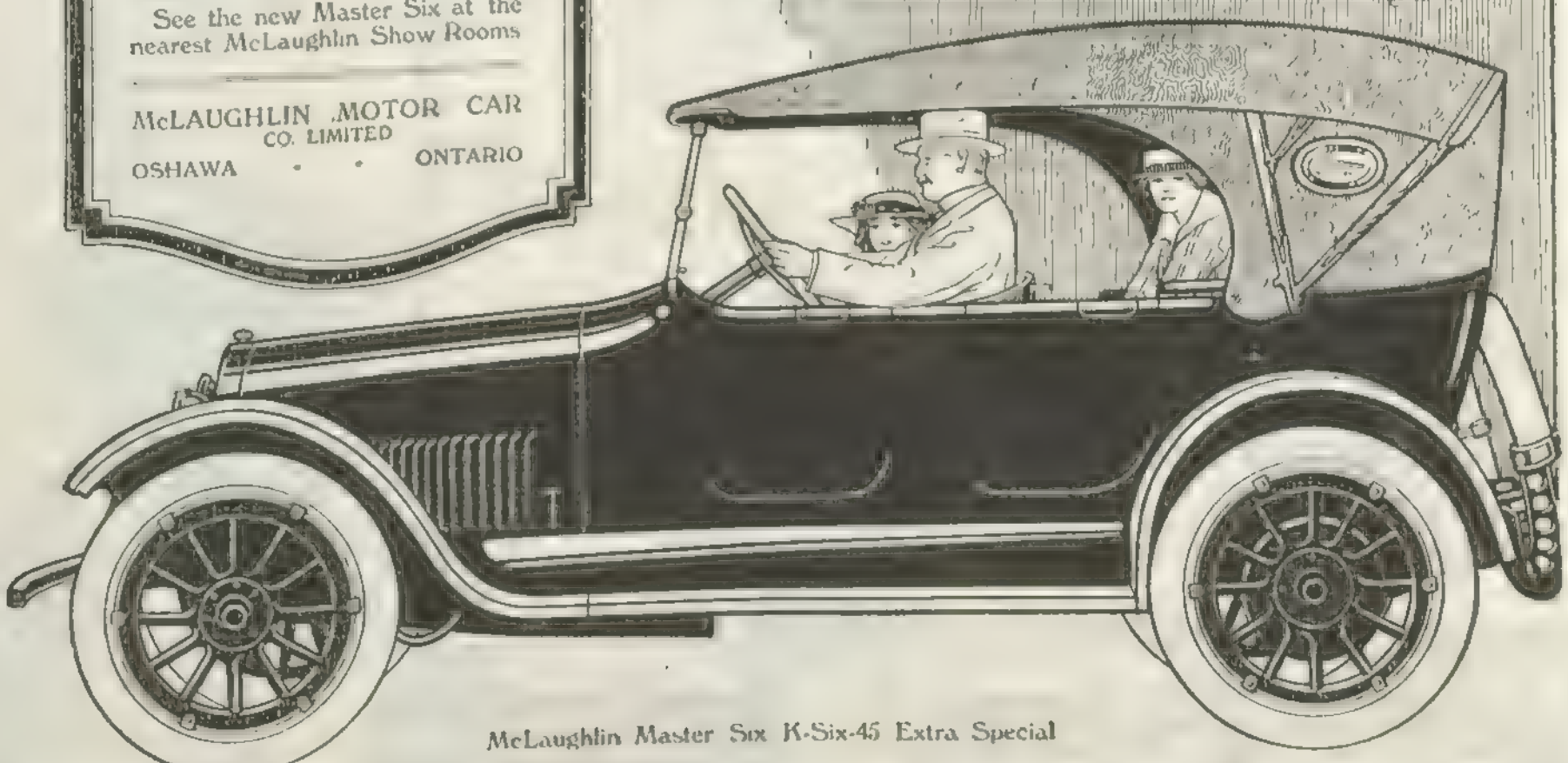
(*Continued on page 40*)

Announcing A TRIUMPH

1920 McLaughlin Master Six now ready

Victorious Roman Chariot 50B.C.

Canada's Standard Car 1920



McLaughlin Master Six K-Six-45 Extra Special

McLAUGHLIN

LEADERSHIP was ever accorded the victor.

Supremacy is the reward of exceptional merit in all walks of life.

Canada's Standard Car owes its leadership to its inherent merit.

For 1920 the new McLaughlin Master Six more than ever maintains that reputation which has established its Supremacy from coast to coast.

See the new Master Six at the nearest McLaughlin Show Rooms

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. LIMITED

OSHAWA • • ONTARIO

The McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX

See the New McLaughlin Models at the Nearest McLaughlin Show Rooms. Send for Literature

Elgin—

"The Spirit of Achievement"

The Doctor

WE all contribute something to the world—some men, much; others, little. Those who give their lives to the healing of the sick and who, night and day, bring relief to the suffering, are indeed a blessing to mankind.

Their spirit of achievement is an example for you and me.

The Doctor fights against time for life. He lives by the tick of the Elgin. He must do to-day's work to-day. With a life trembling in the balance, he must reduce the raging fever; he must ease the maddening pain; he must operate; and minutes, yes, seconds count.

The Elgin is the instrument of accuracy at the sick-bed, in the operating room, and throughout the Doctor's busy hours as he makes his rounds of mercy.

Depend on the Elgin to carry out *your* daily schedule and thus make each day's work a supreme and satisfying achievement.

There is a jeweler in your vicinity who is equipped to help you safeguard your Time.

CANADIAN ELGIN WATCH COMPANY LTD.
Toronto

27A

FREE Grand 38-Piece Scholar's Outfit and a Dandy $10.00 Camera

BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. **Just read what it contains:**—one large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, big complete painting outfit with three rows of tips, tip holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a first-rate eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, a sanitary covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 8 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a point protector for your lead pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. **It is a wonderful outfit.**

Send us your name and address today and we'll send you only 24 bottles of our lovely new Coronation Bouquet Perfume to introduce among your friends at only 15c each. This delightful odor is a wonderful blending of the true perfumes of flowers. Everyone wants two or three bottles and you can sell them in no time. It's easy.

Return our money, only **$3.60** when the perfume is sold, and we will at once send you this grand 38-piece scholars outfit exactly as represented, and the beautiful **$10.00** folding film Camera will also be sent to you for just showing your grand scholar's outfit to your friends and getting only 6 of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges on your grand outfit right to your door. Write now while you think of it and be first in your school to own one of these grand outfits. We take back goods you cannot sell and give presents for what you do sell.

Address: GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. S. 4 Toronto, Ont. 228

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete CONSERVATORY COURSE By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of completeness and completeness. The only complete Conservatory of Music given by mail—one by the UNIVERSITY EXTENSION METHOD. The ideal of a genuine Conservatory of Music for home study based upon lessons containing the cream of the life's teaching experience of Master Musicians, reinforced by the individual instruction of specialists is now attained.

The instruction of a master—the individual touch of an accomplished teacher—is yours to command from the very moment you enroll.

The University Extension Conservatory, by adopting the Personal Instruction Method, has placed home music study beyond question as to results. Anyone can learn at home

Any Instrument Write to us what course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Violin, Public School Music, Voice, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6024 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Illinois

Join Everywoman's Book and Music Club

and secure $1.00 worth of Books or Music free of all cost, and an additional dollar's worth at any time. Full particulars of this remarkable offer given on page 36. Make your choice NOW.

The Three Bears

ONCE upon a time three bears lived in a nice little house in a great forest.

There was the Father Bear the Mother Bear and the Baby Bear.

They had each a bed to sleep in, a chair to sit on, and a basin and spoon for eating bread and milk or honey, which was their favourite food.

One morning the three bears resolved on taking a walk before breakfast because it was a nice cool morning and they thought it would give them an appetitte for their bread and milk.

Mr. and Mrs. Bear walked arm in arm, and Baby Bear ran by their side.

But before they went out they poured their warm milk into their basins, that it might get cool by the time they came back.

Now there lived in the same forest a sweet little girl who was called Goldilocks. She loved rising before the sun, that she might see the grass and ferns all glittering with dewdrops, and smell the fresh, sweet scent of the leaves and wild flowers; and by and by see the golden sun rays come in lines of light between the fir trunks.

Then the birds began their lovely songs, which woke up the pretty blue butterflies and the busy bees; and they came fluttering and humming round her, and she had fine races with them; and would go peeping about to find the nest of the humble bee, or the lark's nest in the grass when it flew up towards the sky. Now she also was walking that morning in the wood, and happening to pass by the bears' house, and seeing the window open, she peeped in.

There was no one to be seen; but three basins of steaming hot milk, all ready to be eaten, seemed to say, "Come in, and have some breakfast."

So Goldilocks went in and tasted the milk in all the basins, and she found it very good, but there was more sugar in Baby Bear's than in the other basins. So little Goldilocks sat down in Baby Bear's chair, and took up his spoon, and supped all his milk.

Now this was very wrong.

A tiny bear is only a tiny bear, still he has a right to keep his own things. But Goldilocks did not know any better. She was only a little wild child who lived in the wood, and learned all she knew from the birds and insects.

She did not know that it was not right to go into people's houses, and sit down in their chairs, and eat their breakfasts, however hungry a child may be, and however nice the milk may seem.

Unluckily, Baby Bear's chair was too small for her, and she broke the seat and fell through, basin and all.

Then Goldilocks went upstairs, and there she saw three beds all in a row. Goldilocks lay down on Father Bear's bed first, but that was too long for her.

Then she lay down on Mother Bear's bed, and that was too wide for her. Last of all she lay down on Baby Bear's bed and there she fell asleep, for she was tired.

BY and by the bears came home.

Baby Bear saw that his chair was broken and thrown down, and he cried in a very squeaky voice, "Somebody has been here!"

And Father Bear growled, "Somebody has been here!"

And Mother Bear growled more softly, "Somebody has been here!"

Then they went to the table and looked at their breakfasts.

And Father Bear growled, "Who has touched my basin?"

And Mother Bear growled, "Who has touched my basin?"

And Baby Bear squeaked, "Somebody has supped all my milk, and broken my little chair, and I shall have no breakfast."

And Tiny Bear began to cry and rub his eyes with one paw; in the other he held a flower he had gathered in the wood.

And Mr. Bear threw up his paws and cried, "What a shame!"

And Mrs. Bear cried "What a shame!" also.

Indeed both Father and Mother Bear were very sorry for Tiny Bear, because he was very proud of his chair.

"There is a thief in the house," growled Father Bear; "let us go and find him!"

"There is a thief in the house," growled Mother Bear; "let us go and find him!"

"There is a thief in the house" squeaked Tiny Bear; "let us go and find him!"

Then they went upstairs, and Father Bear growled, "Who has been lying on my bed!" (*Continued on page 36h*)

KIDDIES' KUT-OUTS

Goldilocks and The Three Bears

For SCISSORS, PAINTS, CRAYONS

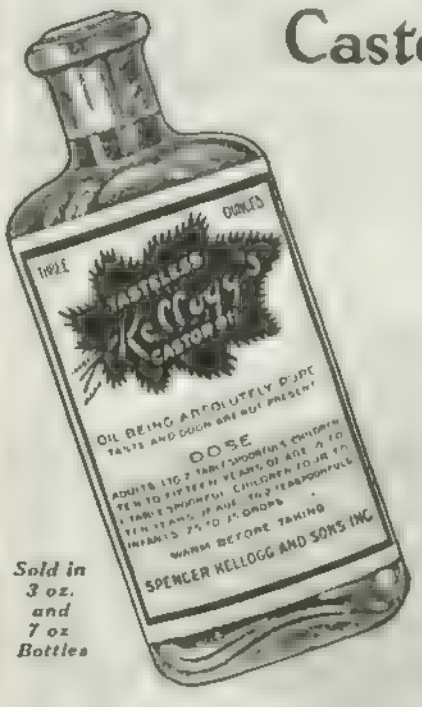
For Story of "The Three Bears" see opposite page.

Marjorie Daw
1919

Directions for Prize Contest: Paste entire page on paper and then colour the dolls, etc. Cut them out next. Mail them to Marjorie Daw, c/o. Everywoman's World, 259 Spadina Ave., Toronto. A handsome painting book and a box of the best quality crayons of 24 colours, will be given to the ten children sending in the nicest sets. All answers must be mailed by November 20th. If you wish the dolls returned, send enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Keystone
TRADE MARK
Handsome and Dignified
"Keystone" French Ivory or Ebony Cloth and Military Brushes stand high in the estimation of the conservative, well-dressed user.
Their style, finish, and quality are unexcelled, and a comparison with the best foreign made brushes, undisputably places them in the front rank for elegance and superiority of finish.
"Keystone" French Ivory and Ebony Brushes are made in Canada and are sold by leading Dress Jewelry and Departmental Stores.
Made in Canada by
Stevens-Hepner Co.
Limited
Port Elgin, Ontario

A really Tasteless Castor Oil at last



Sold in 3 oz. and 7 oz Bottles

IT took many years of experimenting to finally remove the taste and odor from castor oil, but this has been done in the laboratories of Spencer Kellogg & Sons, refiners of vegetable oil since 1824. Mothers know that castor oil is the most healthful and effective laxative, but have always hesitated to inflict it upon their unwilling children.

Now the nauseating taste has been taken out by super-refining, without adding any sickening flavor, nor removing any ingredient. Therefore children will welcome the change to Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Sold at all Canadian drug stores.

Manufactured by Spencer Kellogg & Sons, vegetable oil refiners.

Canadian Distributors

H. D. MARSHALL, Ottawa, Ont
BROOKE SADLEIR, Winnipeg, Man.

Look for the castor leaf trade mark on the label.

Tasteless Kellogg's Castor Oil

Could You Use a $5.00 Bill?

Then Find the Answers to These Questions:

FROM whose advertisements were the following expressions taken? The first column are phrases taken from advertisements appearing in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. The second column are advertisements which do not appear in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, but you have seen them numbers of times elsewhere. They are household names having become so familiar to us all:

1. "Lively and Lasting"	1. "Never say dye, say—"
2. "Is the instrument of accuracy	2. "It's all in the shreds"
3. "It always gives satisfaction"	3. "Tougher than oak"
4. "Is tough but does not crack	4. "Look for the Sheep"
5. "Infants and children thrive on it"	5. "The watch for all time

EVERYBODY TRY THIS!

After you have found these phrases say what you know in as brief language as you can. If you do not know the product or cannot find the phrase, say so. *We want an exact expression as to whether you are acquainted with the goods or not*

For the neatest, briefest and best letter received on or before November 10th, we will pay $5.00; second best, $3.00; third best, $2.00; next 5 best letters, 5 selected books will be given.

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO BEST ANSWER CONTEST

Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

"For Value Received"

(*Continued from page 33*)

Is the security of the Victory Loan 1919 beyond question?

Back of Canada's Victory Loan 1919 is the entire wealth of her industries and natural resources. These latter are undeveloped to a great extent. Only one-eighth of Canada's farm land is under cultivation, yet the crop values doubled since 1914. Her trade and her savings deposits have increased one hundred per cent. since the war. The wealth of Canadian fishing waters is unsurpassed in the world. The greatest forest resource in the Empire is to be found inside the timber limits of Canada. Development of her mineral deposits is yet hardly under way, yet the revenue from the mines for 1918 was $210,204,970.

There certainly need be no hesitancy about investing in Victory Bonds 1919 as far as the security is concerned.

Then buy to your limit.

Is the rate of interest profitable?

Victory Bonds 1919 will pay 5½ per cent. as the other loans did. Women have no fear about putting money into the banks, which pay a lower rate of interest. Promptly on the date the interest on a Victory Bond comes due, the slip can be cut off and taken to any bank and cashed. No time is wasted. The money for your interest is yours at once. Where else can such a high rate of interest be secured with such excellent security?

How are the previous issues of Victory Loans selling on the markets?

Victory Bonds have never gone below par on the market. Victory Bonds have sold as high as 107½. Stock brokers will tell you they have not enough bonds listed to supply the demand. No one ever has to wait to sell a bond; there is always a customer waiting. It is difficult to buy them; most people who have them are holding them which again shows that the security must be good and the interest high. The fact that a bond purchased for $100 could be sold for $107.50 is proof positive of the stock market value of Victory Bonds.

The women of Canada have recently been admitted to full citizenship. Canada may well expect the women to take some of the financial burden of the country now. Whether the women buy Victory Bonds 1919 to enable the country to finish paying the expenses of transportation and demobilization, or to meet the obligations to the returned soldiers, or to provide working capital to keep prosperity in the country, or merely as a good business deal—no matter what the reason the women are urged to buy the bonds of the Victory Loan 1919.

About Good Health

First Aid for Hemorrhage

FEW people would know what to do if a friend were suddenly taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs.

Such hemorrhages are at times extremely dangerous, and the average person is at a loss what to do or how to give the least aid or relief before a physician can reach the victim. Some rules that are simple and effective in controlling such hemorrhages, which have been recommended by medical authorities, are:

Keep the patient very quiet in a half-lying position.

Restrain the movements of the lung from which the hemorrhage comes by strapping that side of the chest with adhesive plaster.

Apply hot water bottles, thermophores, photophores, or other applications of heat to the legs.

Tie a light bandage around each leg and each arm, close to the body. The bandage should be tight enough to hold back the venous blood and not sufficiently tight to interfere with the arterial circulation.

Apply an ice-bag over the effected lung.

Introduce small enemas, each containing about one dram and a half of gelatin in a half pint of water with half a teaspoonful of salt. This increases the coagubility of the blood.

Use an enema at 100 degrees and avoid straining.

About Ptomaines

IT was once thought that every one who was made ill by means of impure food was suffering from ptomaine poisoning. But it has now been made clear that this is not true. By no means are all the poisonous things in food ptomaines.

A great many cases of food poisoning are not due to ptomaines, but to toxins formed by bacteria. Sometimes the toxins or poisons are formed before the food is eaten, but it frequently happens that the poisons form from the bacteria after food is eaten.

Ptomaines are found in only very small amounts in decomposing animal matter, and it is only when meat is in so advanced a stage of decomposition as to be totally unfit for human food that they are present at all. Moreover, many of the ptomaines are non-poisonous, and the majority of those that act as poisons exert their influence on the nervous system rather than on the alimentary system.

Food poisoning is the result of the action of the specific toxins of bacteria on persons who consume meat or other food infected with living organisms or their toxins, or both. The non-specific products should also be included; for though the evidence so far available is against the view that they take any part in the production of food poisoning, it cannot be stated as a definitely ascertained fact that they never exert any influence.

Descriptions of Fashions Shown on Other Pages

(*Continued from page 23*)

8507—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch black velvet—⅝ yard 48-inch white broadcloth for collar and vest—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Braided in soutache in design 12321.

8434—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch Poiret twill. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Pockets are embroidered in design 12473.

8533—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch check worsted—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

8491—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. What could be jauntier for the Fall than this model with its quaint long-waisted bodice and double peplum. The bodice is braided in design 11319.

8488—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard shadow lace for frill—9½ yards grosgrain ribbon—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Lower-edge width 1⅛ yard.

(*Continued from page 24*)

8529—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch brown chinchilla—1 yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. A deep band is applied to the front of the coat below the belt forming pockets.

8489—Girls' and Juniors' Cape. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch taupe gabardine—⅝ yard 54-inch beavercloth for collar. Below a deep round yoke the sides and back of this cape are gathered and the front is belted to form a coat effect.

8316—Girls' and Juniors' Guimpe Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch blue crêpe de Chine for dress—1¼ yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for guimpe. On the pockets of this chic little frock cross-stitch motifs are embroidered in design 12094.

8359—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 44-inch green serge. The outstanding pockets are braided in soutache in design 11809.

8339—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch violet linen.

7503—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plush—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

7967—Child's Empire Coat. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch velvet—2¼ yards beaver banding for trimming.

8452—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch broadcloth—2 yards 36-inch taffeta for lining.

8494—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch corn-colour Georgette crêpe. Beaded motifs are worked on the blouse, sleeves, and the upper flounce in design 12503.

8499—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3½ yards lace banding. Embroidery adds to the charm of this dainty frock worked out in design 12428.

8432—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch organdy—2¼ yards wide satin ribbon for girdle—5¾ yards narrow satin ribbon—3 yards edging. One of the new deep berthas makes a dainty finish for this party frock.

(*Continued from page 25*)

7914—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years.

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years.

8444—Child's Yoke Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years.

8146—Child's Empire Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years.

8422—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years.

7765—Girls' and Juniors' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 8 to 17 years.

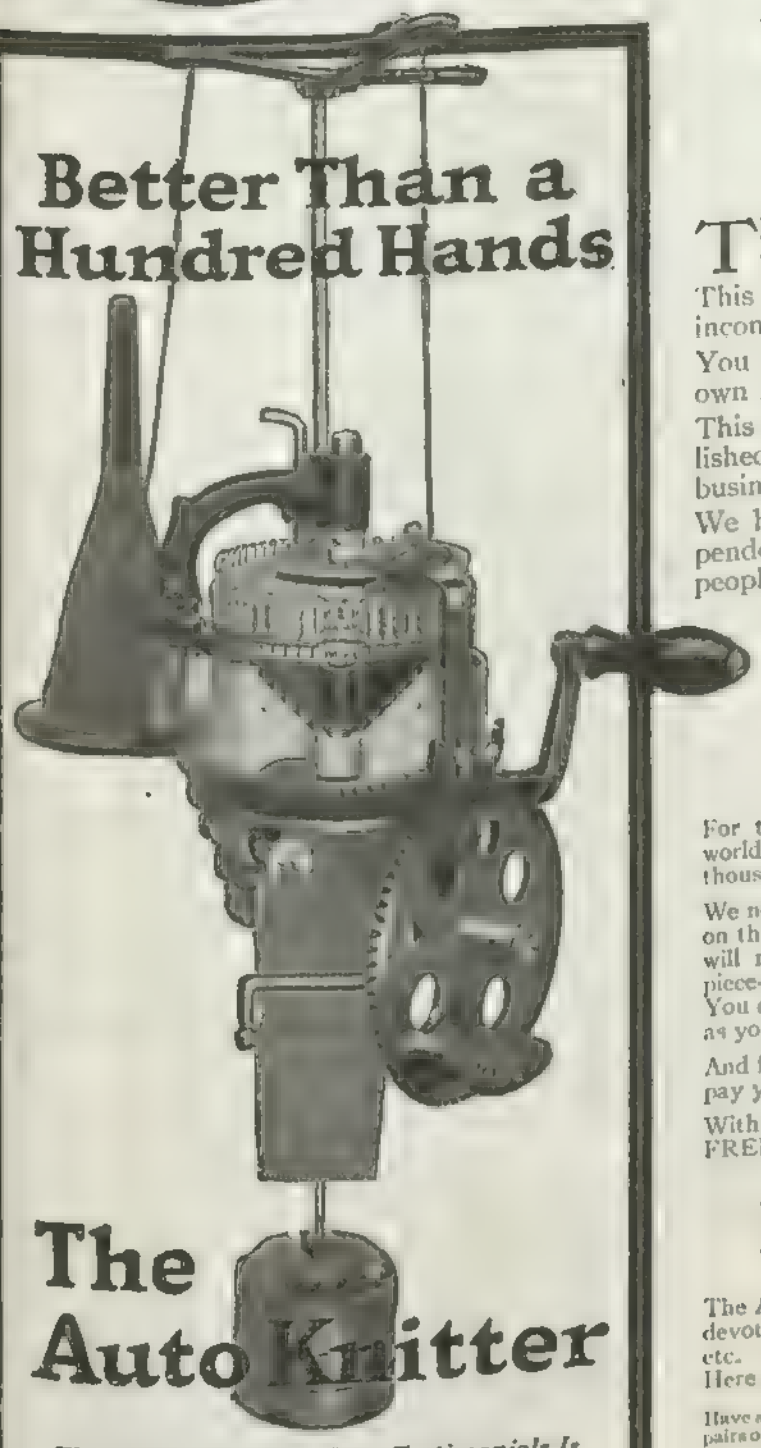
7368—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Designed for infants to 4 years. Infants' size requires 2¾ yards 27-inch albatross. For the novel scallop design 12363 may be used.

5356—Infants' Long Coat. Designed for one size requiring 2¾ yards 36-inch faille. The collar and cape are scalloped in design 11659.

5448—Infants' Yoke Dress. Designed for one size requiring 2⅛ yards 36-inch nainsook.

Make Money In Your Own Home

Better Than a Hundred Hands



The Auto Knitter

The Genuineness of These Testimonials Is Guaranteed Under a $5000 Forfeit

A turn of the handle and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by the operator of average experience. Many of our workers report that, with the Auto Knitter, a completed sock can be made in less than 10 minutes.

When the Auto Knitter goes into action, it is just like having many families or skilled knitters working for you; that is why our trade mark is "Better than a Hundred Hands." It makes the sock—top, body, heel and toe—without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand, and can be used anywhere. It is easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are totally unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand knitting what the sewing machine is to hand sewing.

MAKES $35.00 IN ONE WEEK

The Auto Knitter Is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made $35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it. **Wheatley, Ont.**

OPERATED BY BLIND WOMEN

I have now been using three of your machines, and they give good results. With a little patience at the start, have succeeded in doing good work, which has always been accepted by you. You may be surprised to know that some of my work has been done by blind women, and it is impossible to recognise their work from mine. I am pleased with the business dealings I have had with you and hope that future dealings will be just as cordial as they have been in the past. **Montreal, Que.**

HAS TWO AUTO KNITTERS

After being for 30 years on the lookout for something which I could make money in the privacy of my own home, I answered the ad. of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. I bought one machine. In a very short while I found that I had it on something good—big returns for small investment. Right away I bought the second machine. I now have a little factory right in my own home, run by my own family. With one machine alone we turn out 10 dozen pairs of socks every five days. Your company has carried out all its agreements with me, and the machine is more up to the mark than I thought it would be. It is very easily understood and a pleasant pastime. **Waldemar, Canada**

NOT A SINGLE PAIR REJECTED

It is not only profitable, but helps to pass many a dull hour away. I can knit two pairs of half-hose in an hour, which I think is good. The machine is what you claim it to be and does its work right and being so small takes up but little room. Of the socks I have sent you, I have not had a single pair rejected, which is clear evidence that the machine can turn out good work. **Fernie, B.C.**

We Supply Yarn Free and Pay You for Your Work

THE whole world needs socks. In every country, in every city, in every town and in every village—in every corner of the world, in fact—there is an acute shortage of hosiery.

This great demand is your personal opportunity. It is your chance to add substantially to your income. It is the weapon with which you can meet the constantly increasing high cost of living. You can make this money pleasantly and easily in the privacy, freedom and comfort of your own home.

This is an unusual advertisement, due to an unusual world-condition. We are a firmly established Canadian business firm engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. Our business connections are world-wide. We have been in business many years.

We have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. We believe in the independent employee. We know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid, contented people in happy homes.

These socks can be made by men and women. Knitting experience is unnecessary. The Auto Knitter, a marvellous machine, does the work. Anyone can quickly learn to operate this machine.

Workers Wanted Everywhere

For the reasons above stated—the unprecedented world-demand for hosiery—we need more workers—thousands of them. We need you.

We need all the socks you and your family can make on the Auto Knitter. We need this labor badly. We will make a contract to pay you a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for us as much as you want or as little as you want—spare time or full time.

And for every dozen pairs of socks you send us, we will pay you a liberal wage.

With every Auto Knitter we send a supply of wool yarn FREE. We also supply, FREE, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is made specially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest and warmest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade are always obtainable.

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of the Auto Knitter as you see fit, or to buy your own yarn; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make at a remarkably low cost all the hosiery your family needs—wool, and cotton.

But please remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to our Wage Agreement; it is a straight, out-and-out Employment Offer of a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

Positively Not a "Canvassing Scheme"

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you a chance to devote your entire time to the business, and this—to be independent of bosses, rules, time clocks, working hours, etc. Our Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency," or "open-a-store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers

Have sent you to-day by Express four dozen pairs of socks. I thank you for your promptness in returning replacement yarn and wages, which always come by return mail.
Woodstock, Ont.

I am to-day forwarding to you by Express (charges collect) ten dozen pairs of socks which I have knitted on the Auto Knitter.
Regina, Sask.

I am sending you 51 pairs of socks to-day by Express. Please send replacement yarn and Money Order for wages.
Brantford, Ont.

I am sending you 12 dozen pairs of socks this morning by Express. I enclose wage receipt for last shipment. Return replacement yarn as usual.
Waldemar, Ont.

I am this day sending you four dozen pairs of socks by Express. I must say the machine is all you claim for it—simple to understand and easy to work.
St. Catharines, Ont.

I have sent to day by Registered Parcel Post 42 pairs of socks. Please send replacement yarn and also send yarn for wages in lieu of cash.
Court, Sask.

I am shipping to you to-day 18 dozen (216 pairs) of socks, Express charges collect. Please send replacement yarn and also yarn for wages due me as usual
Vancouver, B.C.

I am sending by Express four dozen pairs of socks. Will you kindly make the replacement yarn up to twelve (12) lbs. and send the rest of wages due me in cash.
Montreal, Que.

I am sending by Express 54 pairs of socks. Please send wages due in cash and return replacement yarn. I think the machine is wonderful and I also think the pay is very good.
Galt, Ont.

I am sending eighteen (18) dozen pairs of socks by Express, charges collect. I like the work, as it passes many a dull hour away, and I can knit two pairs of socks in an hour.
Fernie, B.C.

I received the Money Order and am to-day sending another shipment of 52 pairs of men's socks. Please return replacement yarn and send me yarn instead of cash for wages due me.
Windsor, Ont.

Write To-day for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live, we want you to know all about the Auto Knitter and the immensity of our world-wide institution. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization and the future you can make for yourself with the Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work and the money that is in it with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill or factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output, both wholesale and retail. *Write to-day—send the coupon and two cents in postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.*

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Company, Limited
Dept. 102K, 607 College St., Toronto, Canada

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited
Department 102 K
607 College Street
Toronto, Canada

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose two cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... **Prov.** .....

End Your Suffering!

Each year thousands of people throughout Canada put an end to their sufferings by the prompt use of Gin Pills. It is estimated that in the Dominion alone one out of every fifteen people annually use and derive the greatest benefit from these wonderful pills.

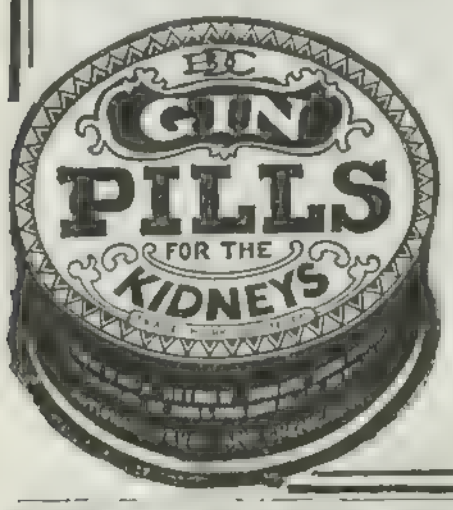
Prepared with the greatest care and thought from a formula that was only achieved after profound study and patient experimenting.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

have done more to relieve pain and prevent serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles than perhaps any other preparation that can be obtained.

Mr. Frank Ide, a pullman conductor, suffered intensely from pains in the groins, sore back and very severely from gravel and sediment. After taking Gin Pills Mr. Ide wrote us. "The pain left me entirely. I have no trouble whatever in urinating and I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I recommend Gin Pills to everybody in any way troubled with kidneys or bladder."

Mrs. Percy, Halifax, N.S., after trying a sample sent for six boxes. She wrote:—"Before I finished the third box I found myself for the first time in years free from pain—the pains did not return. I wish everyone who suffers from backache and kidney trouble would use Gin Pills. They are great."



If you suffer with pains in the groins or back, Rheumatism, swollen ankles, stiff joints, gravel, constant headache and lassitude, constipation and dizziness, take Gin Pills and nip the trouble in the bud.

Send for free sample or get a box from your druggist or dealer, 50c with money-back guarantee.

THE NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

U.S. Address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

284

GIRLS! BOYS! WIN THIS FINE PRIZE

Everything you need for school work, in a strong, light, brass-trimmed Eaton-made fibre case to keep and carry all the other things. The set includes: 12 Dixon pencils, 1 pencil clip; 1 fountain pen and filler; 3-piece drawing set; 6 drawing pins; 1 hardwood 12-inch ruler; 2 50-page memo pads; 1 box water-color paints; 12 colors and brush; 1 box of 14 oil crayons; 1 painting book; 1 printing outfit; 6 sheets blotting paper; 6 Charlie Chaplin Scribblers, 1 Japanese inlaid pencil box; 1 solid rubber ball, 1 combined ink and pencil eraser; 10 beautifully colored bird cards; 20 up-to-date Canadian view cards; 6 ink tablets to make 3 bottles of ink; combination game sheets for the following games: Chess, Checkers, German Prison Puzzle, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, Authors, Nine Men Morris. This grand complete school outfit given for selling only $5.00 worth of

POST CARDS AT 6 FOR 10c., PICTURES AT 10c. AND 15c. EACH

Postcards for every person and every purpose—Greeting, Birthday, Scripture Text, Motto, Comic, Lover, and scores of other popular subjects. Magnificently designed in brilliant colors. The richly colored pictures are beautifully printed on high quality paper, all ready for framing. They include Motto Pictures, Religious Subjects, Landscapes, and the Choicest Fine Art Studies, suitable for every home in the land. Bigger and better variety and lower prices than any store. They sell like wildfire. WRITE STATING WHETHER YOU WANT POST-CARDS OR PICTURES OR BOTH. Send no money—we trust you. You sell the goods, then send us the money and we'll at once forward your prize. **THE GOLD MEDAL CO., 311 JARVIS ST., TORONTO, ONT., Dept. E W 4** (22nd year in this business)

Real heart stuff—

Just once in a life-time will you be able to say that a book actually thrilled you. No one can read **"The Blazed Trail,"** by Stewart Edward White, without holding tight to the chair.

The adventurous audacity of a mere youth defying the Lumber Trust and riding his logs to success, the dog like devotion of a mis-shapen dwarf with his singing violin, the gilded city youth who becomes a man, and the proud love of a beautiful woman, that awakens to fulfilment in the heart of the great North woods, make a book that will hold you spell-bound from the first page to the last. And over and through it all is the clear, ringing music of the woodman's axe and the penetrating fragrance of the mighty north woods. **"The Blazed Trail"** will be given FREE with every new or renewal subscription sent to **Everywoman's Book and Music Club** on the coupon on page 1

ASK FOR—

The "Perfect" Sport Veils
"Princess Pat" Real Hair Nets
"My Lady" Silk Hair Nets

Made for Canadian Women of Good Taste

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE

The Thompson Lace & Veiling Co., Limited, Toronto

Fun for Hallowe'en

(*Continued from page 36a*)

hank or skein of blue yarn. One of them, taking care to remain unseen, throws the yarn through the window of a dark room. Each man does his best to catch it. She who has thrown and he who has caught the skein step back until all have thrown and caught, neither side knowing who caught whose throw. The girls return to the house conversation is resumed and in its course each man may ask the girl he is talking with a question whose answer is the number of his catch—say, for ten, "How many months will have passed at midnight?" If she was the tenth to throw, she answers "Ten" and becomes his partner for the next game, or for supper. If she is number six, for instance she says, "The witches forbid me to answer," and he must propound his query elsewhere, while she waits for the question whose answer is six.

For the next game lay four buckeyes or horse-chestnuts (which are considered to have power to ward off evil) in the shape of a small diamond on a small sewing table and five more in a circle outside the diamond, to form the magic number nine. Players spin a large string top in the centre of the table and score is kept of the number of the nuts it touches. The inner nuts count two apiece, the outer ones seven. Only one card is needed for the score of each couple, and these may be cut in the shape of pumpkins, cats or horseshoes. After the girls have all spun the top three times each, the men play, the prizes are awarded the lucky couple. Anything pertaining to good luck is appropriate. Then each man must carve a face on a buckeye for his partner to keep as a lucky charm.

For refreshments at a frolic of this kind, all "deviled" dishes are of course, appropriate—such as deviled oysters, eggs or lobster, any one of which may be served in the little bread canoes. This may be followed with a salad of cabbage and sweet green peppers accompanied by pimento cheese sandwiches, and a third and last course of sherbert in individual kettles with which devil's cake is served. Owl place cards and pear favours will also help to decorate the table.

The Three Bears

(*Continued from page 36d*

And Mother Bear growled, "Who has been lying on my bed?"

And Tiny Bear squeaked out, "Oh here is a little girl in my bed; and it must be she who has eaten my breakfast and broken my chair!"

And they stood beside the bed looking at Goldilocks as she slept. As they thought what a nice breakfast she would make, they smacked their lips.

Then Father Bear growled, "Let us eat her up!"

And Mother Bear growled, "Let us eat her up!"

And Tiny Bear squeaked, "Let us eat her up!"

But the noise they made awoke Goldilocks; she started out of bed (on the opposite side) and jumped out of the window. The three bears all jumped out after her, but they fell one on the top of the other, and rolled over and over. While they were picking themselves up and rubbing their bruises, little Goldilocks ran home, and they were not able to catch her.

I am told they are still looking for her, and Tiny Bear still goes about lamenting for his broken chair and the basin of hot milk that Goldilocks drank up.

"Kiddies Kut-outs" Prize List for July 1919

Katherine Fallness, Thief River Falls, Minnesota, U. S. A.; Frank Read, 2054 Chateaubriand Avenue, Montreal, Can.; Zipporah Steele, Burgoynis Cove, Smith's Sound, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland; Ruby Lupton, 2792 Pender St., E. Vancouver, B. C.; Ada Dunphy, Salmonier, North Side, Newfoundland; Dorothy Trollope, 253 Albany Avenue, Tor., Ont.; Maggie Milling, Tugaske, Sask.; Ross Culbert, Little Britain, Ontario; Peggy Fordham, Okanagan Maission B. C.; Margaret Lyon, R. R. No. 2, Gormley, Ontario.

A box of crayons and a painting book will be sent to each prize winner.

A Safe Guard

TENDERFOOT: "I went to see the doctor about my loss of memory."

S. M.- "What did he do?"

TENDERFOOT: "He made me pay in advance."

Like the Lash Of a Whip

Across the years the memory of a *certain night* laid a vivid, smarting welt. *Like the lash of a whip* this memory drove her forward to purge her soul clean of its stain at the feet of the man she loved. Yet she *dared not tell* big-hearted Peter Day, who had rescued her from a sordid, hateful life of one night stands and travelling troupes. Health had given her health, the bigness of open spaces and his love. What should she do? Blindly, desperately, broken-heartedly she sought a way out.

How she found peace and relief from a torturing memory is thrillingly told in the amazing romance **"Good for the Soul,"** by Margaret Deland. A woman's soul and a man's love is saved intact. You will want to read this absorbing story of a great love. It will be given to you

FREE with two other equally fascinating books by that mistress of romance, Margaret Deland. Beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, these three books present the opportunity of a life time to lovers of good books.

Good for the Soul, Partners, An Encore

All artistically illustrated and beautifully bound, will be given you *absolutely free* with only one subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $2.00. This may be a renewal of your own subscription or new subscriptions.

We have only a limited number of these splendid sets, and this offer is good only as long as our stock lasts. Don't put this offer away to be sent for later. If you want to secure this wonderful gift set you must send for it to-day—at once. We do not hold ourselves responsible for disappointment if your order is late and cannot be filled.

— READ —

"How Mary Kept Up With The Joneses"

The problem became easy when she found the secret. A copy of this remarkable story is yours if you will send us your name and address. It's free.

The "Queen"

The Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Dept. E.W. 14 Millstone Lane, Toronto

HYGIENOL
The STERILIZED
POWDER PUFF

Finest Quality Lamb's Wool

Six Popular Sizes
10¢ 15¢ 20¢ 25¢ 35¢ 50¢
At All Best Dealers'

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET showing the making of HYGIENOL POWDER PUFFS Sent on request

MAURICE LÉVY, 15W. 38th Street, New York City

One of a Hundred Uses

The Perfection Heater makes any room "cozy-warm" and comfortable. Simply strike a match—touch it to the wick, and its radiant warmth quickly chases away all the chills.

In every room for any occasion the Perfection Heater brings quick economical heat—in late Fall, early Spring, damp days, wherever chills gather.

When the tiniest chap takes his bath, in the nursery, when dad shaves, when the guest room, the sewing room, or any other cold room or corner needs quick warmth, a Perfection Oil Heater answers the need to perfection.

The brass burner turns every drop of Imperial Royalite Coal Oil into clean odorless heat. Burns ten hours or more on a gallon.

With nickel trimmings and a black japanned or blue enameled drum, the Perfection Heater is good looking, economical and lasting.

Sold by good dealers everywhere.

Perfection Oil Heaters—Look for the Triangle Trade-Mark.

PERFECTION
OIL HEATERS

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Power · Heat · Light · Lubrication

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Why Not Shop by Mail?

We offer you the same service in buying through our catalogue as if you visited our store in person.

"And It Came from Mappin & Webb's"

This is the final tribute—the seal of approval. The gift that is chosen from the Mappin & Webb Catalogue and presented in the Mappin & Webb box, has a value in sentiment that cannot be measured—for the name Mappin & Webb stands for the climax of quality the world over.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Showing the Mappin & Webb assortment of fine jewelry, Watches, Sterling Silver, Silver Plate, Cut Glass, Leather Goods, and Brass Ware—comprising those articles which we can unreservedly guarantee and on which we show prices that compare favorably with goods without a "pedigree".

Every article ordered from our catalogue, sent carriage paid with the privilege of being returned if not perfectly satisfactory.

Mappin & Webb
CANADA LIMITED

Dept. B 353 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal

London Biarritz Paris Rome Rio de Janeiro Sao Paulo Buenos Aires

43

Mrs. Knox Says

"My free recipe books, 'Dainty Desserts' and 'Food Economy,' save a lot of work, worry and money. They give an endless variety of delightful and original ways of combining Knox Sparkling Gelatine with coffee, cocoa, chocolate, rice, preserves, fresh, dried and canned fruits, fish and vegetables.

"It is really wonderful how many delicious desserts and salads you can make easily and quickly with the things you have in the pantry and

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"Busy housekeepers will like our Sparkling Acidulated package because of its ease of preparation. It contains an added envelope of Lemon Flavoring, which is used in place of lemon juice. All you add is water and sugar.

"Experts call both packages of Knox Sparkling Gelatine the '4 to 1' Gelatine because it goes four times further than flavored packages. One quarter of a package will make a dessert or salad for six people."

PERFECTION SALAD

1 envelope KNOX Acidulated Gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ cup mild vinegar
1 pint boiling water
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
½ teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring, found in separate envelope
½ cup sugar
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces
1 can sweet red peppers or fresh peppers finely cut

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, Lemon Flavoring, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain, and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes. A delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Note—Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe, and you have a delicious Fruit Salad—If the Sparkling package is used, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice should be used in place of the Lemon Flavoring.

BANANA SPONGE

½ envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup banana pulp
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
½ cup sugar
Whites of two eggs beaten stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put banana pulp, lemon juice and sugar in saucepan and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine, and stir until cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, turn into wet mold or paper cases, and sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired

Note—If the Acidulated package is used, ¼ of the Lemon Flavoring contained therein may be used in place of the lemon juice in the above recipe.

Write for the KNOX RECIPE BOOKS; they are free if you give your grocer's name and address.

"Whenever a recipe calls for gelatine—it means KNOX"

KNOX GELATINE

Mrs. Chas. B Knox,
Dept. F, 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Que.

The National Industrial Conference

By Wadsworth

THE ancient and honourable Senate has been for many years a spacious hall in which certain types of wags disported themselves. To just what extent the Senate is a joke raises a point beyond the issue of the moment, but that it is a dignified and integral part of the Canadian Government none will deny. That it should have adjourned, therefore, for a week in order that the National Industrial Conference might hold session in the Red Chamber is a proof of the national importance of this gathering, and needs no further elaboration.

It was an inspiring sight—the room crowded beyond its capacity with delegates and representatives from every section of the country, statesmen, pressmen, and a goodly proportion of serious-minded visitors; and each contributed so definitely to the "human element" that the atmosphere throbbed with it, tingled with it, one needed no hyper-sensitiveness to receive a vitalizing thrill the instant one entered the room. It was as though each individual among the hundreds present had left all the dead-wood of themselves at home, as though each had said:

"Other problems have received my attention because of a conscientious duty to the nation—that all-embracing body of which I am so atomic a part. But this is different! Here I am no atom—the whole thing is ME! Of its intricate machinery I am not an obscure cog; I am its Power, its driving-wheel, its life!"

Justify Our Reputation

THE National Industrial Conference opened at Ottawa on September 15th last was, briefly, an outcome of the Paris Peace Conference. Many of the speakers referred to it as a peace conference for Canada. The Hon. A. L. Sifton, one of the first speakers to take the platform, explained that Sir Robert Borden and his associates succeeded, only after six weeks of the most vigorous campaigning, in securing Canada's representation on the International Labour Convention, and he worked to this end not because Canada's labour conditions were worse than those of the other countries represented, but in order that their conditions might be raised to the level of ours in Canada! He remarked humourously that we are not quite so important abroad as we are in our own eyes, and that it should be our privilege to bring our industrial problems to a swift and amicable conclusion, thus justifying the Prime Minister's persistence in claiming for us a place in the International Convention. As Sir Robert himself wrote—if thirty-two nations could make a satisfactory adjustment of their claims, surely one nation can achieve unanimity within its own borders!

This big thought ran as an undercurrent in the magnificent address given by the Liberal Leader when he made a plea that those present should not seek differences upon which to dispute, but a common ground upon which to unite. The spirit behind the conference, he maintained, would determine its outcome.

The Meaning of Industry

THE most arresting part of his speech, I think, lay in his emphasis on the division of the broad term "Industry." We have been accustomed to think of it as separated into two classes—Capital and Labour. According to Mr. King's fine reasoning, there are four classes—Capital, which provides money, tools, machinery, and so on; Labour, which supplies the energy, the driving force, the production for which Capital has become responsible; Managerial ability, which is absolutely essential as a connecting link between the other two; and the Community, upon which all three depend.

The Community. What does it conjure up before the mind? Personally, Capital at his desk, Labour at his machine, the manager and foreman in conference—all fade, leaving a picture of the Home.

Upon the type of home existent in a manufacturing community depends the physical, mental and moral welfare of that section, just as upon the community depends the grade of the produce manufactured, if the community supplies either the labour or the market.

One reflects with gratitude upon such enterprises as have devoted time and money to the eradication of sections which might be likened to festering sores upon the face of a city. It has been proven that model tenements and villages produce a better type of worker, and a better type of worker produces a higher grade commodity at greater speed and less waste. The question of schools, libraries, amusements—in fine communal development—has occupied the minds of many capitalists quite as seriously as the extension and profits of their plants.

On the other hand, Child Labour, Equal wage for Equal work, the minimum wage, and many other problems, rise to confront all those who hope for an industrial peace.

According to Mr. King, "conference" can solve these problems—conference during which speeches may be vigorous—perhaps violent, but conference (not solely this momentous gathering, but others to follow) during which the spirit of good-will is so strongly felt that the triumph of a certain group will result from a final conviction of right on the part of the opposing faction, rather than force of might!

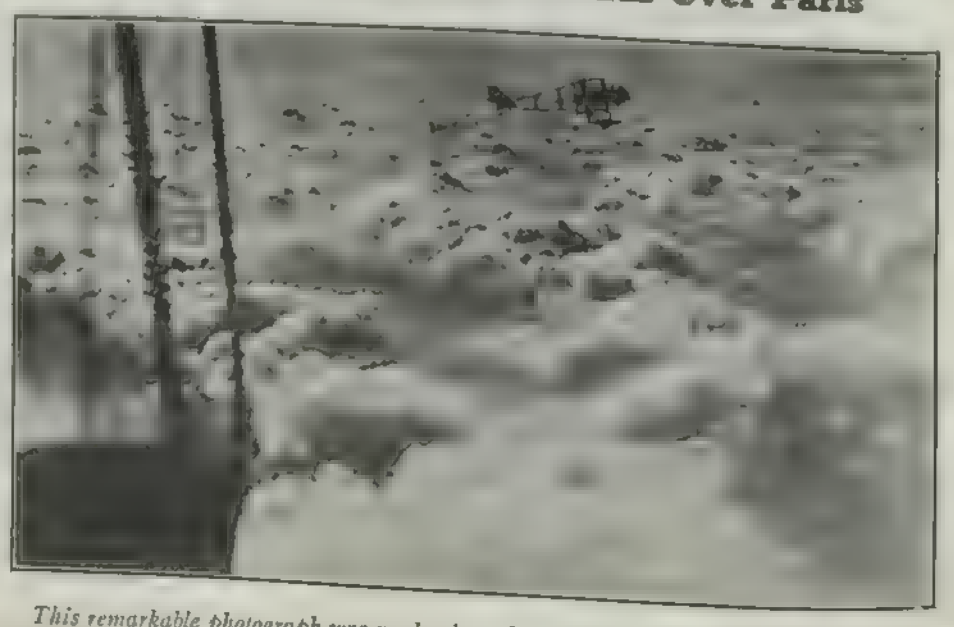
Boost Increased Production

AT the moment of going to press, the Industrial Conference at Ottawa has just begun. What the results may be cannot take the form of prophesy—they can be hardly more than a hope in our hearts. But those who cannot take an active part in the sessions can add, at least, their meed of assistance by realizing, as the Premier recommended, that what Canada needs to face this new and critical condition, to meet the interest on her huge war debt, and to repair the waste of the last five years, is not so much shorter hours and increased wages as Increased Production!

If progress cannot be made on the field of battle, no more can it be made when industrial war rages throughout a country's borders. Military activities may leave some sections untouched; industrial war spreads its dark cloud everywhere—no one escapes.

Canada has no other alternative, therefore, than to set herself the task of averting a more serious menace even than Prussianism, and in considering the part she has to play let her remember that "industry exists for humanity, and not humanity for industry!"

A Joy Ride Above The Clouds Over Paris



This remarkable photograph was made above the clouds over Paris. The tip of the wing of the airplane from which the photo was made is shown at the left.

The Hallowe'en King's Dog

(Continued from page 32)

anxiously. "All we have been doing is to enjoy ourselves at this little party."

"That's just it," put in the king very severely, "that's just it. Now what right had you to give a Hallowe'en party without first consulting me? Answer me that, if you please."

"Why, Mr. King," began Jimmie, "I did not know——"

"And after having a party without consulting me first how comes it that I have not been invited and have had to force my way right into this room? I've had to come right through the keyhole. Now, answer me that also!"

Jimmie felt pretty well stumped. He looked up at the great tall king and then around the room to where his little boy and girl friends were standing fearsomely against the wall with fascinated glances cast upon the intruder. The king followed Jimmie's gaze, and every now and then as he glanced at a particular boy or girl he would open his corn husk book and make a memorandum therein with his cactus sceptre the white cactus juice oozing from the prickly points like a fountain pen's ink, flowing onto the yielding tar.

"If you please, King," said Jimmie, "I am awful sorry for having treated you with such disrespect. I really didn't know that you had to be consulted. I was at a Hallowe'en party last year and I am pretty sure the boy who gave it didn't ask your permission."

"Wasn't that the party that Dickie Slivers gave?" asked the king with flashing eyes.

"That was just it—that was the one," answered Jimmie, glad there was something to excuse himself by.

"Well," said the king with cold emphasis, "didn't Dickie Slivers have the measles since then? Didn't Dickie Slivers have the toothache three nights in succession? Didn't Dickie Slivers get poisoned with ivy? Didn't Dickie Slivers lose a dime through a crack in the bridge walk?"

"Yes, King, he did," faltered Jimmie, "but was that really because he had not consulted you about the party?"

"Indeed it was! Indeed it was! I ceased my work on him only when I knew that he would never give another Hallowe'en party as long as he lived. Now your case is almost as bad——"

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. King," pleaded Jimmie, "I really and truly never meant it. If I had known you had to be consulted I not only would have asked your permission but I would have invited you to be the chief guest."

"Would you now, would you really?" asked the king, somewhat mollified. "Well, let me see; let me see."

HE gazed sharply at Jimmie and then at the rest of the boys and girls. Their gaze fell before the streaming blue light that darted from the pumpkin cut eyes. The king poised his sceptre a moment and inspected his cornhusk book again, turning over page after page.

"There should be some sort of punishment for your offences, though," he said ponderously as he pursed his pumpkin lips. "Some sort of punishment to impress it well upon your mind. Let me see."

He went through his book again.

"Hear now my decision. You shall do my bidding or woe betide you. Billie Lowrey, stand forth here."

A little boy who had been shrinking in the corner of the room came forward tremblingly.

"When you were playing pillows and keys you kissed Fannie Rogers once too often, according to the rules of the game. For that you must go at once to the big apple tree in the orchard and remain there fifteen minutes."

"But it's dark there, King," whimpered Billie.

"Begone sir, and at once," thundered the king. "Bobbie Meyers, stand forth."

Another little boy who had been trying to get under the sofa came to the centre of the room and twisted his fingers together nervously as the big figure looked down on him.

"You played truant from school and went fishing in Squire Ballard's pond last Thursday although you know he had forbidden anybody to fish there without permission. For that you shall go to the pond to-night and stay there twenty minutes fishing without a hook."

"But it's a quarter of a mile there," began Bobbie.

(Continued on page 40)

½ Actual Size.

They're Awfully Good!

YOU cannot force children to eat what they do not like, but try them on something they do like and note the results.

Tempt them with McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas, and the universal comment is that "they're awfully good."

McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are specially good for children. Nothing but the purest ingredients are used. They are baked to perfection for easy digestion.

McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada. Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

121

Your Complexion By All Means

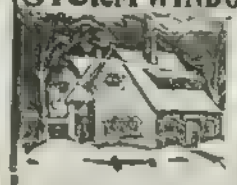
A Beautiful Skin and Stuart's Calcium Wafers Have Made Thousands of Girls Happy

Don't smear the face with creams, lotions, powders and rouge to hide what ought to be real

natural beauty. Don't try to hide pimples, etc., but get rid of them by clearing the blood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. This wonderful beauty-maker has a most remarkable action to naturally seek the skin, dry up pimples, so that the impurities pass off.

In a few days the skin becomes clear, pimples dry and flake off, boils cease, blackheads are gone, yellow muddiness disappears and before you can realize it you have a more beautiful complexion. No creams, lotions, bleaches or other external methods can do this, as all experience has proven. Get a 50 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store. Begin to-day.

STORM WINDOWS & DOORS



SIZES to suit your openings. Fitted with glass. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Write for Price List [E]. Cut down fuel bills. Insure winter comfort.

The HALLIDAY COMPANY, Limited
HAMILTON FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS CANADA

WHO WILL BE MARY-PICKFORD'S LEADING MAN?

$2500.00 XX PRIZES! FOR THE BEST ANSWERS.

Do You Know These Five Actors' Names?

1. Plain Rachelich
2. Learn a Lass
3. Jet Black Rig
4. Sell Raw Hip
5. In for a Bad Glass Uk

CANADA'S own and beloved Mary Pickford is about to produce one of the greatest moving picture plays of her career. It is a story abounding in love and humour, pathos and happiness.

Miss Pickford's big problem now is to select a capable actor who will be suitable as her leading man in this great production. She can pick from all the greatest moving picture actors of the world, but her selection is now down to the five favorite movie actors whose pictures are shown above. One of these five will be chosen by her to play the Leading Man's role in this great new movie production.

Do you know the Names of these five Favorite Players?

The object of this contest is to recognize and name these five most prominent movie actors. After you have recognized them, and in order to help you name them correctly, we have put their right names under-neath th[illegible] jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put [illegible] and you will have the names. It may be you are not familiar with the names of the most popular moving picture actors to-day, the names [illegible] you will know them.

Names of Some of the Favorite Players

Fred [illegible], Mae [illegible], Owen Moore, Milton Sills, Jack Pickford, Charles [illegible], Charles Ray, Lon Dexter, Wallace Reid, Francis Earl [illegible], Emmett [illegible], Joe Woodhall, Warren Kerrigan, Jack [illegible], Harold Goodwin, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Stuart Holmes, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, Robert Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Earl Williams, Ralph Lewis, Tom Moore.

These Magnificent Prizes Given for Best Correct or Nearest Correct Replies

1st Prize,	1920 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value		**$990.00**
2nd Prize,	1920 Ford Touring Car, Value		**$740.00**
3rd Prize,	$150.00	14th Prize,	$5.00
4th Prize,	100.00	15th Prize,	5.00
5th Prize,	50.00	16th Prize,	5.00
6th Prize,	25.00	17th Prize,	5.00
7th Prize,	20.00	18th Prize,	5.00
8th Prize,	15.00	19th Prize,	3.00
9th Prize,	10.00	20th Prize,	3.00
10th Prize,	10.00	21st Prize,	3.00
11th Prize,	10.00	22nd Prize,	3.00
12th Prize,	10.00	23rd Prize,	3.00
13th Prize,	$5.00	24th Prize,	3.00

And 25 Extra Prizes of $1.00 each.

$500.00 Additional Cash Prizes will also be awarded.

First Prize VALUE $990.00 Or its equivalent in Cash.

This Great Contest is Absolutely Free of Expense Send Your Answers Today!

This great contest is absolutely free of expense and is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best-known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded in absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant. Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine. You may enter and win any of the prizes, whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and, moreover, you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money to compete. Here is the idea.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of 100,000 copies a month, but our motto is *"Everywoman's World in Every Woman's Home."* We want more Canadian readers to become acquainted with this famous publication. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest, and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you a copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine features soon to appear, without any cost to you. We shall also send, free of charge to all qualified contestants a charming photo of Miss Mary Pickford with reproduction of her autograph in her own handwriting. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the big prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your copy to just four friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this really worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time.

How to Send in Your Solution

Use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper right-hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

Miss Mary Pickford, as Honorary Judge and three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will take first prize.

You will get 20 points for every name solved correctly, and 40 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for hand writing, and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 31st, 1920, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answers to-day. This announcement may not appear again in this paper. Address your entry to—

Movie Editor, Mary Pickford Contest,
Dept. E.W. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, TORONTO, ONT.

Free!

97 Piece Dinner Set

and Lovely Set of

Rogers Spoons

A MARVELLOUS OFFER TO QUICKLY INTRODUCE A DELIGHTFUL NEW PERFUME!

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent 97 piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, the 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 1 oval covered vegetable dish, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers Rideau Castle design beautifully finished and fully guaranteed for wear and satisfaction.

Read Our Wonderful Offer

We have just produced a delightful new perfume known as "Coronation Bouquet." It is so delicate and fragrant that we know every woman who tries it once will use it always, so we are spending no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing to a few every new perfume to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent and costly premiums.

Will you sell just 16 bottles among your friends at only 25c. each?

You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time as everybody you know will gladly try a bottle of this lovely new perfume at only 25c. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you the 16 bottles all postage paid and trust you with them until sold. Then return our money, only $4.00, and we will promptly send you the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only seven of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day. Address: 15D

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. D 4. Toronto, Ont.

The Hallowe'en King's Dog

(*Continued from page 39*)

"Begone, sir, and lose no time." "Susie Watson, stand forth."

A little tow-headed girl, almost crying, sidled from a corner and with a finger in her mouth stood squirming about, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Susie, you put burrs in Towser's hair the other day, so the poor dog was an hour getting them off. For that you shall go to the dog kennel, unchain Towser, bring him in here and beg his pardon before us all."

Susie began to cry, but a severe look from the king stopped her very quickly. She left at once for the dog kennel. She must have got the dog unchained very quickly, for in less than no time she was back with him in the sitting room, Towser jumping about in great glee at being brought into the house at an unusual time and where he could smell there were lots of good things to eat.

"Now," said the king, in his deep voice, "apologize to Towser."

But wasn't it awful funny the way the whole thing ended. Do you know that as soon as Towser heard the king's voice he uttered a joyful bark and bounded toward the great tall figure. He must have upset something, because the next instant the king fell down all in a heap, his pumpkin head rolling off with the blue light still burning in it.

The little boys and girls were more frightened than ever and Jimmie so far forgot his dignity and bravery that he cried for his papa.

Then there was a great laugh. And mamma came in from another room with a match and lit all the lights again. There what do you suppose the little folks saw? Why papa just rising from the floor where he had been all tangled up in his long robe and big boots. For he was the Hallowe'en King all the time you see.

So what a laugh they all had when they knew how papa had walked in on a pair of stilts strapped to his legs after mamma had dressed him in his den and had turned out the gas at the meter when all was ready.

"I always said that Towser knew me a mile down the road long before he saw me," papa said. "Now I know he knows me even when I am disguised."

So they voted to invite Towser to the Hallowe'en party for the rest of the evening and by the way he acted he enjoyed himself as much as any there.

A Hallowe'en Out of Doors

(*Continued from page 36b*)

may buy green fire for this purpose.

A "witch's grab bag" is an amusing feature. This consists of a big kettle filled with salt. This salt has been heated until it is so hot you can scarcely bear your hand in it. Mix in with this salt a number of peanuts. Then let your guests each make a grab in turn. They do not know that the salt is hot and they get a big surprise and quite a shock when they dip into it. They are allowed but one grab and many of them will withdraw their hand without getting anything when they feel the hot salt. The one who gets the most peanuts at one grab should be awarded a prize.

Another good Hallowe'en outdoor party is the "Meeting of Scarecrows." All of your guests will enter into the spirit of this fun and they will arrive in the most outlandish and ludicrous rigs imaginable. You may be sure that fully half of your evening's entertainment will be taken up with laughter. Everyone will be laughing at everyone else, for each one will wear the most grotesque hats and the shabbiest patched garments imaginable. The effect will be greatly enhanced if they wear shoes much too large, in fact, old shoes they may slip on over their own, and dark cotton gloves twice too large for them so that the finger tips flap all askew. Sew bits of straw to the garments to aid in the appearance of a straw-stuffed scarecrow. Then after you have had all the fun possible out of this and have had someone to judge your guests and award a prize to the one who gives the best imitation of a scarecrow, you may now remove these fantastic outside garments and enjoy the remainder of the party as your normal selves.

A Family Failing

FATHER (heavily): "Edward, do I see you smoking a cigarette? What will your mother say?"

Edward (unmoved): "She'll be pretty wild. They're hers."

CORTICELLI SILK
200 YDS
WARRANTED
40
SPOOL
Silk Sewed Seams
Stay Securely Stitched
Always Use Corticelli
The time you spend making a gown or a waist is valuable. Make sure the finished work will repay you for your time. Make sure your garment will fit perfectly and hold its distinction of line as long as you wear it. Make sure you will never have to sew those seams again.
The only way you can *make sure* is to use *Corticelli* Spool Silks whenever you are sewing silk, wool, or velvet.
Corticelli Spool Silks give you perfect seams—seams flat and smooth—that will not pucker or bunch up, but run evenly through the sewing machine. *Corticelli* Spool Silks never rip or cut the cloth. Don't risk ruining your gown by using inferior silk. Insist on having *Corticelli*.
Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
Spool Silks
Outlast the Garment
BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

"You should have used a Daylo!"

"When you go poking into the back of a closet, into the corner of the attic, or down cellar—always use a Daylo for light. Then you won't have *this* happen. It is thoughtlessness like yours in the careless use of matches that keeps us firemen on the jump."

You can't afford to take a chance on matches, candles or other flame lights near inflammables. Always use a DAYLO—it goes anywhere safely.

Remember—the cost of one small fire is many times the price of a DAYLO that guarantees safety.

October 4 to 11 is Daylo Safety First Week, in honor of Fire Prevention Day, October 9. Daylo dealers everywhere are demonstrating the hundreds of uses of this handy light which mean safety insurance. Get the Daylo you need at any store displaying the Daylo "Safety First" Medal design.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

627

Suggestions for the School Lunch Box

(Continued from page 16)

Waxed-paper would have been a valuable discovery were it used for nothing but carried luncheons. It will keep sandwiches, cakes, etc., moist and tempting, and will restrain one flavour from overwhelming another, as so often happens in the intimacy of the closely-packed lunch.

A small tin box that will hold the sandwiches is very valuable, and repays one for keeping a searching eye about until it is found. A larger cardboard box to hold everything, is less difficult to acquire. Of course, the old-fashioned covered lunch-pail is admirable, wherever it is used, or there is the very modern and complete leather lunch box, with a firm handle and containing in two compartments, a half-pint thermos bottle and a tin box for the sandwiches, etc.

One ingenious mother whose luncheons are a daily treat to her children, relies greatly on the little moulds of pudding and fruits above mentioned and carries the plan to a very successful point in this way; there is always a box of prepared gelatine close at hand. After dinner, there are frequently little bits of cold meat, fowl or fish, a spoonful of peas, carrots, beets or some such vegetable, or a little soup or stock left over. It is but a moment's work to soften a little gelatine in cold water, dissolve it in the soup, or in hot water with a bouillon cube or a teaspoonful of beef extract, and pour it into the moulds with the diced meat or vegetables or any happy mixture of the two. The variety made possible by this plan is infinite, only a few minutes are required, and the results are as nourishing as they are dainty and appetizing.

This list which she keeps on a card in the kitchen, will supply suggestions that are helpful. Remember to try to have each class of food represented—they are all necessary to the growth and health of the young folks. Sandwiches—They should always be moist (but not soggy) bread buttered to the edges, burnt or too-hard crusts trimmed a little; a boiled salad dressing that has very little acid in it, will be valuable, or little bits of thick cream sauce to moisten meat sandwiches. A spoonful of whipped cream will do wonders, also.

Minced cold meat, moistened with sauce or salad dressing or a little well-skimmed gravy; fish; cheese; mixed with a little cream; chopped hard boiled egg, or egg scrambled with a little milk, and with or without a little chopped ham or crisp bacon; raisin paste (raisins simmered with a little water until tender, and a few drops lemon juice added); chopped or stewed dates; nut and dates, figs or raisins; banana (mashed, with a few drops lemon juice); jam or jelly; grated maple sugar; honey.

Other protein foods, besides sandwich fillings. Hard-boiled or devilled eggs; meat, fish or egg salads; jellied meat, fish or bouillon with vegetables and egg set in it; custards; milk puddings.

Sweets—Fruits, fresh stewed or preserved will help satisfy the child's craving for a top-off and are, especially the fresh fruits, valuable from a health standpoint. An apple, pear, banana, orange, a few dates, figs or raisins, will fill this double need. Or a little dish of stewed fruit of any kind, will be good. Try sending some stewed dates (the juice of fruit may be strained off if there is not a little close-topped jar or bottle), and some puffed grains for a change.

Pie or tarts should be given sparingly. Pastry is not a very digestible addition to the carried lunch. An occasional little turn-over is a treat not to be denied, but it is wise to stick to plain cookies which may be put together with different fillings, plain moist cake, date and nut loaf, fruit bread, and such easier digested foods.

The Thanksgiving Day Dinner

(Continued from page 16)

Oysters bought in bulk or in glass jars, are much less expensive than those in the shell. A pint jar will make oyster cocktails for 6 or 8 people. A rack of lamb is bought for the crown roast. The other dishes are all comparatively inexpensive.

Oyster Cocktail (for 10 persons)

A GOOD ½ teaspoon tobasco sauce, 2 tablespoons grated horseradish, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 5 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, about 50 small oysters.

Have the oysters looked over and chilled. When time to serve put 4 or 5 in each small glass (hollowed tomatoes, lemon or small orange shells may be used instead of glasses), and pour over the sauce which is made of all the above ingredients, mixed in a bowl and chilled.

Crown Roast of Lamb

PURCHASE a rack of lamb to make a crown roast. Split the tissue down between the ribs, and turn the roast "inside out," bending it into a circle or crown. The ribs will glare outward. Tie and skewer it firmly, and roast as usual, basting inside the crown, where the meat really is.

Have mashed potatoes, very light and fluffy, ready and when the roast is ready to serve, pile them lightly in the centre. Arrange green peas around the base of the crown, or alternate mounds of green peas and diced carrots.

To garnish it, each rib of this Thanksgiving roast is tipped with wheat; the leaves of celery might be used or sprigs of parsley.

Braised Celery

STEW celery until it is almost tender. Drain, and finish cooking for about 10 minutes in the pan with the meat, or in a frying pan, with a little browned butter, bacon dripping or gravy.

Sweet Potatoes with Honey

FRENCH-FRY sweet potatoes as usual. Drain, heap in a hot dish, and pour over them a little strained honey.

Ginger Cream

LET a pint of milk come slowly to the boil, then add ¼ cup sugar and an ounce of gelatine which has been previously softened in a little cold water. Let it boil slowly until gelatine is dissolved then add about 4 ounces of prepared ginger, cut dice; if desired, chopped candied cherries, apricots, etc., may be included with the ginger, and some broken nutmeats. When cool, add one pint of whipped cream, and turn into a mould that has been wet with cold water, or into individual glasses.

Fig and Walnut Balls

PUT good figs through the food chopper. Sprinkle with a little lemon juice, mould into balls about the size of a walnut, roll in granulated sugar, and press two half-walnuts into each ball.

When It's Open Season for Game

(Continued from Page 15)

Boil the giblets chop them and rub to a paste with a little butter or oleomargarine. Season, spread on buttered toast when the birds are ready, pour a little pan gravy over and lay a bird on each slice of toast.

Roasted Rabbit

SKIN and clean the rabbit (leaving only the kidneys), wash thoroughly, wipe dry, remove the eyes, remove the fore-joints of shoulders and legs, bring legs close to the body and skewer in place, raise the head and skewer it in position between the shoulders.

Chop the liver fine, with a slice of fat pork and some bread crumbs, seasoning of pepper, salt and onion juice, and a few mushrooms, if liked. Stuff the rabbit, sew up, rub all over with plenty of salad oil and lemon juice and set aside for an hour. Fasten some strips of bacon in it and put into roasting pan with a cup of stock or water and melted butter or shortening. Cover and cook for an hour, then remove bacon, baste and brown. Serve with a snappy game sauce.

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the major tooth destroyer. It causes most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

After years of searching, dental science has found a way to combat film. For daily use it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Four years have been spent in clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its constant use. And we supply a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Thus countless homes have now come to employ this scientific dentifrice.

Your Tube is Waiting

Your 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is waiting. Send the coupon for it. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will be amazed at these ten-day results.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

For your own sake and your children's sake we urge immediate trial. Compare the results with your present methods.

Cut out the coupon now.

REG. IN CANADA **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

258

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 753
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address. .....

French Organdie is used by all who appreciate high-class stationery.
In note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.
Ask your stationer for it.
52-30-19
Barber-Ellis.
FRENCH ORGANDIE
Stationery

Stands Supreme as the Aristocrat of the Phonograph World

THE CECILIAN CONCERTPHONE

"THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

Choose any record you may desire, regardless of make and the concertphone will play it, bringing out its finest tonal qualities.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with Prices and Terms.

THERE ARE NO CONNECTIONS OR ATTACHMENTS TO CHANGE WHEN PLAYING THE DIFFERENT RECORDS

DEALERS WRITE RE AGENCIES

The Cecilian Company, Limited

Also Manufacturers of the World Famous Cecilian Player Piano

247 Yonge Street, Toronto

CLARK'S

PORK

AND

BEANS

WITH TOMATO, CHILI, OR PLAIN SAUCE.

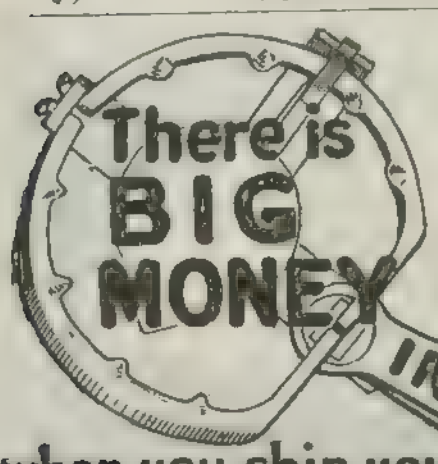
Women who provide,—Men who work hard,—and Children who play hard,

—all profit from a meal of "Clark's" Pork and Beans, and enjoy the tasty, well cooked, strength giving food.

"Clark's" Pork and Beans save work, fuel, money and worry, and are made in Canada.

The purity of "CLARK'S" PORK AND BEANS and OTHER GOOD THINGS is guaranteed by the Government legend on every can.

W. CLARK LIMITED, MONTREAL.



when you ship your RAW FURS

FREE SAMPLE

of Hallam's Paste Animal Bait

Enough for 2 or 3 sets—attracts all flesh eating animals—is put up in tubes (like tooth paste)—not affected by rain or snow. Economical to use, handy to carry.

Also Hallam's Trappers and Sportsmens Supply Catalog—48 pages, English and French—showing Animal Traps, Guns, Ammunition, Fish Nets, etc. All at moderate prices.

Sample bait and catalog Free for the asking —send to-day.

Address in full as below

To John Hallam Limited 533 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

The Proper Selection of A Music Teacher

By EARNEST J. FARMER

THERE is a tale of a scientist who advised a countryman to cook the corn he fed to his hogs. By so doing, the wise man averred, he would save one-third of the time the swine required for digesting the meal. "Stranger," queried the countryman in reply. "How much do you reckon a shoat's time is worth?"

I do not want to draw a parallel when I enquire how many mothers ever estimate the value of their children's time. However, I recently received a circular, the author of which rates a school-boy's time at nine dollars a day. He gives figures that on the average, each day's schooling adds nine dollars to his future earnings. How much is your child's time worth? Is nine dollars a day too high a figure? There is a considerable value to it, certainly, a value which is not less because you cannot measure it accurately.

It is well to remember, then, that when you arrange to send your child for a year to this or that music teacher you are spending not only fifty, a hundred, or two hundred dollars, but three hundred, six hundred, or a thousand hours, useful for study or health-building exercise.

It might be pointed out, also, that you seldom pay out money for anything which varies in value so widely as music lessons.

There are lessons from which you get full value, or even double value in mere ability to play, as well as wealth in artistic insight, discipline and uplift. On the other hand, there are lessons which produce no results.

When you buy them you buy slackness, awkwardness, nervousness, weariness, and distaste. It is hard for many people who have little acquaintance with musical matters to believe that lessons can be literally worse than useless, but it is so. Ask any well established teacher with a high standard; he will be sure to tell you that he has had many pupils who would have been much better off if they had never taken lessons at all before coming to him. I myself had a year's bad lessons once from a very well meaning and highly recommended young teacher. It took me five years to recover from them—if, indeed, I have fully recovered yet.

I have used much space and ink insisting on this point because I want to emphasize that it is really worth while to spend time over the selection of your child's teacher—more time than you would spend buying a hat, or a whole season's wardrobe. You must admit so much if the rest of this article is to be worth your reading at all.

This granted, how is one to choose? Of so many teachers, no two alike in method and personality, how can you find out the one best suited to your own particular charge?

One must not rate too highly, mere academic degrees possessed by teachers. There are much surer grounds on which to judge than the presence or absence of such. In fact, I should prefer you to leave them out of consideration altogether.

THE late Professor Hambourg used quaintly to remark: "The people of this city (Toronto) lose several hundred dollars a year by paying more than they need for lessons, and several ten-thousands of dollars by not paying enough."

People do not buy music lessons so wisely as they do most things. An improvement in this respect would be of great public benefit, to the profession most of all. Teachers who, though possibly making a tolerable income, are really failures, would be forced to take up work better suited to their abilities; others would have to study and improve their methods; and others, who are better artists than advertisers, would lose less time before finding themselves fully occupied

Half the trouble is in people mistrusting their own judgment, and acting upon chance recommendations. It takes no longer to learn to judge a teacher than a suit of clothes, and it may be many times more important. To show how is the purpose of this article.

The Teacher's Qualifications

A LARGE class shows that a teacher possesses industry, business ability and probably good social qualities. It also shows he can furnish what the public is willing to pay for. Many people do not want really good teaching—will not have it at any price, but want something that makes smaller demands on their own intelligence and will power. Many a clever man without the ability or training for first-class work gains great popularity among such folk. Indeed, I know men who deliberately adopt methods they know to be inferior, but believe to be more in demand and more profitable than those really artistic. I take it you do not desire to trust your precious child—soul to such care So of a very popular teacher say to yourself: "Here is a man with some desirable qualities; I must find out whether he actually is good or not."

It is much the same with a teacher in a reputable conservatory. He must have some very good qualities to be there at all. Many mothers save themselves all trouble by turning their children over to the head of the nearest music school with a statement of the sum they are prepared to pay. (How many of these ladies would say to a milliner: "My dear, just send up something at about forty dollars that will go well with a blue suit?") In this case the youngsters are assigned to a teacher in accordance with the best interests of the school, which, it must be admitted, are quite often their's also.

It is in precisely such schools that one most often meets the deadliest type of teacher—the one who sacrifices everything to examinations. Some of these teachers develop a perfectly diabolical efficiency in crowding pupils through examination after examination, which accomplishes their artistic ruin in half the time mere incompetence would take. Half the children who pass examinations at our conservatories are by no means ready to go on to more difficult work. The best of them are, but they should not think of abandoning pieces they have been studying, and are just beginning to grasp. Let but one of these certificate-mongers get a pupil to the point where a half-learned list of pieces will just be tolerated by an examiner—then, away with them and on with the next list; The hapless pupils may go on for years without ever playing two measures as they should be played. Worst of all, as they never stay at anything long enough to get a facile mastery of it, and are generally working at things beyond their powers, they develop a stiff, awkward, nervous style which is the hardest of all faults to eradicate.

A church organist is usually a capable person with considerable all-round musical knowledge, and an effective teacher of his own instrument or

This illustration shows a position in which the forefinger has just put down a key with a firm elastic touch. The whole position is excellent for a passage lying well under the hand

The forefinger in this illustration shows collapse of the end joint. The most fatal single technical fault in piano playing. The whole position is weak as compared with the other illustration

Retains All Its Freshness and Natural Flavor

A TIN of Klim on your baking table is a guarantee of an ever ready supply of pure fresh, separated milk. Klim is a dry powder made by removing all the water from pure separated milk by our exclusive "spray" process. The "spray" process retains all the sweetness, purity and natural flavor of the original separated milk and only changes its form from liquid to a dry powder.

By placing a few tablespoonfuls of Klim on top of a bowl of water and briskly whipping it until dissolved a bowl of natural-flavored separated milk appears as it was originally before drying.

Try a pound from your grocer. It comes in an attractive blue and white striped tin.

Canadian Milk Products Limited
TORONTO
Winnipeg Montreal
St. John

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE MONEY AT HOME?

You can earn from $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards; quickly and easily learned

NO CANVASING
we teach you how and SELL YOUR WORK

WRITE TO DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL
205 RYRIE BLDG. YONGE & SHUTER ST. TORONTO, CANADA

More Winter Eggs

Start now to condition your layers for a heavy egg yield this winter. Delay [illegible] loss of those big profits which a little care will bring [illegible]

Pratts Poultry Regulator

and tone up all your birds. Puts them in prime laying condition and keeps them that way. Stirs up the egg producing organs and makes hens lay.

Costs about 1c a month per bird.

Money Back If Not Satisfied.

At your dealer's in popular-priced packages, also 25 lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

Write for FREE book on the Care of Poultry.

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
838 Carlaw Ave.,
Toronto.
FR-6

Pratts

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS Bugs, Flies, Roaches, Moths and all insects

Cartons 15c, 25c 40c

any other he has mastered. But for two reasons very few organists can teach the piano. Probably no other pair of instruments are so totally opposed in mechanism, technique and capacity for expression as piano and organ. It is not by chance that England, the country with more fine organists than any other, is behind Canada in the general level of its piano teaching. The fact that both are keyboard instruments gives the organist a certain shoddy superficial command of the piano so easily as to tempt him away from serious study of the instrument. You can generally tell whether an organist knows the piano or not by getting him to play some lively dance movement. If he can really make your toes want to twinkle it is ten to one he understands the piano and can teach it. Otherwise, the odds are that he cannot.

The Crucial Test

NOW for the real tests:—

The first is, the teacher's own performance. You often hear it said that the best player is not always the best teacher. Quite true—not always, but very often. A teacher ought to play. He must be lacking in love for his art if he cannot find one hour daily, even in a busy season, for his own practice. And if he cannot keep up his practice on an hour a day he has a poor method. The non-playing teacher is handicapped in his work, as it often takes a lot of explanation to give the pupil imperfectly an idea of a point that could be made clear in an instant by an example. Always consider the average not the most astonishing performance. It is a pleasing circumstance that a teacher can play a Liszt rhapsody tolerably, but if he can play a sonatina, a Bach invention or Mendelssohn's Consolation soulfully, that is far more to the point.

It must, however, be admitted that some very eminent vocal teachers are quite impossible as performers.

The second point is the pupil's performance:—

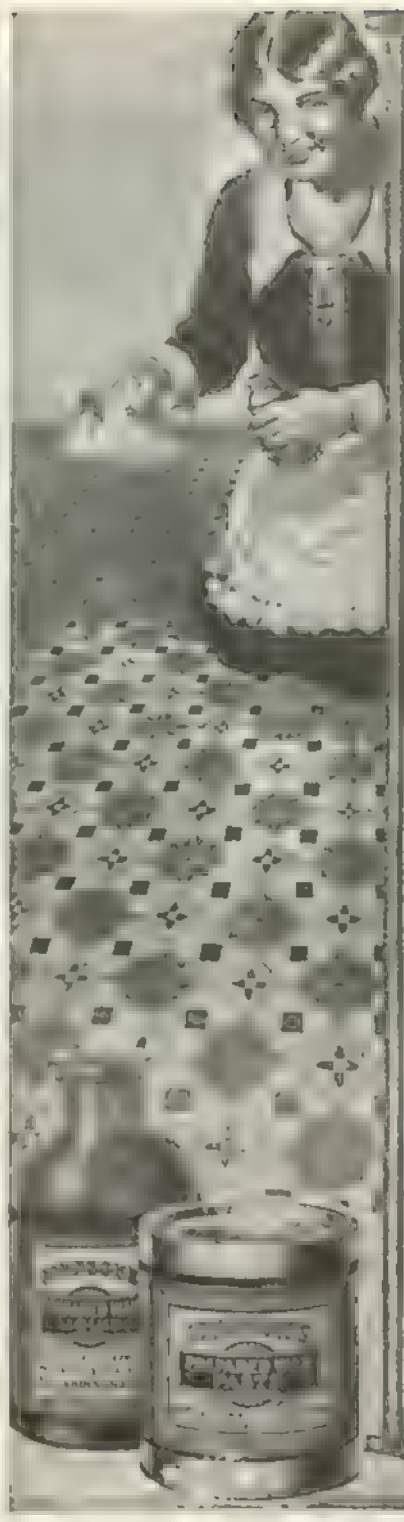
This is the most important of all. If you want your kiddie to play; get someone who can teach kiddies to play and do not take excuses in lieu of performance. Do not judge any teacher by one pupil though many a poor teacher has a gifted, industrious pupil who plays pleasingly in spite of a bad method. A musician can see through such cases, but I am not writing for musicians. And, of course, it is no wiser to judge by the worst pupil than by the best. If you can hear several pupils more than once, at intervals of months, it is best of all, as you can tell what progress they make.

When you attend a pupils' recital, ask yourself first, if you really hear the pieces, or if the players leave out or slur over a lot of the notes, trusting to your imagination. In the early and intermediate stages, playing cannot be too clear and definite. A little excess of strength, even if it does degenerate into pounding now and then, is better than too little. At the piano, the leading melodies should stand out well, and yet the accompaniment should have a crisp distinctness which leaves every note audible. At the violin, the tone should be full and solid.

Think next of the rhythm. You do not have to listen for the rhythm in a good performance. It is masterful; it grips you. Ask yourself next if there is sense and meaning in the performance. If you were listening to a poem in a foreign language, you could tell quickly enough whether the reciter was bringing out the rhythm; you would know at once if he drifted into a senseless sing-song. So even if you are not a musician yourself you can distinguish between intelligent and stupid performance. Finally, do you, personally, find the music enjoyable? Never mind if you have small confidence in your own musical judgment. Never mind if everybody tells you Professor Topknotch is certainly the best teacher in town. If you do not enjoy the playing of Professor Topknotch's pupils (supposing you have any liking for music at all) there is some rather serious defect in Professor Topknotch's teaching. That defect may not matter to other people in comparison with his strong points. But how will you like hearing a Topknotch pupil in your home day after day, and how will your little one who is half yourself take to that style of playing?

Some technical defects are so serious that they should at once disqualify the teacher who allows them in his pupil's playing. Such defects are easily observed, as a rule. For instance, every violinist knows that the bow must be

(Continued on page 44)



Renew Your Linoleum

IS your linoleum dull and dead-looking? Bring it back to life and it will reflect a bright, clean, well-cared-for home. All you need is Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth. The Wax gives a dry, glossy, dustless polish of great beauty and durability

Johnson's Prepared Wax brings out the pattern of linoleum—preserves it—and protects it from wear. It doesn't take long—an ordinary sized floor can be polished in less than an hour and it may be walked upon immediately. Waxed linoleum and tile is easy to keep clean—it requires but little care.

JOHNSON'S
Liquid and Paste
PREPARED WAX

Polish all your furniture, woodwork and floors with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It protects and preserves the varnish, adding years to its life and beauty. It covers up mars and small surface scratches and prevents checking.

Has the soft-coal soot given your furniture and woodwork a dull, grimy appearance. Try the magic of Johnson's Prepared Wax—it cleans and polishes in one operation

A Dust-Proof Auto Polish

Auto owners will find Johnson's Liquid Wax the most satisfactory polish for their cars. It sheds water and dust and makes a "wash" last twice as long. It adds years to the life of automobile varnish. Write for our booklet on *Keeping Cars Young*—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis

The Treatment of Obesity

Insist on ANTIPON

"ANTIPON," which has recently received such a lot of attention in medical and scientific circles, has been conclusively proved to be a certain remedy for over-stoutness. No case is proof against this amazingly successful remedy, which is not only pleasant to take, but is totally dissimilar to any other obesity preparation.

No irksome restrictions with "Antipon." It is a remedy in itself and by itself, and requires no help from violent exercises, sweating, purging, or other harmful and exhausting processes. You can eat what you like and as much as you like. It acts as a powerful tonic and strengthener, building up health and vitality, restoring energy and nerve power. Within twenty-four hours of the first dose there is often a reduction varying according to individual conditions of between 8 oz. and 3 lbs.

Antipon is now supplied in Tablet form, which is convenient and ensures exactitude of dosage, or it can still be obtained in liquid form in Bottles

Antipon

Antipon Company, 27 Store Street, London, England

Antipon can be obtained or ordered from most Druggists or Dealers

Wholesale Agents:

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, 34 Gabriel St., Montreal.
Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.
The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg

Lazzari stands beside the New Edison and sings "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix"

Lazzari has now ceased to sing, and the New Edison is singing the same song alone

THE voice of the decade has appeared. A transcendent artist has flashed into operatic glory.

Twenty-two months ago, Carolina Lazzari joined the Chicago Opera—unknown, unheralded.

Today, three continents clamor to hear her.

This fall the Metropolitan Opera Company brings her to New York City—its new prima donna contralto.

While the spell of her magnificent voice is holding New York opera-goers enthralled, the New Edison will be giving the self-same voice to music-lovers throughout the world.

The pictures on this page are from actual photographs. They show Lazzari in the act of comparing her voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. She Sang. Suddenly she ceased to sing, and the New Edison took up the same song alone. There was *no difference*. It was only by watching Lazzari's lips that the audience could tell when she had ceased to sing.

Lazzari has made this test before more than ten thousand music lovers and representative music critics. This test proves beyond all question that the voice of Lazzari, as RE-CREATED by the New Edison, is absolutely indistinguishable from her voice as heard on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Generations may pass. The Metropolitan Opera House may fade into memory. But the genius of Edison has perpetuated forever the *real* voices of the world's great artists. Not strident and mechanical travesties on their art—but literal RE-CREATIONS, indistinguishable from their living voices.

Note—Edison not only RE-CREATES the great voices of the world. He also finds them. His method of scientific voice-analysis discovered Lazzari.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Our new book, "Edison and Music," is the most interesting phonograph story of the year. Free. Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N.J.

STANFIELD'S
Unshrinkable
UNDERWEAR
"Stands Strenuous Wear"
It wears longer
WHAT "sterling" means to silverware,
STANFIELD'S means to *Underwear*.
It is the hallmark of quality, "Stanfield's" on a garment is an assurance of perfect-fitting *Unshrinkable* Underwear of irreproachable quality and expert workmanship.
Made in Combinations and Two-Piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, for Men and Women.
Stanfield's Limited,
TRURO, N.S.
Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing Children (Patented). Write for book. 34

The Proper Selection of a Music Teacher

(*Continued from page 43*)

drawn straight at right angles to the string, and that the fiddle must be held high enough for the strings to be level. But to get pupils to observe these points is not easy. As an incident one might quote the following anecdote about the lady whose husband gave up smoking. Someone remarked that to do so took a strong will. "Well," said the lady, "that is the kind of will I have."

The teacher whose will is not strong enough to make his pupils hold their fiddles up and draw a straight bow should not teach.

A common and fatal piano fault is shown in the illustration. A finger which collapses at the end joint, like the forefinger pictured there, is like a broken spring. It makes a bumpy, unmusical tone and is a very insecure foundation. Never consider a piano teacher whose pupils' fingers act that way. And, of course, do not consider a teacher who does not train his pupils to play from memory. An occasional pupil has to be excused from memorizing, but in all my experience I have had only one such.

The third important test is the teacher's personality, as it impresses both yourself and the prospective student.

Trust somewhat to your intuition. You can generally sense the bit of bluster in the man who is not sure of himself, but is trying to make an impression. The man who astonishes and bewilders you will astonish rather than instruct your offspring. Many an otherwise good teacher is fussy and nervous in manner. Do not trust a shy, nervous child to such a one. Pay at least as much attention to the child's impressions as to your own. The best teachers fail with an occasional pupil. Pupil and teacher do not fit, that's all.

Think of more than music. Teacher and pupil are together for only an hour a week, but as the baseball umpire said "Can you beat them hours?" They are intimate hours, full of the emotional tension of music. You hear a lot of the musical atmosphere of a conservatory, but the atmosphere of a studio is charged with the artist's whole philosophy of life.

Teacher Can Co-operate

TO observe and judge all the points I have mentioned may seem quite an undertaking, and it takes time. But it is more a recreation than a task. You have only to let a teacher know you are interested in his work, and he will give you admission cards to recitals, or otherwise give you the opportunity to hear his pupils. Often these recitals are more enjoyable than concerts you pay half a dollar to hear; dozens of people have told me as much of my own. Surfeited as a professional becomes with music I never attend one given by any of my colleagues without thoroughly enjoying at least some of the numbers. You will find musicians generally easy to meet, and if occasionally a bit long in the hair nevertheless cultured, intelligent and interesting. The time you spend will bring you pleasant, acquaintance and more knowledge of the art which day by day brings the world more happiness than any other.

Last comes the question of price; least or greatest according to your means. If you had to choose by nothing else, I should say, go to the man who charges most. He is the one most likely to give you best value for every dollar. The very cheap teacher is one of two things: a young teacher who has not proved himself, and who has not had enough experience to be at his best, or an acknowledged failure. Young teachers must cut their eye-teeth sometime, and the best of them do astonishingly good work from the start. But the combination of a beginner and an inexperienced teacher is a fatal one. If I were directing a conservatory I would never allow a teacher with less than two years' experience to teach a first year pupil. One professor I knew gave himself a good many youngsters their first year's work, afterwards turning them over to his assistants. Some of these children are among the most promising young players at his conservatory now, and several are enjoying scholarships elsewhere. The first year's work is at once more important and more difficult for the teacher than the second or third. After the third year, as the pupil advances, greater demands are made on the teacher again.

Teaching children under eight or nine is work for specialists. As such teaching is done in class the rates are not

The Proper Selection of a Music Teacher

very high. An exceptional child of seven or even six may start in the ordinary way. I am teaching one little girl of seven, who is doing extremely well. But even these exceptional children are better for a year's class work.

To sum up:—

Take time to find out just what the available teachers are doing, before you commit your child to one. Better a six months' wait than a mistake.

Pay little attention to degrees and diplomas, much to the teacher's own personality and performance, most of all to his pupils.

Choose only a teacher of proven ability for the first year. If you cannot pay the fees required, wait a year and save your money. For the second year you may choose an untried teacher who has studied a good method and who seems eager and conscientious.

Avoid absolutely, teachers whose pupils show fundamental technical defects, frequently stumble in their playing, or can never play anything without notes.

If you can afford it, send your child to a really eminent teacher for the whole course. Such a cours is a luxury, but one well worth what it costs.

Send a child under eight only to a specialist in teaching very young pupils. Children up to ten or eleven may often take the first year in special classes with advantage. Make allowance of a year or two for exceptionally bright or backward children.

The next article in this series is the one for the sake of which he series is written. It deals with the home management of the child who is taking music lessons. It will appear in an early number of Everywoman's World.

Sauces and Gravies for Every Need

(Continued from page 14)

Ham Sauce (for Veal, Game, etc.)

ONE cup Espagnole sauce, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon lemon-juice, salt, pepper.

Heat the sauce, add ham, simmer 5 minutes, remove from fire, add lemon-juice, parsley and seasoning, and serve.

Piquant Sauce

ONE and a half cups Espagnole sauce, 4 small onions, chopped finely, 3 chopped gherkins, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 bay leaf, 1 sprig thyme. Simmer the vinegar, onion and thyme and bay leaf until reduced to half quantity. Strain, add the sauce, gherkins and capers, and boil for 5 minutes.

Grape and Lemon Sauce

TO 1 cup water allow 1 wineglassful of grape-juice, the juice and rind of 1 lemon, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 or 4 lumps sugar.

Grate the lemon rind with the lumps of sugar until all the outer rind is removed. Add the juice of the lemon. Melt the butter, blend in the flour, and cook, without browning, for 10 or 12 minutes. Add the water, stir until it boils, add the lemon-juice and sugar. Cool slightly, and then add the yolks of eggs, which have been beaten up with the grape-juice. Stir until the sauce thickens and pour over and round the pudding, or serve separately.

Maitre D'Hotel Sauce

ONE cup Bechamel sauce 4 tablespoons butter juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, seasoning.

Heat Bechamel with a little water until it boils; reduce w add the butter, bit by bit, stirring constantly. Strain, add parsley, lemon-juice and seasoning; re-heat and serve.

Custard Sauce for Puddings

USE 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Bring milk to boil, add sugar, cool slightly, and add to the well-beaten eggs. Strain into a double boiler, and stir until the mixture thickens—never allowing it to boil, or it will curdle. Stir in the vanilla and serve.

Adenoids and Tonsils

(Continued from page 29)

flammatory type. To understand the train of sequelar following the blocking of the nasal passages by the adenoid, one must study the function of the nose. The nose, of course, is always regarded by the layity as the organ of smell. While it is a fact that the apparatus for smelling is situated in the upper part of the nose, this organ plays a far greater part in the human economy than is contained in the sense of smell, namely, the preparation of the air for entering the lung. This preparation we will speak of under three heads:

(1) Elimination of dust, dirt, and bacteria by means of hairs and protective cells.

(2) Warming of the air before it comes in contact with the delicate lung tissue.

(3) Adding moisture to the air so that it will not dessicate the respiratory passages.

The two latter functions are called on in the nose by as modern a heating system as has been devised to-day. This is accomplished by a series of curled boney plates which are literally covered with a series of heating tubes in the form of blood vessels filled with rapidly moving warm blood. Moisture and warmth are added from this source, so that when the air reaches the lung, if it has been prepared correctly, it has been purified, warmed and moistened.

Now if obstruction occurs so that the air cannot circulate through the nose, mouth breathing results, the air passing through taking up a certain amount of moisture and heat from the mouth and throat-structures not built for this purpose. The result is that the air is not properly prepared for the lung. The mouth and throat become dried and uncomfortable the lips often cracking. The cold air of winter not being properly warmed enters the lung, predisposing towards a chest which will take cold easily. Without taking time at present to deal with the tonsils, one may say at this point, that the presence of enlarged tonsils will increase the difficulty in breathing, particularly when mouth-breathing.

One naturally asks the question what is the result of nasal obstruction? Has it any effect on the development of the child? It is but natural that some defects should follow—for one cannot have nature's machinery ill-used without trouble arising. The defects vary with the age of onset of the marked symptoms.

Special Care for Infants

IN young infants nasal obstruction calls for increased work on the part of the chest muscles to overcome the obstruction to inspiration. Infants usually sleep with their mouths closed, even if a good deal of obstruction be present. This brings about a deformity on either side of the breast bone, in the form of a groove running at first downwards but gradually turning outwards. Instead of a well-round smooth chest wall, the breast bone is unusually prominent and this combining with the grooves on each side gives what is usually described as a pigeon-shaped chest. Some mouth-breathing with its imperfect preparation of the air develops dryness of the mouth and throat. This imperfect respiratory action results in poor oxygenation of the blood, the child becomes listless, and mentally is not acute.

Gradually the child acquires what is called the "adenoid facies" in which the bridge of the nose is flattened, the lower jaw dropping, resulting in the formation of a narrow face, the mouth open and the whole expression stupid. As the teeth start to come in, owing to the cramping by the narrow jaws, they are forced out of their normal position, resulting in teeth deformities.

In our next article, we will deal further with the tonsils and the treatment of adenoids and tonsils.

DU PONT CANADIAN INDUSTRIES (1910) LIMITED

Children are Hard on Upholstery

But children can't injure Fabrikoid. Fabrikoid is made in exact duplication of finest grade leather. It is extremely handsome in appearance. It is stainproof and waterproof, but soft, pliant and comfortable.

It is tough, but does not crack or "rub".

When you are buying furniture, see that it is upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid. If you are having your furniture re-upholstered, specify Fabrikoid.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKLET.

We have prepared a booklet called "Home Upholstering." It tells how to renew the appearance of shabby, worn furniture. You can do much of this work yourself with the assistance of this booklet. We will be glad to send you a free copy.

DU PONT FABRIKOID CO.

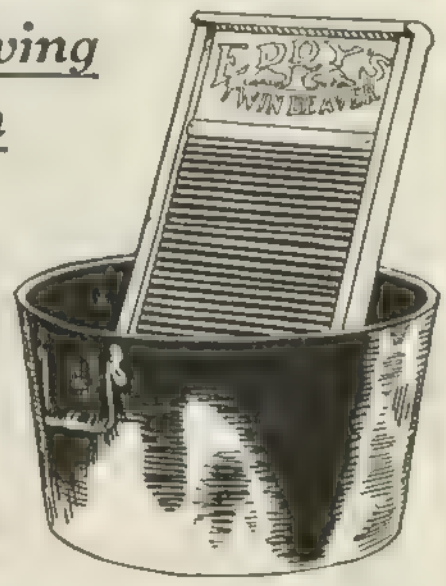
Sales Office

63 Bay St. : TORONTO

B-4

DU PONT

A Labor Saving Combination



"IT is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." So runs the old proverb. And it is the little *extra* efforts which tire you out on washday.

Eddy's

Indurated Fibreware

Washtubs *and* Washboards

form a combination which save you much extra labor. Indurated Fiberware tubs are much easier to lift and to move about. They keep the water hot for a much longer space of time, because they do not conduct heat as metal does. They are easier to keep clean, because they are made in one piece without joint or seam, and the hard, glazed surface is impervious to liquids or odors. And they cost no more. Last longer, too.

Eddy's Twin Beaver Washboard has a double rubbing surface of Indurated Fibreware which loosens the dirt quickly and saves many tiresome motions.

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited

HULL, Canada

Also makers of the Famous Eddy Matches B-7

Bottle Cleaner—Baby Healthier

Read what the maker of a famous baby-food has to say:

"Simply rinsing feeding bottles in water will not do. As soon as the meal is finished, the bottle should be rinsed with hot water and Gold Dust, *otherwise the fatty constituents of the milk cannot be removed from the inside of the bottle.*"

But—be sure it *is* Gold Dust you buy. The name FAIRBANK'S and The Twins are on every package.

GOLD DUST

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED, MONTREAL

MADE IN CANADA

Nature Helps All Who Help Themselves

and the best help comes from Beecham's Pills. Who can do full duty in this world if hampered by ill health? The failures are those whose ambition or power to work has been destroyed by sickness. Take a proper pride in your physical welfare and you will be a success. The race is to the swift, the prize to the able. Any derangement of stomach or liver interferes with your well being and happiness and makes your day's work distasteful.

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

Sold Everywhere in Canada

Take Beecham's Pills

when you feel out of sorts. They make all the difference. They cleanse the blood, tone the system, strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, and change the fear of failure into the certainty of success. For seventy years Beecham's Pills have been the favorite remedy for all disorders of the digestive organs. They are good not only where a specific remedy is required, but are also an excellent tonic for the general health. Get a box at once and keep them on hand. Try them when you feel out of sorts

And Give Nature a Chance

In Boxes: 25 cents and 50 cents

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 11*)

had made to him, "they wouldn't let me have her! They wouldn't let her come with me! I wanted to take her by the hand and bring her home. And they wouldn't—She wanted to come! —They wouldn't let me! Oh, Jimmie, they said she was a crazy woman! My darling good mamma! She isn't crazy, she just forgot.

"She said she was Rosie Dale—that was her name before she was married—and that she was eighteen. They had it in the book! And the man laughed!"

"Yes, yes, dear. No, no, of course not," Wardwell repeated soothingly as he carried her up to her mother's room. When Ann had brought her something to drink he sat down beside the lounge on which Augusta lay and began to question quietly.

"Tell Ann and me," he prompted, "just where you went first."

"To Bellevue. It came to my mind so strong. I just had to go there. And I begged and begged with the man who had the book, and then another man came, and at last they let me see the book myself. And there it was, Rosie Dale. You see she'd just forgotten. And I asked the man, and he laughed. He said she was sixty if she was a day! And she thought she was eighteen! They brought her there from a hat factory. She used to make hats when she first came to New York, a young girl. I know it all now."

"And then?" questioned Wardwell quietly.

"Oh, Jimmie, that was more than a week ago. They took her there for 'observation.' Nobody knew anything about her. And they sent her to Ward's Island.

"I went there over the cold, black water. Oh! it was so cold and so black. But I didn't care. I was going to get my darling mother.

"But they wouldn't let me go to her. They said it wasn't the day. And one man was so cruel. He said people ought to take better care of their folks. And, oh, it wasn't my fault! Was it, Jimmie?"

"No, no, child, of course not."

"And then they did let me into the place. And I waited and waited. And then I saw a door open, and I looked in.

"Oh Jimmie, a great big room! And all the most terrible people, looking so queer, and talking to themselves! And, Jimmie, I said: That's Hell in there!

"And then, Oh! Over in a far corner, my poor darling mamma, crouching, her back turned to the rest!

"Oh Jimmie, Jimmie! She didn't know me at all! But she isn't crazy! You know she isn't! She's just forgotten.

"They took me away. They said I couldn't have her. They said I was only a little girl. Where was my father? Didn't I have any brothers?

"And so they said—It was the head doctor now—He said I couldn't have her, I wasn't of age, I couldn't make a home for her.

"Then they—He said if I was married and had a husband and a home I could have her. That was the only way.

"Can that be so, Jimmie? Can that be so? Is that the only way I can take her out of that place and have her? Have I got to be married to have her with me? Have I got to be married?"

"Why, no," said Jimmie, rising sharply and striding across the room. "Why no, certainly, of—of—course not—of course not!"

Then he turned to meet the brilliant, half hysterical, pleading eyes of the girl fixed full upon him.

"Of course not. Of course—" he murmured, sitting down again.

AUGUSTA'S question was still ringing in Wardwell's ears the next morning, as they stood near the bow of the "Thomas J. Brennan," shivering in the driving spray of the East River. He had gone out late last night to look up a lawyer friend. He had learned that what had been told Augusta yesterday was practically correct. Short of having a good deal of money, there was no way in which she could have her mother's "commitment" set aside except by having a husband and the surety of a home.

He had not told Augusta what he had learned, and he knew that she was bringing him over here to-day in the hope that he, or they combined, could induce the hospital people to let her mother go home with her. He knew that it was impossible, that they could do nothing. But he had come because Augusta would have come anyway, and he could not see her facing it alone.

They brought the patient out to where Wardwell and Augusta sat. They had not been able to find clothes to fit the large woman. The sight of her, untidy, forlorn, the great hopeless wreck of her shapely, competent self, brought a fresh shudder to Wardwell. He dared not look at Augusta.

"You know me this morning, don't you, mamma?"

"Oh yes, daughter, of course, of course." The big woman gently disengaged herself from Augusta's clinging embrace and turned to where she had caught a glimpse of Wardwell.

"Oh, Mr. Jimmie, is it you? I thought of you when they didn't come to find me. But I couldn't think of the place. I got lost, it seems. My memory's not as good as it was. And every day I was looking for a sight of my little daughter Augusta coming to look for me. But I wouldn't like her to see me here."

"Why, mamma darling," the girl broke in, "I'm your Augusta! I'm your daughter. You called me daughter yesterday. Don't you know me to-day?"

"Yes, daughter, hush; yes, to be sure."

Rose Wilding drew quietly away, leaving Augusta dazed and heart-sick. A fear more terrible than all—that her mother didn't know her at all—would never know her—fell black upon her. True, her mother had called her "daughter." But she remembered that Rose Wilding had always had a habit of calling every girl daughter. Every girl in the neighbourhood had been daughter with her.

The big woman took Wardwell by the hand and led him aside into a corner of the room.

"They're all like that here," she explained in a cautious whisper. Every one of them thinks she's somebody else. I suppose the poor thing heard me speak of my daughter, and it wandered into her head that she was the one. And you might as well humour them. It does them no harm. You never can tell what they'll think of next. God help all that's afflicted!"

"But, that is your Augusta," said Wardwell.

"Now, Mr. Jimmie, you know you're always at your nonsense!" Rose Wilding answered, smiling slowly at him.

Now, curiously enough, it was that smile that brought the perspiration to Wardwell's forehead. It was the sane, deep, slow-breaking smile of Rose Wilding herself, the smile that had won the heart and the confidence of every child in every poor family of the parish. They knew her all, the big woman, the big woman of the smiling eyes, the mother heart, the never empty hand. There was Rose Wilding herself, in that smile. And yet, and yet—Wardwell reached at his tightening collar—there was a something else, a something deeper, farther away, elusive. And there was poor little stricken Augusta standing alone in the middle of the room. He could see the sharp pink tips of her nails cutting into the palms of her hands as she fought back the bursting tears.

The blood rushed back into his heart and he felt himself gasping as a man does when he takes the leap in a desperate, cold dive. He did not know whether he was a good man or not. He did not know whether he was kind or cruel. But he knew that he had the answer to Augusta's question of the night before.

He loved Augusta with a love which had deepened in these weeks from a boy's harum-scarum affection into the deep, tender, protecting love of a man. He loved her, and would have given his life to save her the anguish of having to leave her mother in this place. Yet, he knew that it was unfair, wrong, unnatural. For her mother's sake, Augusta would sacrifice herself and marry any man. Wardwell knew it. Being Augusta, there was no choice for her. It was cruel, an outrage on her brave girlhood. But—So help him God!—he'd try to see that she never suffered from it.

Thus Wardwell of the funny sheet.

He found Augusta out in a long, black corridor, looking from a window down across the dreary face of the water. She was so pathetically little, so tender, so sensitive, so delicately fashioned for pain! With a queer mingling of emotions, he found himself praying that she might be spared; and at the same time almost cursing himself because he was not a better man, more worthy of her.

On the boat they were practically alone. And as they stood out near the open prow, watching the cold drift of the spray as it broke over the bow, they saw the busy slits of streets sliding by, saw men and women how they hur-

ried about their own business, saw that no one had time for thought of anything but that which concerned himself in the way of living.

And I think it came to both these two, at the same moment, how really alone they were out of all the world. Their doings or their thoughts were of no account to anyone. And in the weeks a common thought, an anxiety shared, had drawn them together, had almost made them forget that there was a world around them.

Suddenly Augusta shivered and cowered against Wardwell's arm.

"I can't," she moaned brokenly. "I can never stand it! I shall go mad so they'll have to put me in there too! And I know that if they'd only let me have Mamma she'd get all better and know me. If she was only at home, she'd remember everything!

Wardwell put his arm gently around her shoulder.

"I didn't mean to say it this way, dear," he said softly. "But I think you know what I feel. I probably wouldn't be much good, but I'd serve."

Augusta turned to look gravely up at him. It was a new and strange Wardwell this, serious and humble. He was so downright and simple, so clear in his boyish honesty; she had not the slightest question. He meant just what he said. He wanted her.

She reached up quietly and, taking his big blond face in her little hands, kissed him deliberately on the lips.

Wardwell was astonished, frightened almost, by the steady, instant decision of the girl's way. He had expected to plead, to reason, to argue her into giving way to him—while all the time he would be doubting whether it was right. But she had taken decision out of her own wise heart. And Jimmy Wardwell had never again a thought but that it was the right decision.

They stood a little while clinging to each other, entirely untroubled by any part of the world that might be looking on or interesting itself.

The strain of the weeks seemed to have lifted from him. And although he knew that there were difficulties ahead, he was in the mood to consider them all mét and vanquished. He was, in fact, Wardwell himself again. Augusta saw the mood, knew that this feeling was largely intended to make a hard place easy for her, and she was willing to fall in with it, to a certain extent.

"You mustn't spend all of your two dollars, Jimmie. You know you'll have a lot of expenses."

"Who said two dollars? I've got more than two dollars. I've got investments, mining stocks, real wealth. I've got friends—I can borrow, potential wealth. I've got a headful of jokes, and jokes without heads, or tails; all wealth. And, if all these will not suffice, I've got a dress suit!" he wound up in a hoarse dramatic whisper, looking warily around to see that his admission was not caught by any who might have avaricious designs toward the suit.

"Yes, but you'll need the dress suit."

"Not at all," he contended furiously. "We'll be married early in the morning, when I couldn't possibly wear the thing. I wouldn't feel respectable."

"I insist on the dress suit," Augusta said firmly. "So, come,"—she was leading him towards the cross-town car —, "I'll pay the fares, so you can save the whole two dollars for some mighty extravagance."

"I suppose you're beginning the tyranny. But I haven't got the will to resist. This is married life, I suppose," he grumbled as he followed her to the car.

"I wonder who teaches them to begin right from the beginning? Anyhow, it's going to be a success," he groaned as he sat down beside her. "I can feel it right from the start. Already I'm subdued, tamed, tractable!"

"You are a kind, dear gentleman," said Augusta with a sudden gentle look up at him. And Wardwell went strangely silent.

In the evening of the day that they were married, Rose Wilding came home with them.

Augusta had managed to dress her into the outward semblance of her old self. And in everything but the subject of Augusta she seemed reasonable. That subject they did not press upon her. And when she wondered why her little daughter had not come to bring her, they merely said that Augusta would be waiting for her at home.

Augusta had made absolutely no changes in the house, trusting that the presence in its own place of every remembered thing would awaken in her

(*Continued on page 48*)

Just 1 Point— SATISFACTION

There is only *one* point in any agreement

between you and John Hallam Limited when you buy your furs by mail and that is: *you must be satisfied.*

Satisfaction must be yours—satisfaction in price—in quality—in appearance—in style—in wear.

When you buy furs you want them to wear well for a long, long time.

We secure the raw furs direct from the Trapper, select the most suitable, make them up into **Hallam Fur Coats or Sets** in the latest fashions, and sell them *direct to the wearer by mail.*

All under our direct supervision; this is why we *know* HALLAM FUR GARMENTS are *good.*

Hallam's GUARANTEED Furs "From Trapper to Wearer"

Then by our policy of selling direct from *Trapper to Wearer* you save all the middlemen's profits.

And how easy for you; simply look through HALLAM'S Fur Fashion Book, select the articles you think you like and send the order to us by mail. No time wasted—no noise. No waiting in a busy store; no bother and no urging by an anxious sales clerk. Then by return you receive your furs; the whole family can examine them in your own home without interference and at your leisure.

If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply send the goods back and we return your money in full at once, as this is our positive guarantee under which all HALLAM FUR GARMENTS are sold.

You cannot lose—be up to date.

Buy your Furs by Mail from Hallam

It is easier—more pleasant—and cheaper.

Address in full as below.

John Hallam Limited

1233 Hallam Building, TORONTO.

THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA

MUSKRAT COAT
Hudson Seal Trimmed

This beautiful Muskrat and Hudson Seal Coat is 48 inches long with skirt 80 inches in width. Has deep rolling collar, cuffs, patch pockets and full belt, all of finest quality HUDSON SEAL. Beautifully lined with heavy corded silk poplin, fancy pouch pockets, arm shields and fancy ruching all around the edge. Sizes 32 to 44.

Price delivered to you:

No. 325 Coat . . . $189.00
No. 326 Muff. . . . . $ 25.00

FREE

The beautiful 1920 Edition of Hallam's Fur Fashion Book—this book contains 48 pages and cover, with over 300 illustrations of Hallam's Fur Coats and Sets—all of these are actual photographs showing the articles *as they really are*—no exaggeration and every article listed is a *real bargain.* The book shows you a much greater variety than you can see in most stores and will save you many dollars. Write to-day for your free copy.

We pay Highest Prices for Raw Furs at all times.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package with directions for use sold by all druggists.

BOVRIL

Canada Food Board License No. 15-249

The New Overland 4 With Three-Point Cantilever Springs, the Greatest Improvement in Riding Comfort Since Pneumatic Tires

THIS new Overland 4 *has a springbase of 130 inches*—yet its wheelbase is only 100 inches.

It is a brand new type of car with an entirely new standard of riding comfort.

The springs are Three-Point Cantilever Springs of Chrome Vanadium steel, a new type of spring exclusive with this new Overland.

They give the Overland 4, with its light weight and ease of driving, the riding-comfort and road steadiness formerly confined to heavy, expensive cars of long wheelbase.

They end bouncing and vibrating over the bumps. They stop the usual swaying, twisting and jars that fatigue the passengers and rack the car!

The wheels and springs go up and down, following the bumps, but the passengers and car are shielded from the blows of the road. The Three-Point Springs protect the mechanism from road injuries and prolong the life of the car.

Light weight brings great economy of tires and gasoline.

High quality materials and workmanship are used in Overland 4 throughout. Its equipment is like that of expensive cars, complete from Auto-Lite Starting and Lighting to its Demountable Rims.

Ask the Overland dealer to show you this new motor car which has been tested more than 250,000 miles, let him explain to you its exclusive Three-Point Cantilever Springs, then—

Select rough roads that you formerly dreaded to ride over and see what it means to ride in Overland 4.

Overland 4 Touring, $1195; Roadster, $1195; Coupe, $1845; Sedan, $1995—
f. o. b. Factory, Toronto, War Tax included.

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED
Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters
Head Office and Works, Toronto, Canada
Branches: Montreal, Winnipeg and Regina

Could You Use a $5.00 Bill?

Then Find the Answers to These Questions:

FROM whose advertisements were the following expressions taken? The first column are phrases taken from advertisements appearing in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. The second column are advertisements which do not appear in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, but you have seen them numbers of times elsewhere. They are household names having become so familiar to us all:

1. "Lively and Lasting"	1. "Never say dye, say—"
2. "Is the instrument of accuracy"	2. "It's all in the shreds"
3. "It always gives satisfaction"	3. "Tougher than oak"
4. "Is tough but does not crack"	4. "Look for the Sheep"
5. "Infants and children thrive on it"	5. "The watch for all time"

After you have found these phrases say what you know in as brief language as you can. If you do not know the product or cannot find the phrase, say so. *We want an exact expression as to whether you are acquainted with the goods or not.*

For the neatest, briefest and best letter received on or before November 10th, we will pay $5.00; second best, $3.00; third best $2.00; next 5 best letters, 5 selected books will be given.

EVERYBODY TRY THIS!

SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO BEST ANSWER CONTEST **Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.**

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 47*)

mother the sense of security and home. And for a little time, as she watched her mother walking slowly about her own room, touching a curtain here, a pillow there, as had been always her busy way, the girl felt sure that it was going to have just that effect.

But she observed that her mother soon became restless. She kept glancing over her shoulder and sidewise at Augusta who sat in her own little low chair which from childhood had been her favourite seat, just below the big red post of her mother's bed. She was remembering now how it used to be the greatest glory of her day to sit and watch with adoring eyes the combing out of her mother's great waves of wonderful dark brown hair. It was snow white now, but still abundant and strangely beautiful.

"Mamma," she said suddenly, "let me take your hair down and run it through my fingers. Remember, you used to say it always took away a headache."

Rose Wilding looked suspiciously over her shoulder. What was running in the poor disordered mind it is hard to say. But when she turned she spoke kindly and quietly.

"Don't you think it's time you were going back, child? Won't they be missing you—there?"

Poor Augusta's heart turned sick with failure. She threw herself down kneeling at her mother's feet, begging and crying:

"Mamma, mamma darling can't you remember! Try to remember. I'm your Augusta! Your little daughter! Augusta! Augusta!" she cried hysterically, trying in pitiful futility to pierce the cloud of her mother's mind by sheer loudness.

But Rose Wilding only smiled with a gentle patience, and lifted her up, petting her.

"There there, daughter, hush now, hush. I'll let you stay here. Though I wonder that they'd allow it."

Augusta ran out of the room and came down the long hall to the common sitting room, where she found Wardwell at the table reading. She fell into a chair at his side and dropped her head upon his arm where it lay extended o the table.

"Jimmie, Jimmie," she cried miserably, "it's no use! I've failed, failed!"

"No you haven't either," said Jimmie quickly, as he raised her head and lifted her face up to him. "Of course there's always a fly in the icebox, kid. But no one has ever failed when he's done all his part as you have. And at least you have her here where you can make her comfortable and can know what's happening to her."

"I know, Jimmie, I'm happy even for that. But I was so sure, so sure that she'd know me and be better right away."

"She is better," said Jimmie stoutly. "Her mind is at rest, except about you. She is not able to place you. There is something about you that she has never seen before. She does not know you."

He stopped short, struck by a sudden thought as he looked down with quick intensity upon the golden shot circle of Augusta's head and into the deep, pain clouded eyes.

When he spoke it was in the slow, rising voice of one who struggles toward a new and amazing conviction.

"She is right," he said in a low voice. "You are not her Augusta."

"Why Jimmie, Jimmie," the girl cried in a trembling voice. "Are you ——? What can you mean?"

Wardwell seeing the quick leap of anguish in her eyes hurried to say lightly:

"Nothing at all, as per usual. Only, you see, when she went away, you were a little girl with a little curl. And now—she can't understand it—the little girl is a —woman."

Augusta put her hand softly into Wardwell's palm and said gently, soberly:

"Your woman."

Wardwell started as though a hot iron had touched him. The homely expression, in the way she had put it, and meant it, the gentle dignity of her complete surrender, went to his heart, and flashed up into his brain the revelation of the heart holiness that this little girl had brought to-da, to the ceremony which, after all, had meant so little to him.

He closed his hand blindly over the little hand that lay on his, and bowed his head.

A slight rustling noise came from the hall, and Augusta leaping from her chair ran hastily from the room and down the hall.

She was in time to look through the railing of the stairs and see her mother disappearing down the stairs. She saw her mother look back in a frightened, furtive way; saw that she recognized her; and then saw that she turned to flee from her.

Augusta put her arm out blindly to the wall and leaned against it.

"Go, Jimmie, quick," she moaned. "She'd never come back for me. She'd only run faster and farther. She's running away—Running away from me."

Wardwell hurried down the stairs, and Augusta leaning over the railing heard him as he caught up with her mother on the lower landing.

"Surely," she heard him arguing genially, "you're not going out this kind of a night! It's going to rain cats and dogs in another five minutes."

"I can't stay here." The girl heard the hurried whisper. "It's that girl. They've set her here to watch me."

"No such thing!" Wardwell contended. "She's here—." His voice suddenly dropped to a whisper which Augusta could not understand. She listened with painful tenseness, but she could distinguish no words. After a little, however, she knew that Jimmie's talk was more steady—almost continuous; while her mother's whispers became hesitating and infrequent. Jimmie was winning. Augusta knew just what he was doing. He was telling one prodigous and consequential lie after another, until the poor fumbling mind with which he was contending should be completely turned around and would give in to his bidding like a bewildered child. She choked and almost cried aloud, for the pity of it, though she knew that Jimmie was doing the only thing possible. Then her mind wandered for a moment to another thought, and for an instant she trembled in a cold grip of fear. Would Jimmie ever, for any reason, find it necessary to use his—facility—upon herself.

At last she heard her mother laugh. Jimmie had won!

She heard her mother and Wardwell at the hall door and heard her mother inviting Jimmie into the sitting room for a little chat. Wardwell had always been a favourite with her mother, and she spoke in just the friendly, kindly way she would have spoken in the old days.

Then she heard her mother come into the big bedroom, probably to put down her hat and shawl. When Rose Wilding had gone out and shut the bedroom door, Augusta thought and acted quickly.

She drew from under her own bed the little old cot on which she had slept until she was a big girl. Carrying it out into the big room she carefully set it up at the foot of her mother's bed, where it had stood until Augusta had come to the dignity of a room of her own. Then, bringing bedding for it and fixing it in the old way, she undressed quickly and curled herself into it.

Through the closed door, in the silence of the house, for it was the time when nearly all the boarders were out, she could hear plainly nearly every word said in the outer room.

The rain—it had actually begun to rain a little—was on Wardwell's mind apparently, for he began a fresh story with:

"Do you remember the time of the Flood, Mrs. Wilding?"

"Well—not quite, Mr. Jimmie." And Augusta could almost feel her mother's amused chuckle through the dark. She had always loved fun. And although she herself did not talk a great deal she had always liked to hear the laughter and nonsense of young folks around her.

"Well, you know, that time, McCarty was up a tree. And along comes Noah, sailing, decks awash, and the rain pouring down in gutters.

"Are ye takin' anny Irish this trip, Sor?" says McCarty.

"Noah looks at him with a weary eye. Says he, sorrowfully:

" 'I am a sea-faring man, by preoccupation. I have on board two thousand, three hundred eighty-one married couples. The name of this ship is Trouble. Irish—' he muttered '—Irish!'

" 'Oh, have a heart, Noah,' says McCarty. 'Sure wan more can do little harm. Take me on.'

" 'I won't,' says Noah.

" 'You want!' says McCarty.

" 'I won't,' says Noah.

" 'Well, ye can go to Blazes—It's only a shower, annyway.' "

Augusta, hysterically stuffing the bed clothes against her mouth, heard her mother's hearty, pleasant laugh ring out. And for an instant she thought that her own little play was real; that she was, indeed, the little girl of other years lying in her cot and listening to the grown folks in the other room.

Then her own laughter turned, as laughter will, to hot, choking tears of fear and trepidation that burned her throat.

Finally Wardwell rose, saying:

"Well, Mrs. Wilding, it's time honest folk were in bed, and all rogues were turned out. I'm going before I'm turned out."

"Oh, Mr. Jimmie, there's worse than you in the world. But I suppose it's late. I am tired."

Augusta heard the door close behind Wardwell, and her mother came straight to the bedroom door and pushed it wide open. The full light from the door fell straight across the cot where Augusta lay.

She did not stir, pretending to be asleep. She heard her mother's startled gasp of joy. Then she heard her hurry to the outer door and call to Wardwell:

"Oh, Mr. Jimmie, Mr. Jimmie, come back! Come back!"

Wardwell came running back, and Rose Wilding in a choking whisper told him:

"My little darling! My little Pigeonpie! She's here! She's here, just where I left her! Oh, Dear Heart of God, how I missed her! Come and see, she's sleeping," she whispered.

Wardwell came quietly with her to the door and looked in rather timidly. He did not know quite what to expect.

He saw a little cot, and curled up in it there was what seemed a little girl sleeping. Her loose, tumbling hair had fallen all about the face, and one little hand—a hand upon which there was no ring—held a strand of it, as though the little girl had been playing with her hair when she fell asleep.

He knew it was his wife. But, remembering his own first startled impression, he did not wonder that Rose Wilding, her mind straying in its pain, had gone back through the years to the little Augusta that had been.

Rose Wilding went gently over to the cot and knelt beside it whispering softly. Wardwell stole out of the room and closed the outer door quietly behind him.

Augusta scarcely dared breathe while her mother knelt bending over her. Her little play had succeeded, so far as to set her mother's heart at ease for the moment, but she was in mortal terror of what the effect would be if her mother should realize that she was being deceived.

After what seemed an eternity of anxiety, she heard her mother rise, go out quietly, lock the hall door, and turn out the light. Then she came back and moved about quietly in the dark, preparing for bed.

She did not come to the cot again but got quietly into bed, and in a few minutes Augusta listening to her breathing knew that she had fallen asleep almost instantly like a tired, contented child.

When she was sure that her mother was sleeping soundly, Augusta rose, found a dressing robe and slippers, and stole like a thief out into the hall.

Wardwell was in the common sitting room, alone. He did not hear her coming. He was reading, and she stood a moment in the doorway looking at him, before she said:

"Jimmie."

He looked up and said, as though he had the words all ready studied and framed:

"That was nothing less than inspiration, dear."

"I do not know," said Augusta hesitatingly. "I was very frightened. Is it—right?"

"Yes," said Wardwell simply. "It's right. However it is in the daytime, when you're dressed, she'll never leave this house so long as she hopes to find you there, like that, at night."

"Then—Good night, Jimmie."

"Good night, dear."

She turned away a step or two. Then she turned quickly back to the door and said:

"Jimmie."

"Yes, dear."

"Sometime, when you need it badly, God is going to be very good to you."

And she was gone.

ROSE WILDING did not rise from her bed the next day, nor, in the daytime, for many days. When she had come home in the evening she had looked, to the casual eye, as robust as ever. But in the morning it was plain that she had fallen into a complete mental and physical collapse.

It seemed that she must have gone on upon the sheer strength of terror and worry, until, once finding the little girl, as she thought, the stimulus was gone; and her strength and her interest in life had gone with it. To her own

(Continued on page 50)

You Can Buy

Food for Little or Pay Ten Times as Much

The Man's Need

is largely for energy. This is what energy costs—at this writing, per 1,000 calories—the unit of measure:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	5½c
In Round Steak	33c
In Veal or Lamb	50c
In Average Fish	50c
In Hens' Eggs	50c

The Boy's Need

is for energy too. But also for protein, the body-builder. And this is what protein costs at current prices when figured alone:

Cost Per Pound For Protein	
In Quaker Oats	70c
In White Bread	$1.30
In Hens' Eggs	$2.45
In Ham	$4.00

Compare Cost With Quaker Oats

These are times to figure on food values and food costs.

You should know that Quaker Oats supply 1810 calories of energy per pound. Lean beef supplies less than half that, eggs about one-third that, fish about one-sixth.

You should know that oats are one-sixth protein, the food for growth.

You should know that Quaker Oats cost only one-ninth average meat foods for the same calory value.

Quaker Oats
5½ Per 1000 Calories

Meats
up to 50c per 1000 Calories

$10 Saved On Breakfasts

The average family can save $10 monthly by making Quaker Oats the basic breakfast.

The cost is only one-half cent per dish. The food is the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. It supplies essentials which most foods lack.

Nature has also made it the most delightful of all grain foods. Serve it every day.

Quaker Oats

The Supreme Food Made Delicious

You get a matchless flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

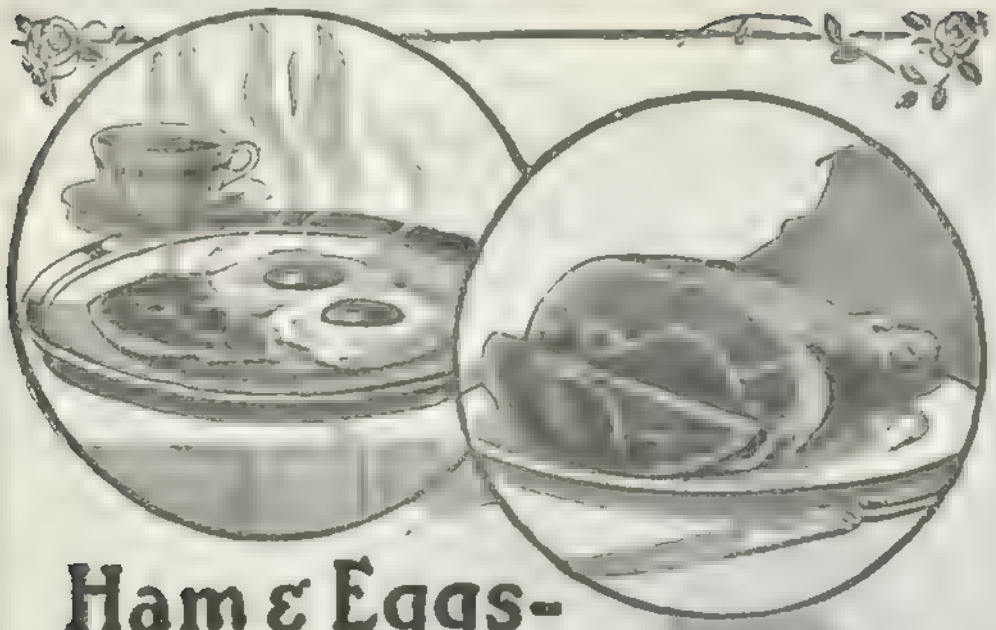
This extra flavor costs no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get it.

35c and 15c per Package

Except in the Far West

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3227



Ham & Eggs—Cold Ham

"A ham in the house is worth ten in the store," for its uses are manifold. With it you can prepare tasty meals on short notice.

For breakfast, dinner or supper serve

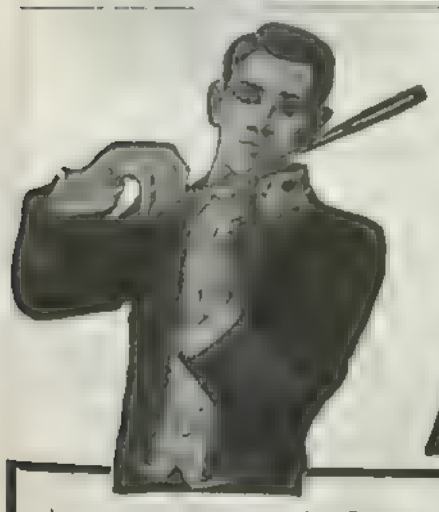
ROSE BRAND HAM

The Ham Delicious.

Its flavor makes it a delicacy that no one ever tires of.

Sold Almost Everywhere.

CANADIAN PACKING CO.
Limited
Successors to
Matthews Blackwell, Limited



LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

SUCCESS

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $60 with my violin. Your lessons surely are fine."—Melvin Freeland Macopin, N. J.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartiest approval of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Moxie N. Lewis, 319 Jefferson Neosha, Mo

"The folks at home are delighted to hear me play the Organ so well. You have a wonderful system of teaching music."—M. F. Allard, Caraquet, N. B.

Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Harp, 'Cello, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Ukelele, Saxophone, Piccolo, Sight Singing, Harmony and Composition, Hawaiian Steel Guitar, Tenor Banjo, Viola.

No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just mail coupon or postal to-day for our new Free Book. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without a teacher, by our New Improved Home Study Method WITHOUT PAYING A CENT FOR LESSONS! Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercise—no inconvenience, no trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, amazingly easy for even a mere child.

LESSONS FREE

We want to have ONE PUPIL IN EACH LOCALITY AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful easy system of teaching music. FOR A LIMITED TIME we therefore offer our marvelous lessons FREE. Only charge is for postage and sheet music, which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils. Get all the proof, facts, letters from pupils. AMAZING FREE OFFER and fascinating New Book just issued.

WRITE! This is your opportunity for free music lessons. Write to-day for free book and full particulars. Send a postcard, letter or coupon. Write NOW.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

Free Book Coupon

U. S. School of Music, 1010 Brunswick Bldg., N.Y.
Please send me your free book "Music Lessons by Mail" and particulars of your offer of free lessons on any instrument.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. .....

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1010 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N.Y.

The Hills of Desire

(Continued from page 40)

doctor, whom Augusta had called in, she answered quietly, and without seeming to think that any other explanation was necessary, that she was resting and that she did not think that she would get up.

At night when the house had settled into its bedtime quiet, Augusta stole into the little cot at the foot of her mother's bed, and waited.

After a little she heard her mother stir softly in the bed, and then heard her get stealthily out to the floor. She came straight to the little cot, and, as she knelt by it, Augusta could feel her warm breath upon her own tumbled hair. Then, satisfied, she stole softly back into bed and went sound asleep.

This was the first day of the new life for Augusta. And every day that followed through the fall and winter was exactly like it. It seemed that Rose Wilding lived through the day just waiting for the night to come, that she might steal from her bed to find her little girl. She never spoke to Augusta except to answer a direct question. She submitted in a gentle, kindly way to Augusta's every ministration. She smiled at Wardwell and always knew him. But when he would time and again, indicating Augusta, ask who this girl was, she always answered with a deprecating "Hush!" and a pitying glance at Augusta which said plainly that he should not ask, that he knew well enough where the girl had come from and he ought to know better than to hurt her feelings by bringing it up. He asked the question often in a good hearted effort to make her realize that this was Augusta. But, one day, after he had asked it, he saw Augusta's face as she caught her mother's sidelong look. He did not ask the question again.

Gradually the three settled to an acceptance of the state of affairs as they existed in the mind of Rose Wilding. By day, Augusta was the girl that had followed Rose Wilding from "that place." At night, the little Augusta came from somewhere and slept in her place at the foot of her mother's bed.

Wardwell, standing by his wife with the feeling of a strange man watching over a girl baby left suddenly and unaccountably to his care and at the same time with the hunger of a young lover for his sweetheart's first kisses, thought, and thought often, that she was going away from him.

She was unfailingly dear and thoughtful. The moments which she could snatch for him from the ever increasing care of her mother she filled with anxious and touching tenderness. Every day brought him a new and revealing sense of the depth of her spirit and affection. But the feeling of being separated from her came pressing upon him with a two fold weight.

In the day time she played her part as the girl who had come from "that place" with Rose Wilding, while Wardwell looked on heart sick with sympathy for the pain that he knew she carried and with a withering sense of his own uselessness. She played a part. But she played the part so well in her self-effacing patience that he was finding it necessary to remind himself that she was playing a part. It came to the point where he at times caught himself walking rapidly up and down his room and arguing with himself whether this was really his Augusta, or whether he, too, was losing his grip on reality.

At night, when she was away from his sight and he knew that she had gone back into the little Augusta of Rose Wilding's memory, it was, if anything, worse. Here he knew she played a willing part, trying to make the part a reality. For Wardwell knew the darting of her mind and the greatness of her desire; knew that she would stop at nothing, would grasp at every thread of memory that could possibly draw her mother's mind across the vacant wilderness between the present and the past.

But even this double barrier of outward isolation from the Augusta who was his was not the great thing that he feared. The look which he had seen in Augusta's face in the days when they were hunting the city for her mother, that strained, listening look that took her away from him and from everything about them, was often in her eyes now. Somehow he knew that in it she spoke to the spirit of Rose Wilding that wandered in the unknown places.

He did not resent the state of things. But he found himself unaccountably peevish and unwontedly tempted to self pity.

He did not know what was coming upon him. Would not have believed it if he had been told. He knew that they were bad days for him. They were days in which he sat pounding out useless hours at the typewriter, only to destroy the work as soon as he had done it. They were nights when he worked feverishly, bitterly at the jokes and skits that were at once his bread and butter and the bane of his soul.

He came to hate the mere thought of writing at all. He was a failure. Even the things that he could do, the hated jokes that until now had brought him enough for a living, were now failing him. He was not making enough to afford to take Augusta and her mother away from this big house. And the thought that Augusta in the face of all her burdens was obliged to keep it to support her mother and herself, while he barely paid his board drove him frantic.

His marriage had changed his plan of life. He did not propose that Augusta and her mother should be dependent upon the girl's work and the house. It did not occur to him that Augusta was not, and did not intend to be, dependent upon him for a living. There was, of course, a living in the house for herself and her mother, as there had always been. But that was not Wardwell's way of looking at the matter. Augusta was his wife. And it was his immediate business to begin earning enough money for all three of them.

At once he had begun to crowd himself. For a few weeks he had found himself earning more money than he had ever thought possible from his daily work. But it took him only a short time to flood the market of Sunday papers which he had built up for himself. He had not known how thin was the vein which he had been working. In a certain foolish contempt for the thing which he did easily he had thought that he could turn it out mechanically, without heart in it, and in any quantity. He was sharply undeceived.

The first few batches of stories that came back did no more than annoy him. But as the refusals became more and more perfunctory, and more carefully polite, Wardwell knew, with sickening insight, that his stories were not even being read by the editors who used to welcome them.

He knew that he had lost his power through despising it. He had writhed on in ugly despair, cursing the facility with which he could still write; for he knew that it was that very facility which was now his undoing. He had not hoped, but he had kept on trying. Now his money was gone and he must find something.

Jim Ray was sympathetic, and heartily sceptical.

"All rot!" he growled. "Stop biting your finger ends and ease up a little. Your face looks like a rat's with the ferret about three jumps behind. Quit it. Borrow some money. Here, I'm as poor as my own devil but I can get you some. There's lots of the stuff around somewhere. Borrow a hundred and go up on a farm somewhere for a few weeks, and sleep."

"You're all wrong," said Wardwell, still breathing hard, "there's nothing the matter with me. It's the confounded stairs here. They're so steep they lean over backward."

"You need to go easy, I tell you, Jimmie. What you need is a rest."

"Rest! I haven't done a stroke for six weeks!"

"Probably not. But you've been bending over a typewriter till the back ribs are sticking into your lungs."

"What in blazes are you talking about?" said Wardwell bluffly. "If you want to stall me off, why don't you give me the usual thing—'office all full just now, leave your name and address, we'll call you up if we need, and so forth?' Was I so useless as that when I was here?"

"Jimmie," said Ray quietly, "there's plenty of work here for a man as good as you. But you're not able just now to do it, and it would kill you to try. Go home and go to bed, and let your wife take care of you."

Wardwell stared at his friend, trying to outface him, to bluff the thing down by sheer stubbornness. But there was a sickening, cold weakness at the bottom of his stomach. He knew that Ray was seeing through him and finding him out as he had not been able to see himself.

With an odd feeling of curiosity and detachment he walked over to a little square of mirror that hung on a pillar at just the right height for Ray to comb his bald head by. Wardwell took it off the nail and shoved it up the post about a foot and a half.

He was curious to know what it was

in him that Ray had seen. But there was nothing to be seen, except, perhaps, a sort of hunted look about the eyes and a kind of pinched drawing of the nostrils. He did not look at all like a sick man.

"You're all wrong," he repeated stubbornly. "And besides, my wife's got something else to do."

Ray only answered quietly:

"How much are you coughing, Jimmie?"

Wardwell looked around sharply, in a turn of sudden worry. But in a moment he laughed out:

"What the deuce are you doing? Second story work, along with your other little activities? Of course I—I cough a little. But that's just the smoking and the irritation. Confound you, you'd be coughing bricks if you'd been sitting at a machine for six weeks without being able to knock out a good line!"

"I suppose so. But, Jimmie, you'll have to give up this other idea. You don't look well. You'd never stand cold and wet and long waiting. You know the dog's life of a reporter. One good cold would do for you."

"But, I tell you—"

"Jimmie, be sensible for once. Go home and let that good little girl of yours get a good look at you. If she doesn't tell you to pack off out of the city for a while, I'll admit that I'm wrong."

Wardwell stayed a while, arguing mulishly, but Jim Ray did not move from his position. He would not agree to help Jimmie to a job because the latter was not able to work.

A half hour later he was listening restlessly to Doctor Gardner's explanations about "filtration in the upper right lobe" and "weakening of the walls" and gathering in a general way that he was well on the way to being a consumptive. He was telling himself quietly that he did not believe a word of it, that if he could just once strike his stride on a good little story he would be all right in a week.

Finally the doctor prescribed. "You will have to get out of the city at once. Just walk out, don't fuss about it, and go south somewhere, where you can stay out in the open and just lie around and eat and sleep. Don't take work with you, and don't let it follow you. Just walk out and drop everything but the business of saving your life. That's just what I mean, young man. I have not concealed anything from you. And—I'm not exaggerating anything. You must do this now, to-morrow."

Saying nothing, Wardwell rose to go. Inwardly he was grumbling to himself that it was always easy for the other fellow to tell you to drop everything and walk away. But he knew that he could not be churlish. The doctor was probably right and certainly he was honest and friendly. They shook hands in silence, and the doctor, used to seeing people take their news in all sort of ways, let him go without another word.

Augusta had once said that Jimmie sometimes was not quite grown up. Outside in the street he proved it. He turned deliberately and looking up at Doctor Gardner's window, much after the manner of a boy sticking out his tongue in defiance, he said aloud:

"You can go to the devil. I wouldn't leave Augusta now, not to save ten lives."

As an afterthought, before reaching home, he went into a drug store and called the doctor on the telephone. He warned him truculently:

"Tell her my nerves are bad, that's true enough. Tell her any tale you like. But don't tell her—what you've just told me. I won't have Augusta worried now."

He would not expect to hide it long from Augusta, if there was anything seriously wrong with him. She always knew the truth, somehow. But he did not believe literally what the doctor had told him, and he was confident that things could drift on as they were.

"In fact," he said to himself as he walked along in the face of the sharp night wind, "I feel better this minute than I have for a long time. That's just natural contrariness, I suppose."

Augusta was waiting for him, sitting wrapped in a heavy dressing robe reading under the lamp in her mother's sitting room. She was so like a tired little girl that as his glance momentarily followed the stream of the light into the mother's room and fell upon the little cot drawn up and ready at the side of the mother's bed, Wardwell for an instant lost his grip on reality. The fiction at which Rose Wilding's poor wandering mind had grasped seemed to be actually the truth. And Wardwell found that he had to struggle with him-

(Continued on page 52)

My 10 Years With a Corn

By a woman who typifies millions

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns, which remained with me year after year.

I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me.

Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did.

I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared.

It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone.

That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly, and it goes.

I've forgotten what corn aches were.

I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication.

Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly.

When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

B&B Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Chicago, Toronto, New York

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

(980)

CROWN BRAND

Use More Corn Syrup *for* Preserving

Real home-made preserves, and the woman who puts them up—how they're both appreciated!

Preserving is not difficult to-day. The LILY WHITE way has removed the uncertainty.

Most of your preserving troubles have come from using sugar alone. Even the beginner can count on success if she will use half LILY WHITE and half sugar. LILY WHITE blends the sugar with the fruit and makes preserves that will never crystallize.

LILY WHITE and CROWN BRAND are both Dandy for Candy.

Your grocer sells Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited

MONTREAL

Write for Booklet of Recipes

233

LILY WHITE

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 51*)

self before he could remember that Augusta was truly his wife and that she and he had an existence for each other which did not depend on that fiction. But when he looked again at Augusta and saw the woman in her, the steady, self contained, gentle strength that shone in the beauty of her tired eyes, he knew that Augusta was really his. And now for the first time he weakened, his knees bent under him, he felt and was the sick man. He wanted to tell her, to confide, to lean upon her. Angrily he shook the feeling off and came quickly over to sit on the arm of her chair.

"But it's just as I told him. If I could only rap out a decent few lines I'd be all—"

A sharp fit of coughing came up, choking him. He hurried out into the hall. Augusta started to follow him, but a movement in the bedroom caught her ear and she turned back. She wanted to follow him, to make him tell her just what was the trouble. But the fear of what her mother might do was too strong upon her.

For the time, Wardwell had escaped. In his own room, he sat down at the desk, gasping between spells of coughing and trying to smother the noise with his handkerchief. The coughing stopped after a little, and he was surprised to feel a sensation of pleasant warm moisture in his irritated throat.

He cocked one ear up in a funny way he had, as though to listen. Then put his handkerchief to his lips and held it there a moment. When he had drawn it away and looked meditatively for a little while at the red blotch on it, he nodded his head.

He did not take this fresh piece of news argumentatively, defiantly, as he had met the words of the doctor. This was definite, conclusive. He must deliberate. He decided that he would deliberate. That was the thing. This matter must be thought out carefully.

He looked at the typewriter in front of him, for counsel. Then suddenly his arms shot out grabbing the rusted iron frame of the typewriter and hugging it, while his head sank down upon it and he whispered to it in agony:

"God! Never another good line on you!"

This has to be told. In that moment, that battered old contraption of cast iron and rattling keys was more to Jimmie Wardwell than woman, man or child could be. It was dearer to him, it was nearer to where he thought and really lived. And he loved it and hugged it to him, as though already they were trying to take part of his soul from him. For men of Wardwell's kind are like that. When the passion of creation has once gotten fire in their souls, they are damned to live this life alone. No articulate being can come near. And in their loneliness they fasten on something connected with their passion. There have been men who have loved to the death a rickety old table at which they have worked, or even a corner of a garret room.

After a while Jimmie lurched up out of his chair and fumbling got ready to crawl into bed. It was the first time that he had missed going down to say good-night, but he dared not face Augusta to-night.

The idea of dying, physically, meant little or nothing to him. He had never thought of it. He did not think of it now. But the failures of the past months and this last sure sign of physical failure, of the end in fact, threw him into blind panic; not a panic in fear of pain, or darkness, still less of punishment. No, it was the fear that the spirit fire, burning pent up and mad within him, was to be smothered. He was afraid, afraid that he, Jimmie Wardwell, would be snuffed out before he could form and bring out the things that burned within him and craved for expression.

Shivering under the bed clothes, he moaned over and over like a hurt child: "Never another good line!" Until, again like a child in pain, he fell into a sort of sleep.

He did not hear, probably he had forgotten, the girl who came with trembling steps and beating heart to listen at his door for this breathing and then hurried back in anxious fear to her own endless vigil.

A Wardwell debonair and blithe as the early spring morning came into Augusta's sitting room after breakfast. He had swept from him all traces of the storm of the night, and Augusta knew from the first glance that she would learn nothing from him in this mood.

"The glory of the morning,
"The beauty of the dawning,

His First Dress Suit

Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in rapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of *the* boy in his first dress suit—and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

In just a few years when he and Son are looking at the family Kodak Album, he will smile slyly and say—"William, you were *great!* Let's see, how old were you then?"

And the autographic film will tell.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada

Gray Hair Ended

In From 4 to 8 Days

Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

This Test Convinces

Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1307 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1307 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black.... jet black.... dark brown....
medium brown.... light brown....
Name .....
Street..... Town.....
Co..... ... State .....

El-Rado Sanitary Liquid Hair Remover

The "Womanly" Way to Remove Hair

El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it—leaving the underarms soft, smooth and dainty. You can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields and enjoy a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness after removing the hair with El-Rado. Entirely harmless. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin. Ask for El-Rado hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and $1.00 Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. 2, 112 E. 19th St., N.Y.
Canadian Address: The Arthur Sales Co., Dept. 2, 61 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

"The joy of the skies,
"Lies in her eyes—and lies—and lies—and—Oh,
"Well, maybe it only fibs,"
He chanted impudently.

Augusta was standing at the table fixing fruit for her mother. As Jimmie came up behind her she lifted up her face to be kissed. But as Jimmie stooped she quickly lifted the peeled peach she held in her hand and stuck it full into his mouth.

"Aawa—yab yab—yak!" Jimmie expostulated. Then, when he was articulate:

"Peaches is peaches, I'll admit. But some peaches is witches, you'll admit. Anyhow, I won't be kissed now till I've had a bath," he wound up defiantly.

* * *

So the three eddies of life went quietly around, touching each other and lapping a little upon each other, but each one a world by itself. Spring came and slipped well along into May, the street cries changed, the glistening pavements began to throw the heat back up into the house, and the threat of a blistering summer came upon the air. The three little worlds in the house went on so quietly, so unobtrusively, that it seemed that they might have been forgotten, that they might go on indefinitely, that they had been left out of any scheme of change.

But the change came, swift and disturbing as though it had never been expected.

Wardwell heard the cry come up in the still night from the room below him. He had been sitting in the dark, thinking of nothing, his mind at loose ends, but he knew Augusta's cry and recognized in it the trembling, very human fear of death.

As he came to the door of Rose Wilding's room he saw Augusta half kneeling on the bed holding fast to her mother's hands. To Wardwell it seemed that Rose Wilding was making a quivering, feeble struggle to rise. But Augusta evidently knew different. She was pleading in a desperate, pitiful whisper:

"Don't go! Please, darling mamma, don't go till you've know me, just for one little minute! I won't try to keep you darling, I know you want to go. But just look at me once, so that I can see that you know your own Augusta, please darling."

The hands that Augusta held stopped their quivering struggle and Rose Wilding lay quiet, as though listening. Then slowly, naturally, she opened her eyes with the sweet clear light of perfect reason shining gently in them. And she said in a tender, confiding whisper:

"Augusta, my own. Stay close to me. It's—it's lonely—going." With a sigh as of a tired child she closed her eyes and seemed to try to cuddle to the warmth of the young body that was close to her. Then she lay quite still.

After a little Wardwell gently lifted Augusta away. She did not resist, nor did she break out weeping as he had been almost hoping that she would do. Instead, she leaned against him, begging for full assurance:

"She did know me, didn't she, Jimmie!"

"Of course, dear, of course she did."

Then Augusta went slowly over to the little cot which had been her partner in the play of the weary pitiful months and began folding it away.

Through the two days that followed Wardwell did all the necessary things with a calculated care that showed how well he had schooled himself. He saw to everything, anticipated everything, exerting himself more than he had done for weeks, yet always carefully holding himself within the limits of his strength lest a sudden breakdown should come to frighten Augusta.

It was only on the lonely ride back from the cemetery, through the sand pitted lots and broken streets of Greenpoint and across the ferry, that Jimmie began to go to pieces. He was tired, tired of the struggle to keep up, tired of the silly pretense of being a normal, cheery, good hearted fellow. Besides, Augusta did not seem to have needed him. She had not broken down. She would, he thought, have done just as well without him. And he began to pity himself inordinately.

Now he was sure that Augusta was looking at him in a thoughtful, speculative sort of way. Although he knew well enough that Augusta was not aware of his condition, yet it took only a few minutes of this bent of thought to convince him fully that she was wondering what in the world she could do with a hopelessly sick husband on her hands.

The foolish, overweaning egotism of a sick mind in a sick body took sway over him, making him forget everything but his own morbid line of thoughts. Augusta did not need him. He was of no use to her, or to anybody. He never would, in fact, be of any use. It would be better to let it end now. He had never really been Augusta's husband. He had served her as well as he could. But that was over now. She did not need him now. He pressed his self inflicted hurt home and took a sort of miserable pleasure from the pain. She at least could be happy. Why should he drag her down the long dark path with himself. He might live on and on for a deuce of a while—people did, you know. No, he was not going to let the poor girl in for anything like that.

The heady, self-centred resolution took shape rapidly, and he began to fill it in with all sorts of reasonable and thoughtful advantages.

He would drop out now, to day, while things were still in their present state. If he waited at all, Augusta would at once find out his condition and she would—he knew her—immediately break up her house and pack off with him to wherever the doctors told her to take him. And he would be unable to resist once she took hold. Then, in the inevitable end, she would have spent on him whatever money she had—he had never thought to wonder whether it was much or little, or any—her home and her way of living would be gone. He would be gone. And she would be alone, among strangers, with no way of making a living, probably broken down from nursing him—He drew the whole picture and elaborated upon it.

Yes he must drop out to-day, quietly, without a word, and just drift—drift on over towards oblivion. Augusta would miss him, but she would not really need him. It would be all very simple. A short time, maybe only a few days, of knocking around and he would be completely down sick. Then some hospital or other would pick him up, under any name he happened to be able to think of, and—and everything would settle itself without fuss. He particularly did not want any fuss. He was tired and he had found a way to avoid all bother.

He turned smiling cheerily to Augusta. He found her looking at him, studying him with a grave, and, somehow, a different, interest.

Augusta had found herself face to face with a problem of her own.

She had known for a long time that there was something pressing on Jimmie's mind. She knew, of course, that he was not altogether well But, with her own wonderful health and soundness, she could not think of mere illness as the cause of his trouble. She was sure that the trouble was in his heart. He had not been the same since they had known definitely that her mother must so go.

Was that his trouble? He was, in a way, free now.

He had been kind and dear. He had done all that she had asked him—Yes, she remembered now with confusion, she had literally asked him. And he had done everything that she had needed and more than he had promised.

Did he want to go now?

If he did, she must make him go. For she knew well enough, she thought, that Jimmie would never let her know that he wanted to go. He would just stay on and be kind and say nothing. But she must not let him do that.

Yet, with all her reasoning and searching, Augusta was first a woman. There was just one question, and she knew it. With the simple, terrible directness of a child she put it to herself.

Did he love her? She had never known, really. He was so kind, and so good an actor.

They were alone now, for the first time. There was now no one, nothing that they had to think of but themselves.

Fearless and direct as she was, Augusta quivered with the dread of parting, for she had come to love the very thought of Jimmie's nearness. But she knew that they were now facing the elementary facts of life. Childlike, she had not anticipated this hour. She saw now with a startling and vivid reality that, for the sake of both their lives, she must know, before another day, whether Jimmie loved her as a man must love a woman.

A forgotten and unbidden memory came to her in that instant, and although she did not imagine that it had any bearing upon her problem she grasped it and brought it out into the light, never thinking where the consequences might lead.

"Jimmie," she said, turning quickly, "maybe you won't remember, but one day last September I saw you in the Square talking to a lady. She had been

(Continued on page 54)

Whole Grains Made Bewitching

Puffed to airy, flimsy bubbles, eight times normal size.

Made into fragile, toasted tidbits with a nutty taste—delightful food confections.

Children revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible—the greatest grain foods in existence. Every food cell is exploded, every atom feeds.

All mothers believe in whole-grain foods. Then why not serve them in this form, to make the whole grains tempting?

Bring the Milk Dish Back

One great Puffed Grain service is to bring the milk dish back. For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk.

Think what a combination. Milk is a premier food, rich in vitamines. Every child should get at least a pint a day.

Whole Wheat supplies the 16 elements which everybody needs. It is rich in minerals. In Puffed Wheat every food cell is exploded so that every atom feeds.

Here it comes as thin, crisp, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. There is no other way to serve whole grain in such inviting, such hygienic form.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Bubble Grains

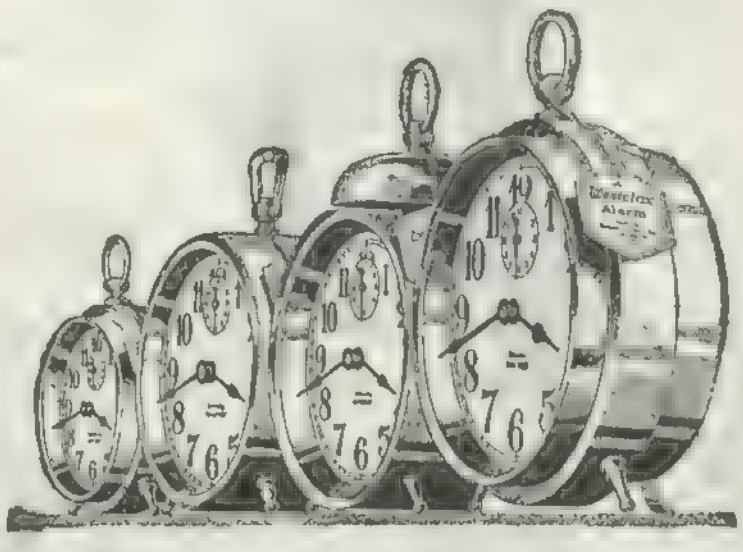
Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

3230



Westclox

WESTCLOX is a short way of saying Western clocks. It means a line of good alarm clocks made by the Western Clock Co.

The trade-mark, Westclox, is printed on the dial of every one: also on the orange-colored, six-sided tag attached to each clock. These marks of quality make it easy to choose a Westclox alarm.

There is a strong demand for Westclox. The present increased capacity is not great enough to supply it. Big Ben, Baby Ben, Sleep-Meter and America have more friends than they can serve.

Western Clock Co.,—makers of Westclox
La Salle and Peru, Ill., U. S. A.

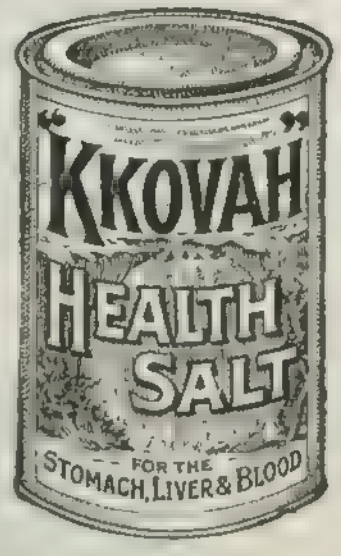
8 a.m.
9 a.m.
10 a.m.

—and *still* you're tired. Not *tired*—but weary. Kind of dissatisfied with everything, at variance with everybody.

It's so usual. *Too* usual, for you're inclined to ignore that languid depressed feeling.

Decide *now* to feel refreshed each morning—eager and ready for work and play alike. Decide now to be HEALTHY.

Kkovah Health Salts are a well-tried maker and keeper of health. They rid the system of impurities, cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver. Just give a helping hand to nature.



In tins of all grocers and stores.

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—Keeps you fit.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LIMITED, MANCHESTER
81 Peter Street, Toronto, Ontario

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 53*)

driving along in an automobile, and she saw you and called to you. Then she drove the machine up to the curb and stopped, and you came and stood with your foot on the running board. While you talked she seemed to be pleading with you about something. Who was she?''

''Ah-ha!'' said Jimmie gaily. ''At last! I am now an accredited and confirmed husband. My wife has begun to delve into my dark past. I am now a married man! Listen, my dear, and I will unfold unto thee a tale:

''That lady—and she was a tall dark lady, mind you—was actually trying to pay me back borrowed money! Did you ever hear the like?''

''She'd borrowed money from you?'' said Augusta with thoughtless emphasis.

''Does sound like a joke, doesn't it,'' Jimmie admitted, with just a tinge of bitterness in his voice. Augusta had unwittingly touched the sore spot which he himself had just been prodding. ''But—''

''Oh, I didn't mean that! Please forgive me, Jimmie, I didn't mean that was at all!''

''It's all right,'' said Jimmie lightly. ''I can explain. There had been a time when she was not as prosperous as she appeared that day. And there also had been times—short and fleeting as they were—times when I had plenty of money. Therefore.'' He turned his hands out before him in a sort of Latin way, as though nothing could be plainer.

Augusta sat back, saying nothing. She was sorry that she had spoken now, and about this. Jimmie, she felt, had told the literal truth. And the incident seemed to make it more difficult to lead up to the things which she must say to-day.

They rode to the door in silence, both subdued by the nearness of a crisis which each foresaw in a different way. As the lugubrious coach drove away, they stood on the sidewalk looking after it, both half conscious that it was the last vestige of an existence with which they were now finished. When it had trundled around the nearest corner and disappeared they turned to each other and, instinctively, like two solemn, slightly frightened children, took hands and went stealing up the steps.

Augusta did not miss Wardwell until evening. When he did not appear for supper, she ran up the stairs to bring him, thinking that he had perhaps fallen asleep. She had been busying herself through the afternoon, putting off the inevitable. And now she decided that it could be put off for still a little longer. She need not speak just yet.

His door stood open, but Jimmie was not there. She wondered that he should have gone out to-day, for she knew he was tired. But, maybe, he had just gone down to the street, and perhaps he would be coming in any minute. She lingered a little, looking around at the signs of Jimmie's ways—a pair of shoes in the middle of the floor, a coat draped perilously from the arm of a chair, a necktie festooning a doorknob, for Jimmie, while he was always wholesomely clean, was certainly not orderly. And then the loose, scrambled piles of papers all over his desk. She had often wanted to fuss among them, to straighten them out and make neat piles of them. But she had learned that this was one of the points on which Jimmie would fight. Anyone might hide his shoes away or hang up his coat or take his neckties away to press, but touch that desk and he would roar. And she had always understood and loved the little boyish jealousy with which he guarded everything he wrote until it was printed.

She went over on tiptoe, to take just a peep at what was on the typewriter.

As if he had known that she would do just this, the words flashed cruelly up at her from the middle of the white paper:

''I am going away, on urgent business—I am very tired.''

Augusta sank down into the chair, covering the words with her arm, sobbing:

''Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, did you have to hurt me this way! I wouldn't have tried to hold you. I would have let you go, and blessed you for the dear good boy you've been to me. I know you were tired. But you didn't need to hurt me!''

After a little she sat up and forced herself to look at the line of words as they stared up at her. And as she studied them she found herself listening for the sound of Jimmie's voice saying them. Then she knew why Jimmie had written the words instead of saying them to her.

She would not have believed him. And Jimmie had known that.

Word by word and tone by tone, she made him say it over to her mind's ear and eye, even to the little lift in his shoulder with which he would have ended—And she knew!

Jimmie did not mean that at all. He did not want to go away from her!

''Urgent' business!'' Love laughed up in her heart. Jimmie and urgent business!

And then the quiet, thinking Augusta came back. This was no caprice, no mere whim of Jimmie's. He had tried to make her believe that he was tired and only wanted escape. He had deliberately tried to hurt her so that she would believe. Jimmie would not have done that without a powerful reason.

And he was gone. Nothing could be more definite than that. If she had seen him packing trunks for a week his going could not have been so convincing. He had simply changed into his everyday street suit and walked out, humming:

''The Priest of the Parish,
''The Clerk and his man
''Went 'round the church yard
''With a red hot brick in his han'.''

Augusta rose and stole to the door to peer down the stairs, half frightened by the distinctness of her image of him. The impression that she had gotten, of Jimmie walking down the stairs, hands in pockets, humming that tuneless old rhyme of his, had been so vivid that for the moment she had thought it real, had believed that she was hearing and seeing Jimmie go down the stairs.

The blank unconcern of the stairway looking back at her chilled her. Jimmie was gone.

A sudden feeling of physical weakness that came over her now brought up to her one thing that she had overlooked. She remembered that she had never really found out what Dr. Gardner had said to Jimmie one night when she had learned that he had gone to see him. Jimmie had baffled her with many words, both wise and foolis'. And the doctor had not told her anything definite. They had both treated her as they would have answered a child. But that was different, then she had been living only for her mother.

Now the conviction came to her that the key to Jimmie's action was to be found in his talk that evening with the doctor. He had never really been the same since. So it was a quiet, determined Augusta who faced the doctor that evening.

''I told him that he was in very bad shape and that he would be worse if he didn't get out of the city at once. That was some weeks ago. But I imagine he went away laughing at me a little. He seemed to have some absurd notion that you needed him, that he was helping you by staying.'' Doctor Gardner wasted no words, for he did not feel that he was any longer bound by the promise of silence that he had made to Wardwell.

''I needed him every moment,'' said Augusta slowly; ''and he stayed until he had done everything.''

''Stayed? Has he gone now?''

''No, no,'' said Augusta quickly. ''I was just thinking—That was all.'' Suddenly it seemed to her that she must not on any account admit that Jimmie had gone away. She must find him now, to-night. She must not let it become established that he had gone at all.

''Of course, you should have let me know,'' she went on hurriedly. ''But then, I know Jimmie. He just talked you into keeping it from me. He can talk anybody into anything if he sets his mind to it. Now I must get home right away.''

She was already on her way to the door, and the doctor, although he had helpful advice ready to offer her, did not try to detain her. He saw that, just now, she wanted nothing but to get away. So he followed her resignedly to the street door, only saying:

''You know that if you need me in any way—''

From the steps she turned and, not trusting herself to speak, grasped his hand impulsively. Then she was gone.

As he stood looking down into the dusk after her, he wondered why she turned west, away from her home. He cleared his throat, to call after her.

But, well, she had always done things herself, in her own way. And she was always right.

Augusta did not know that Wardwell a few hours earlier had sauntered just this way that she was hurrying.

She did not know as she crossed West Street, now silent and deserted as a country road, that Jimmie had walked recklessly through its roaring traffi weakly half hoping that something would happen to him. She did not know that he had stood just where she came to stand, looking down over the railing into the slip between two docks, asking questions of the lapping water.

A dock watchman who stood within a few feet of her put his lantern out of his hand, merely as a precaution. She did not look like any of the many kinds that he had seen coming to look too curiously at the water. But, she was in trouble. Happy people do not come peering down into rivers. He cautiously moved a little closer to her.

Then she turned and, without so much as a look back, crossed the street again and turned north.

"Whatever she was lookin' for," the watchman grumbled, "it wasn't here."

Augusta was not thinking or reasoning, or consciously searching for Jimmie. She had loosened her mind, as it were, and was letting herself drift in his wake. She understood him now. She knew now what he had been going through. She was following every thought of his as it had worked through his brain and had turned out into action. She was feeling with him and suffering the hurt that he had felt. But she was not following him now because she pitied him. It was not because she wished to care for him, to mother him, to make good her debt to him.

She was following him now because she loved him. Up to now she had needed him, his protection, his kindness, his dear thoughtfulness and his cheer. Now she needed him because she had found out, in this last half hour, that she loved him with a desperation that would have frightened her if she had been able to think of it. She did not care whether he was sick or well. She did not care whether he wanted to stay or go. She would find him. She would hold him. She would not stop walking until she had found him. And then she would put her arms around him. And not any other woman, nor even death itself would get him from her.

Now she knew that she was on the right way. Her start towards the river had been a false one, just as Jimmie's had been. Jimmie had had no more real thought of harming himself than she had had of finding the end of her search in the river.

He had just set himself adrift aimlessly, and unconsciously she seemed to know that mere physical weariness would bring him to where all the drifting logs of the city's stream sooner or later come to rest, the park benches.

Through the endless night she trudged, scanning the thousand figures that weariness and misery and failure take when they finally slump down to the friendly darkness of a shaded bench.

Policemen looked sharply after her. Good men looked wonderingly after her. Bad men looked discriminatingly after her. Her soul was sick with the misery and the sordidness that she searched among. But her heart was not afraid. She was right, and love was at the end of her search.

In the gray, haggard dawn she saw him at a little distance, sitting jauntily erect, his hand extended resting lightly on his cane, peering interestedly up into the coming light of the new day—as though he had that moment sat down to enjoy the fresh morning and to wonder at the miracle of dawn.

Augusta trembled in every aching nerve, but her heart laughed as she stole toward him. It was so like him, sitting up making a play at interest, when, as she knew, he probably didn't care whether the day dawned or not.

Then with a little desperate run she was kneeling on the bench beside him and had fairly dragged his head into her arms and was kissing him wildly, passionately.

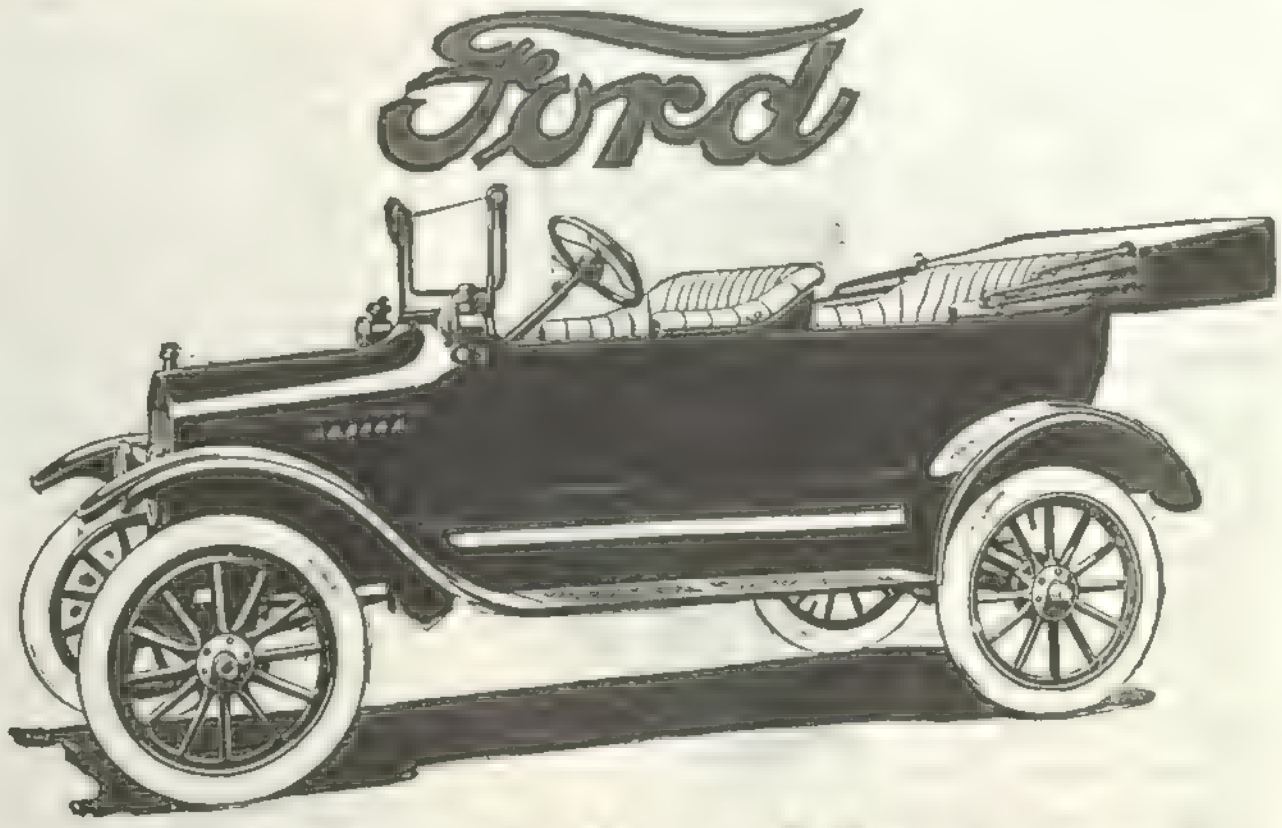
Now Wardwell said not a word. He did not at first seem surprised. It is doubtful if, knowing Augusta and remembering her actions in those days when her mother had been lost, he really had thought that he could lose himself from her in the way he had taken.

But when he found Augusta's arms tight around him something within him awoke with a start. Augusta had kissed him before this—But—

Jimmie Wardwell knew a little of women's love and the ways of it as most men do. But he suddenly straightened up and deliberately pulled one of Augusta's arms away and caught her little face in his hand and looked boldly, hungrily down into her eyes.

For a little while, unashamed and

(Continued on page 56)



"A Joan of Arc Machine"

"SHE withstood everything in the field and above all was, and still is, the last and only car to survive until the cessation of hostilities"—Extract from letter received by Ford Motor Company from a British Soldier, in Africa.

Over shell-torn roads, through water soaked fields, second only to the tanks in its power to climb debris and crater holes, the Ford car made a world famous record in the fighting area of the great war. In press despatches, in field reports, in letters, in rhyme and song the praises of the Ford were sounded.

In France	-	700 cars out of 1,000 were Fords
In Italy	-	850 cars out of 1,000 were Fords
In Egypt	-	996 cars out of 1,000 were Fords
In Mesopotamia		999 cars out of 1,000 were Fords

The Ford power plant that established this world-wide record in every theatre of the war remains the same. It will be in the Ford you buy.

Ford Runabout, $660. Touring, $690. On open models the Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment is $100 extra. Coupe, $975. Sedan, $1,175 (closed model prices include Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment). Demountable rims, tire-carrier and non-skid tires on rear as optional equipment on closed cars only at $25 extra. These prices are f. o. b. Ford, Ont., and do not include War Tax.

Buy only Genuine Ford Parts. 700 Canadian Dealers and over 2,000 Service Garages supply them.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Ford - Ontario

Faces Made Young

I will tell the secret of a youthful face to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. I will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can take the look of age from her countenance. I want every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect to know about my

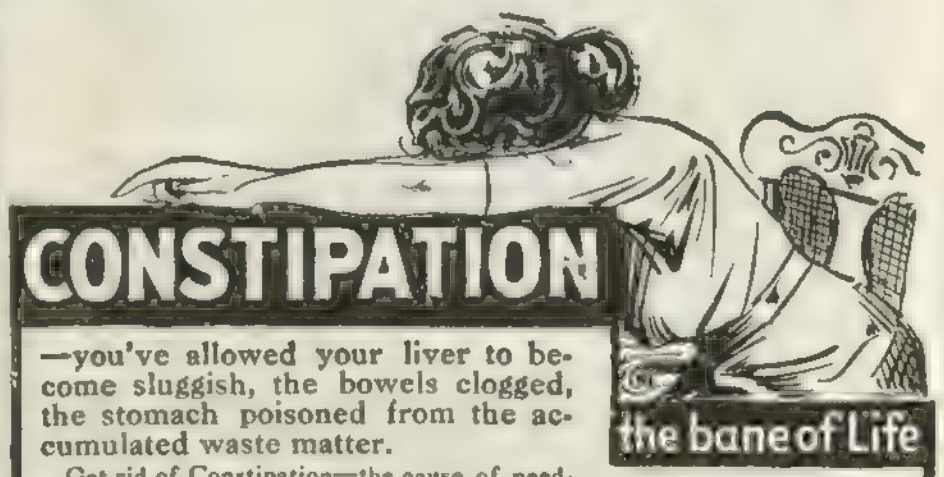
Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will explain all this to any woman who will write to me. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

I absolutely guarantee results. No woman need be disappointed. I offer the exercises at my risk. Let me tell you about them. Write for my Free Book (sent in plain sealed envelope). It will tell you just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 1050 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



CONSTIPATION

—you've allowed your liver to become sluggish, the bowels clogged, the stomach poisoned from the accumulated waste matter.

Get rid of Constipation—the cause of needless suffering, it leads to dangerous illnesses.

Bring about a healthy condition, stimulate your liver—tone up the stomach, gently, surely cleanse the bowels. Take one or two Chamberlain's Tablets tonight. You will feel better in the morning. Sure, safe and reliable.

the bane of Life

Get Chamberlain's Tablets and always keep them handy.

All Druggists 25c, or by mail from
Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto 106

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

What soap to keep skins youthful?

THE *pores* of the skin are the "workshop" of skin-beauty. And unless they are kept free and active the skin cannot be kept fresh and young.

Fairy Soap creams up into a velvety, soothing lather. This lather does not remain in the pores to clog them and diminish their activity. Fairy Soap leaves pores cleansed and freshened. It rinses away—*easily*—*completely.*

Make friends with pure Fairy Soap for your complexion and your bath. Its day-by-day use will help to keep your skin soft, fresh and young.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL

FAIRY

An Autograph Message from Mary Pickford to You

A charming message from Mary Pickford, over her own signature has just been received by the Continental Publishing Company regarding her last and best-loved photo-play, "Daddy-Long-Legs."

"Little Mary" expressed the desire that any of her Canadian friends who wish to receive her autograph message should be given an opportunity to secure it.

Therefore, to Mary Pickford's friends and fans, this facsimile autograph message of the most popular screen star in the world will be given free of all cost with every copy of the Moving Picture Edition of "Daddy-Long-Legs."

Almost everybody is familiar with the delightful story of "Daddy-Long-Legs." The pathetic life of Jerusha Abbot, the outstanding orphan of the John Grier Home, suddenly released from a life of drudgery and transported to a wonderful world of college life, wealthy friends and beautiful clothes by a shadowy benefactor, whose real name she does not know; her delightful vacations on the sleepy old Lock Willow Farm, her friendship with and for Jarvis Pendelton, and her subsequent discovery that her knight of romance and Daddy-Long-Legs are one, offers Mary Pickford the best medium she has yet had for her versatile charm and talent.

The moving-picture edition of Daddy-Long-Legs is profusely illustrated with scenes from the play as given by Mary Pickford, as well as the many amusing pen drawings of Judy. It is splendidly bound in green linen board covers, with a handsome jacket in colors, illustrated with a full-length photo-scene from the play, and featuring Mary Pickford in one of her most charming poses.

This edition of "Daddy-Long-Legs" containing the facsimile autograph message from Mary Pickford to you, may be secured with one subscription to "Everywoman's World" at $2.00. The subscription ma be new or renewal.

You will certainly want this delightfully illustrated Mary Pickford Edition of "Daddy-Long-Legs," containing Mary Pickford's own autograph message, for your own.

Clip this offer and enclose your subscription to "Everywoman's World," or if you do not wish to cut your magazine, simply enclose your remittance in a letter, mentioning the Mary Pickford Autograph Message, and the moving picture edition of "Daddy-Long-Legs," with Mary Pickford's facsimile autograph, will go forward to you at once.

Continental Publishing Co.
253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

I enclose 1 subscription to Everywoman's World at $2.00 (name and address enclosed). Please send me the Mary Pickford edition of Daddy-Long-Legs with Mary Pickford's facsimile autograph.

Name .....

Address .....

The World Shadow

(*Continued from page 12*)

already won in Canada and the United States is being repeated in England. But, after all, his ability to portray fittingly the stirring scenes and virile drama of a labour story such as "The World Shadow" is best predicted by the success Mr. Knoles won by his direction of "Bolshevism on Trial," the value of which is attested by exhibitors all over the American continent, who hail this picture as one of their most artistic, attractive and popular drawing cards. Mr. Knoles has been assisted in the making of "The World Shadow" by Mr. George Kelson, himself a motion-picture director in his own right.

Much of the success won by Harley Knoles as Director is due to the fact that he has insisted on working so far as possible with a company of players of his own selection. Many of the players who are to be seen in "The World Shadow" have been under his direction in previous photo-plays.

THE leading part in "The World Shadow," that of an honest and earnest labour leader is played by Tyrone Power, the distinguished English Shakespearean actor, whose work in the United States in modern plays marked him as one of the leaders of his profession. Canadians probably know him best through his masterly performance of "the drain man" in "The Servant in the House." He is best known in pictures as playing the leading part in "Where are My Children," one of the sensational money-making successes of its time. The leading woman is Miss Dorothy Bernard who has, for some seasons, been a motion-picture star. She was for a long time with the Fox Corporation where she was starred in such productions as "The Little Minister" and "The Bondsman." She was for some seasons co-star with William Farnum. In "The World Shadow" she plays the Capitalist's daughter. Opposite to Miss Bernard plays John Rutherford, just back from doing "his bit" in the Great War, and who is well known on the English and American Stage. "Baby Joan," a little girl, who during her stay in Trenton has been a popular entertainer at many functions is, in spite of her tender years, a well-known figure in the screen world and was a star in pictures before she was six years old. The others in the cast are Lucille Mannion, Natalie Ostland and Lewis Stern, together with an army of supernumeries, and it must not be forgotten that Mayor Alexander, of Trenton, and several other prominent citizens will find themselves immortalized on the screen in "The World Shadow."

The few remaining scenes needed to complete the picture will now be taken in Montreal and it is expected that the complete production will be showing throughout the principal cities of Canada within the next six weeks.

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 55*)

fearless, her eyes gave him back his answer. Then her lashes dropped in surrender, and Wardwell, as though life and strength had suddenly been poured into him, caught her up bodily to him and hugging her tight started to carry her to the nearest street.

(*To be continued*)

It Takes Courage—

TO live according to your convictions.

To be what you are and not pretend to be what you are not.

To say "No" squarely and firmly when those around you say "Yes."

To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some special advantage.

To refuse to knuckle down to and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though you are poor.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in your ruins the elements of future success.

To refuse to do a thing which is wrong because others do it, or because it is customary and done in trade.

To stay home evenings and try to improve yourself when your comrades spend their evenings having a good time.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods which you could easily use yourself.

To refrain from gossip, when others about you delight in it, and to stand up for an absent person who is being abused.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice, but stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.—The New Success.

SEW EASY

It's so easy to sew when your machine is oiled regularly with 3-in-One. The entire mechanism fairly hums. Leg-and-back-weariness from hard pumping is done away with

3-in-One

The High Quality Machine Oil

penetrates to the innermost friction point of every bearing. Works out accumulated dirt and old caked grease. Has the viscosity to stay in the bearings and lubricate perfectly. Won't dry out. Non-gumming. Non-acid. Contains no grease. Prevents rust on polished metal parts. Makes painted metal shine. Restores the beautiful finish of wooden case and eliminates surface scratches. Use on a new machine to keep it new—on an old machine to make it act and look like new.

3-in-One is made in its own Canadian factory and sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-in-One Handy Oil Cans.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
Montreal
and New York City

The Colonial

Mt Clemens, Mich

Near Detroit; Interurban Cars pass the door.

THE mineral baths are endorsed by the highest medical authorities for efficacy in rheumatism, neuralgia, blood and skin diseases, stomach disorders, nervous diseases, locomotor ataxia, and run-down conditions.

The beautiful Colonial Hotel is strictly modern. Mineral baths characterized by every nicety of appointment. The rooms are large and furnished in excellent taste. Many forms of amusement. $31.50 a week and up, including meals. The service is excellent at all times, including the late fall, winter and early spring. *Write for Booklet.*

W. W. WITT, Manager

Don't Wear a Truss

BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Protected by U.S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. BROOKS, 229F State Street, Marshall, Mich.

The Moon of Nanakuli

(Continued from page 5)

to the shallows where he could stand and Kealoha very nearly could, he stopped swimming and put his arms about her and caught her up against his shoulder, very gently. Her darkly dripping hair with its drowned white flowers, her dark questioning eyes and the childish sweetness of her mouth were very near his face, the slim little body was perilously still within his hold, and Lewis' heart was almost choking him with its unsteady heavy beating.

"I am going to kiss you good-bye," he said a little huskily. "I shouldn't of course, but I'll never see you again—I hope! and I know I shall be sorry—to the end of my life—if I don't kiss you—now. You're the kind of thing I've always dreamt about, you see, Kealoha—and you don't usually happen."

A little tremour ran through her—like wind through the grass—when his lips touched hers and she hid her face against his shoulder for just an instant. But she was off and swimming desperately fast before he could even cry to her, and there was now a torchlight moving about near the shack behind the rocks. So Lewis let her go. She had said it would be better for her, and that, of course, was unanswerable. His last sight of the beach showed a scud of cloud coming over the moon.

Lewis got into Schofield about ten that night with a kiawe thorn in his left heel and a determined unbelief in his soul.

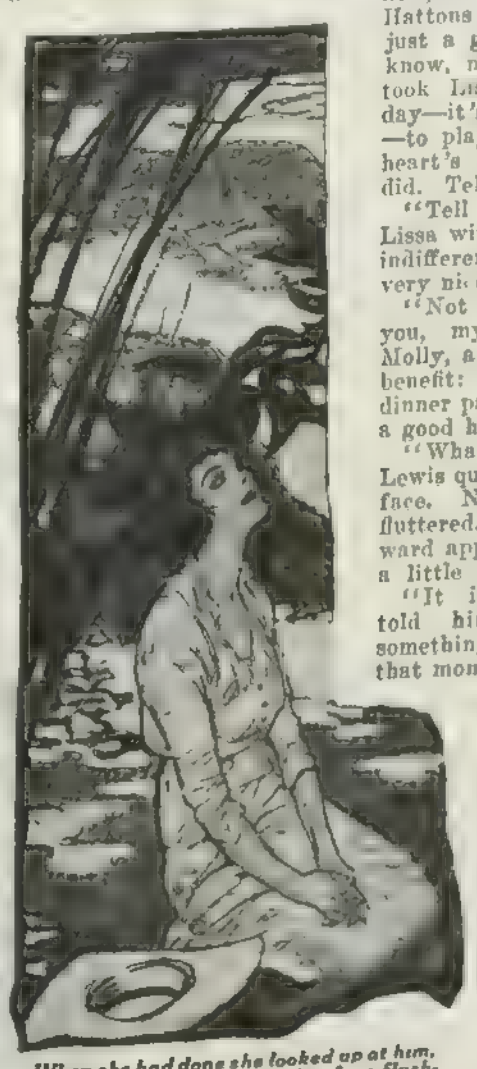
"Dreams," he said to himself, "don't happen." He added grimly: "I'll never see her again." But he did.

JUST one week later he was sitting idly upon the railing of Molly Ledwell's house with the beach and the sea at his back and Molly's extremely engaging self languidly knitting in a low chair before his eyes—five of a murky afternoon it was, and Lewis' emotional barometer very low. Steps crossed the wide bare floor from the dining-room windows and Lewis, getting to his feet, looked suddenly and straight and unexpectedly into eyes which he had not in seven doggedly busy days been able for one moment to forget.

She did not at first seem possible, because Molly only said:

"Oh, hullo, Lissa! I'm awfully glad to see you! May I present Mr. Lewis? Let him find you a chair, darling. Isn't it a beast of a day!"

And the girl only answered rather casually, without a sign of recognition: "Hullo, Molly! How do you do, Mr. Lewis? One might have a glass of water, no? I'm just perishing—this dreadful Hawaiian weather of yours!"



When she had done she looked up at him, sitting back upon her heels, her face flushed, her eyes mysteriously luminous.

Lewis watched her like a hawk while a soft-stepping Japanese servant brought water, and while she drank it.

Those were Kealoha's eyes, but Lissa Greenwood smiled and spoke and moved with the evasive intangible grace of a maid of honour of the court of Louis Seize. Her hair, dark and smooth under a wide, flower-wreathed hat, her little feet exquisitely slim in white buckskin, her whole small self, cool in white muslin, fragrant of some dry, delicate flower scent, touched with a sheen and a bloom like the sheen and the bloom of old ivory, bespoke deliberation and finesse. She was consciously aloof to her very finger-tips. Still it was there—the droop of the lip and the dark questioning glance, the little ripple in the low voice, the swift, impatient gesturing of the childish-looking hands.

Lewis fetched a chair for her and drew himself up to his old seat on the railing facing the guest—and Molly.

"Do you live in the islands, Miss Greenwood?"

He had not meant to challenge her so abruptly, but wild surmises were lashing through his mind—bar sinisters on worthy English shields; all he had ever heard of the tangled relationships of the place came back to him charged with a new significance and all manner of breathless possibilities.

"No," said Miss Greenwood. "Oh, no!" She looked up at him coolly and shook her charming head. "Have I lost my hall-mark so soon? I've been here just four weeks. Isn't London written on me somewhere? I live"—she drew an ambiguous little sigh—"I live in Park Street, if you happen to know where that is. Dear me, Molly! I'm feeling a little homesick at the mere mention of it."

"Nonsense!" said Molly briefly. She had been interrupted in her tete a tete with Lewis, who was both new and promising material, and felt at the moment no particular sympathy for Miss Greenwood's airy affectations.

"And you?" inquired Miss Greenwood indolently of Lewis.

"I come from Sussex."

They smiled at each other across an invisible barrier.

"My mother eloped," she murmured. "That's real romance, isn't it?"

"Oh—romance!" cried Molly suddenly. A glint of feminine malice came into her milkmaid eyes. "She's romance crazy! Make her tell you, Mr. Lewis, about the man she ran across last week. Where was it, Lissa darling? She was down at some beach place over the week end."

"Really, Molly," said Lissa darling softly, "I hardly fancy Mr. Lewis would be interested. Besides——"

Molly swept on, the keener for the other's undeniable reluctance: "Nanakuli, that's the place! The Hattons have a shack there; just a grass-roofed hut, you know, native fashion. They took Lissa there over Sunday—it's a wonderful beach—to play at romance to her heart's content. And she did. Tell him, Lissa!"

"Tell it yourself," said Lissa with a gallant show of indifference. "You do it very nicely."

"Not nearly so well as you, my dear," protested Molly, and added for Lewis' benefit: "She kept a whole dinner party laughing over it a good half-hour last night."

"What happened?" asked Lewis quietly, eyes on Lissa's face. Not even her eyelids fluttered. She was to all outward appearances as calm as a little carven Buddha.

"It isn't possible!" he told himself grimly, but something in him began at that moment to know it was.

Mrs. Ledwell broke out into a tinkle of laughter.

"I shall tell, anyhow! Why, Lissa was sitting down on the rocks, just at sunset, in a yellow silk bathing suit with a white mu-mu over it, and with a wild-ginger lei in her hair, when a man came along—weren't you Lissa!"

"What's a mu-mu?" asked Lewis.

"Oh, a kind of Hawaiian thing they wear," said Mrs. Ledwell, vaguely—"short, you know, this one was—picturesque and all that. Really, Lissa, you must have looked rather—"

Lissa only smiled the chilliest little smile.

"The man," Mrs. Ledwell went on with sparkling determination, "was a stranger, and of course he thought"—her voice broke delightfully—"that Lissa was just a little half-white, you know. So he climbed up on the rocks and sat down beside her and they watched the moon rise together. Lissa said it would have made quite a wonderful scene for a play. He wasn't at all bad, you know, really educated and all that; quoted Keats to her when he wasn't talking pidgin—wasn't it Keats, you said, Lissa? Don't look so annoyed, darling!"

"Keats or Kipling—I forget which," said Lissa suddenly. She did not look at Lewis once.

"And Lissa, when she saw what he took her for, made him up a lovely long story about a beachcomber father and a Hawaiian mother and a fat sister married to a Portugee man in Honolulu, with six small children. Oh, Lissa, I should love to have heard your pidgin!"

"And then—" Lewis prompted

(Continued on page 59)

Is your silver a joy to you?

Your silver will be a lasting joy if you choose "1847 Rogers Bros.", for you will have not only the beauty of the pattern, but the deeper satisfaction that comes from the real worth of this silverplate itself.

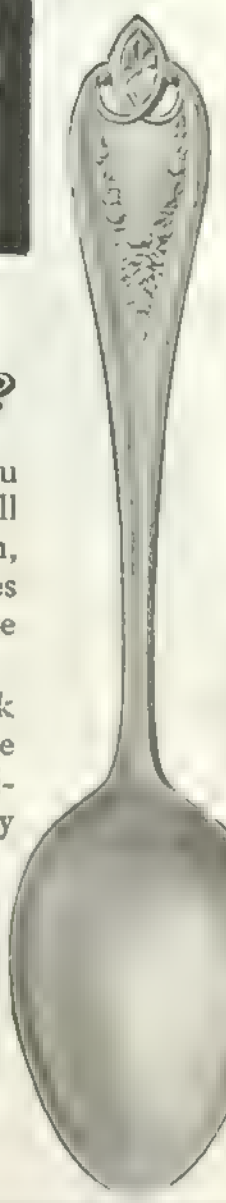
Buy only when you see the mark "1847 Rogers Bros." on the backs of the spoons, forks, etc. for that mark identifies the famous time-tested Rogers Very Best. Accept no other.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario

Made in Canada by Canadians and sold by leading Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion



HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC BLACK BRITISH DYE

The Health of our Children.

The world belongs to those who come last, and it is for us to see that our children have their full heritage of health. Careful choice of the stockings and socks worn by children is by no means an unimportant detail of hygiene, and there is no more sanitary and comfortable hosiery than Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks, dyed with "The Deepest Dye"—the Dye that will not come out in wash or wear.

Hawley's Hygienic Black

British Dye

For Cotton and Thread Hose and Socks

WHATEVER MAKE OF COTTON OR THREAD STOCKINGS OR SOCKS YOU BUY, INSIST ON SEEING THE HAWLEY MARK WHICH IS THE GUARANTEE OF THE DYE.

HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC DYE WARRANTED STAINLESS & ACID PROOF

Absolutely permanent, and thoroughly hygienic, not staining or irritating the most delicate skin.

A. E. HAWLEY & CO. LTD.,
Sketchley Dye Works, HINCKLEY, England.
SOLE DYERS: for the Trade only.
ENQUIRIES FROM THE TRADE INVITED.

Ph 1110

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

The Safety "Bayer Cross" on Tablets Means Genuine Aspirin—Others Are Not Aspirin at All!

"Bayer" Now Made in Canada—No German Interest—All Rights Purchased from U. S. Government

Your druggist gladly will give you the genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" because genuine Aspirin now is made by Canadians and owned by a Canadian Corporation.

There is not a cent's worth of German interest in Aspirin.

Don't accept Aspirin in a pill box! Buy a **"Bayer Package"!**

During the war, acid imitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. But there is no substitute for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Colds, Grippe, Joint Pains, Neuritis.

Proper and safe directions are in every "Bayer" package.

Boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24—Bottles of 100—Also Capsules.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that **Aspirin means Bayer manufacture,** to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the **"Bayer Cross."**

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

Royal Naval College of Canada.

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized Publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.
Ottawa, February 3, 1919

Snow and Slush — dampness again! It makes no difference to

REGAL

Made in Canada

FREE RUNNING

Table Salt

Regal is immune to weather changes and never cakes on dampest days.

The Canadian Salt Co., Limited 166

How to Develop a Charming Personality

"HOW pleasant it is to be in 'Miss So-and-So's' company!" we hear people say. "She is such a charming young girl." She makes friends wherever she goes and is the most sought-after person in town. How all the girls envy this 'Miss So-and-So.' But do they stop to ask themselves why she is so popular? Do they know the secret of her pleasing personality?

'Miss So-and-So' is not beautiful, nor could one call her even pretty. She is just the ordinary, every-day girl—but there is *something* about her, and this indefinite *something* makes her so awfully some, so lovely, and so altogether different from her other sisters. This *something is charm.* Girls, every one of you may be charming if you will. The beautiful maiden is not always popular. Charm is the secret of all popularity. The fair Venus has yet to learn that a charming personality is to be more desired than a pretty face. Charm is not given away to the few and favoured ones—but must be acquired.

'Miss So-and-So's' manner is not elaborate, but rather simple and natural. She is not given to pose and she is not trying to imitate Miss Brown's affected manner, nor Miss Smith's latest little poses. These silly little affectations do not make for charm, and our sensible young lady avoids them like she would poison. Do not be a "Copy-Cat"; everybody detests the Copy-Cat. You may think that you are making quite a hit with a particular "Someone" with these foolish little gestures and poses, but do not fool yourself, for you only succeed in appearing ridiculous.

Girls, do not fidget. How many fidgety old maids do you know? Stop it at once, fight hard and long if necessary—but fight. It is a deadly enemy of Charm, and a battle well worth winning. Fidgetiveness is just another name for Bashfulness or Self-Conscious ness. Keep your hands and feet still while talking. The fumbling hands and the tapping feet distract the listener's attention, and he becomes nervous and irritated in your society.

BE courteous. When holding a conversation try to be interested in what the other person is saying; affect pretension rather than wear that 'bored-to-death' expression. You may be somewhat boring yourself sometimes—who knows? So often you see people yawn in the middle of a conversation, pick imaginary threads from their costume, or suddenly become interested in the view from the street-car window. Do not do it, girls, it's the height of bad manners. You may love to hear yourself talk, and you may be an able conversationalist, but try listening to the "other fellow" once-in-a-while, he or she may have a message to impart that might be worth hearing. You can never learn anything by listening to your own Voice Box. Do not monopolize the conversation. It is very bad taste. Remember:

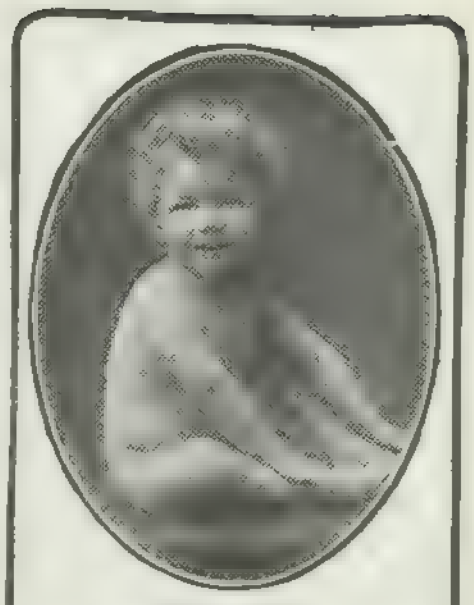
"The Wise Old Owl sat on an oak,
The more he heard, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Why can't we be like that old bird?"

What a melodious voice! How well she speaks! The words fall as music from the lips, always sweet and low—never pitched and harsh. Never does she use the slangy phrases that so many of our girls think cute and smart to-day. The slang word stamps the girl every time, and finally she becomes vulgar in speech and habit. The refined young lady does not permit a slang word or expression to taint her wholesome lips. There are heaps of respectable words with which to express yourself—then why use the slang when it is so ugly. Our charming young woman does not peruse the dictionary for high-sounding words with which to astonish her friends. Indeed, no. She chooses the simple vocabulary, making the most of every word and syllable, never dropping the fatal "ing" nor slurring the "r." Speak plainly, do not mumble your sentences. Pronounce each word correctly and drop it softly—but distinctly.

Remember, girls, the charming manner and the charming voice make the charming young lady every time.

A well known motto hangs in the Chateau Laurier Hotel, Ottawa, one of the finest hotels in Canada: —

"Be Well, Polite and a Good Listener,
When you speak use few words,
Drop them gently—but distinctly;
Give Advice—but never Argue."



BABY HARRIS.

"Firm, sturdy and strong"

56, East Dulwich Grove,
East Dulwich, S.E.,
November 8th, 1916.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I must tell you what Virol has done for our boy. At the age of 6 months he could not take any foods that were given him, nothing suited him, and I think we tried everything. At last we were strongly advised to try Virol, which we did, and were delighted at having found something that really agreed with him.

He is now 2 years old, and is very firm, sturdy and strong, and compares more than favourably with children we know who are 3 and 4 years old.

Yours faithfully,
P. C. HARRIS.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhœa, Influenza, etc.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd., 27, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

8 H.B.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electrolysis

[illegible] to be ashamed [illegible] unfeminine [illegible] growth of superfluous hair. There is absolutely no need to go through life with this disfigurement. Our experts at the Institute have for 27 years been giving relief to thousands of otherwise attractive women suffering from this objectionable [illegible]. Electrolysis is the only PERMANENT way of removing [illegible]. Be aware of [illegible] preparations, [illegible] temporary and often [illegible]. Call [illegible] treatment for [illegible] removal and leaves the skin in perfect condition. Write or phone the Institute for an appointment, arrange to start your treatments without delay. Consultation FREE.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited
61E College Street, Toronto

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

The Moon of Nanakuli

(Continued from page 57)

steadily. His nice grey eyes had grown a little dark; his mouth was taking on a certain setness.

"Then they went swimming together. Lissa walked right down into the water, mu-mu and all, not wanting him to see her sophisticated yellow silk bathing suit, and when they had swum almost out to the reef, the Hattons missed her and began to call, so she told him her drunken father was awake and that he must go—and—he did as soon as they got back to the beach. He slipped off through the kiawes, and Lissa went back to the Hattons. You said it was absolutely the most romantic thing that ever happened to you, didn't you, Lissa? Full moon and all that, and the poor man so obviously thrilled over the adventure he was having."

"Oh, he was—of course," said Lewis. He added, looking full into Miss Greenwood's impassive little face: "Is that all?"

"Mercy, yes!" said Mrs. Ledwell.

"Wasn't there some sort of an affectionate parting? There usually is, I'm told."

"Was there, Lissa?" asked Mrs. Ledwell, sweetly. "You didn't say."

"If there was," said Miss Greenwood, lifting soft, dark eyes to meet Lewis' squarely, "I have forgotten it."

Then she went home, but before she could make good her escape, Lewis, seeing her to her car, destroyed completely the foundations of her composure.

"I'm glad you didn't tell that I kissed you," he said very quietly. "It shows that part of it at least meant something to you. Am I to see you again?"

"I think not," began Miss Greenwood, icily, then finished in a rather breathless flame of fury: "I hope not—ever!" and was whirled off down Kalakaua Avenue, crimson to her delicate eyebrows.

NEVERTHELESS she did see him again.

She had no notion of seeing him. She said as much to Mrs. Ledwell, observing that she did not care for the kind of man Lewis was, and found life too short to admit such people to one's friendship. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, he was unrelentingly in her mind, and since it is almost impossible in Honolulu to avoid, even an uninteresting man for ever, at the end of three weeks more Lewis rang up Miss Greenwood upon the telephone one day and said, humbly as any woman's heart could wish:

"First of all, won't you please forgive me?"

She said coldly—they had not seen or spoken to each other since that unfortunate afternoon on Molly's veranda—"Nothing to forgive—"

"I've got to go away, you know—"

"Why I'm going next week myself." She thawed a little.

"Now, listen. I'm having a beach party, for good-bye, and I want you to come. Please. You might as well. Probably we'll never see each other again."

She said she couldn't, of course. It was all of five minutes before, touched by a rather pathetic insistence in his voice, she relented and said she would.

"And you'll let me drive you out in my car?"

"Oh, impossible!" Eventually, however, she conceded that too, swept by some inward weakening, some unadmitted longing, feeling rather like a queen bestowing a favour by reason of his outspoken and touching gratitude.

At the last he said carelessly: "Don't say anything about it to Molly—Mrs. Ledwell, that is; I'm not sure I'm asking her." That too rather pleased Miss Greenwood. Molly was apt to be very much in evidence of late.

So he came for her at half-past four on a heavenly Sunday afternoon, and they drove off together through a green and gold and azure world.

"Who's going?" she asked as he seated himself in the car beside her and laid a hand on the wheel.

"Oh, just people," said Lewis vaguely. She felt his eyes on the curve of her cheek and blushed. It was a thing which, in spite of all her deliberation and finesse, she did readily.

About an hour-and-a-half later they came to a strip of ivory beach glimmering vaguely through close-set kiawe trees.

"Why, this is Nanakuli, isn't it?" said Lissa Greenwood curiously.

"Yes," said Lewis, and added: "You don't mind?"

"No. Why should I?" But there was a certain uneasy stiffening in her tone. She thought that he was laughing at her. "The Hattons are on one of the other islands now. Anyhow, I fancy they wouldn't object to us."

He found the path through the shadowy trees and she went before him down upon the beach. Sea, sky, and sand were rosy with sunset. It was a world of drowsing flame—but an empty world, a lovely, still, unpeopled world. Beside the big black rocks where she had sat and sung, looking out to sea, she faced him swiftly, with mounting incredulity.

"Where are the others?"

"There are no others."

"You mean—?"

"Just what I say—there are no others."

"You wouldn't dare!"

Lewis smiled down into her widening eyes. "Why not?"

That and his smile left her silent. Silence was all about them. The surf purred, in an echoless golden waste of quietude.

"Then nobody knows"—she left that where it fell, flung back her small dark head, and looked at him proudly.

"What did you bring me here for, like this? It's unspeakable of you. Even if you're only—you must know better. Do you want me to be talked about hideously?"

"By whom? There isn't even a seagull," said Lewis gently. He waited until she stormed at him again, her little hands clenched tight against her sides.

"I never heard of anything so mad. It'll be dark in half-an-hour. You think I'm going to stay here alone, with you? Why did you do it?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you why," said Lewis quietly.

When she obeyed him with an exaggerated aloofness he put his hand into the pocket of his jacket and took out something small and yellowish, faintly discoloured and a little dry.

"I brought you here to assist at a funeral."

"You must be mad."

Her eyes threatened him.

"The funeral of Romance," said Lewis, turning the thing over and over in his hand. He finished softly: "This is one of the flowers you had on your hair that night. I want you to dig a little grave for it and bury it, and say a little prayer over it. Then I'll take you home and never see you again. Well?"

"This is too utterly ridiculous," she told him coldly. "Bury it yourself, if you like."

Lewis leant one elbow on the rocks beside her and shook his head unsmiling. "No. I brought you here to do it. Shall I tell you why?"

Her lifted shoulder betrayed a deep disinterest, in the face of which he continued evenly: "All my life I've had dreams—fool dreams, if you like—about the sort of thing that happened that first evening here on Nanakuli beach. Oh, I'm cured! I'll never have 'em again. But, by gad, I'm going to keep the memory of that one! I'm going to see that it has a fitting end. My girl doesn't exist—the girl I found here on these rocks under the last full moon, the girl that went swimming with me in the moonlight, with flowers in her hair, and the loveliest smile in the world on her mouth. She's gone—she never really was—but she was mine while she lasted, and I'm going to——"

"She was me," said Lissa Greenwood, abruptly. She took off her hat and laid it down upon the rocks, ruffled her soft dark hair, and flung him a look of defiance. "Kealoha was me—so that's all there is of that!"

The sunset deepened all about them. Nanakuli beach now was washed with rose, streaked with violet shadow, empty as the first day, silent as the first night.

"You!" said Lewis, and laughed insultingly. "You're just a nice little girl, no more, no less. Plenty like you in the world. You're pretty, and clever, and careful. They turn you out by the thousands from finishing schools—but you're not Kealoha!"

"Who made her, then?" The big, dark eyes were stormy; under the smooth, soft skin a flame of colour was creeping.

"Nobody made her—I dreamt her. I dream of her every night!"

"Don't you suppose a girl has dreams as well?"

"Not your kind of girl."

His half smile mocked her. She caught her breath in a surge of helpless anger.

"How dare you classify me—like that! Didn't I play Kealoha in the beginning?"

"Yes; and didn't you boast about it to a table full of sniggering idiots; No, Kealoha wasn't you. She was just an exquisite little wandering soul that slipped into your body for one moon rise—that's all. You'll never have her again!"

"Give me that flower!" said Lissa Greenwood, between her little white teeth.

(Continued on page 60)

MONARCH · KNIT
SWEATER · COATS

As the illustration suggests, Monarch Knit Sweater Coats possess good style as well as snug warmth. Designed from the woman's point of view, they exemplify all the worthwhile features of the new spring fashions. Much study, for example, has been given to the selection of trimmings and the arrangement of colors. Now would be the best time to see the display at your dealer's while it is still complete.

The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Also manufacturers of Monarch Floss and Monarch Down and Hosiery and Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children

NUMBERLESS USES

Don't be handicapped after dark. Get a Reliable Tubular Flashlight or Searchlight and flash its brilliant beam anywhere. Can't blow out explode, or set fires. When not in hand it's in pocket—out of the way. Good for long service.

Handsomely enamelled, metal cases in colors. Complete line of flashlights and searchlights.

Try Reliable Ignition Batteries for the car or truck, or any other use. They are full of snappy, long lasting energy. All Reliable Products are of real Canadian manufacture.

For sale by dealers everywhere

DOMINION BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

Girls! Beautify Your Hair with "Danderine"

35 Cents a Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Have Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can!

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it eradicates every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

Knowlton Danderine Co., Walkerville, Ontario

The Moon of Nanakuli

(*Continued from page 59*)

She took it from his acquiescent fingers and slipped down upon the sand with it. Just beyond the delicate ripple of the highest wave-line she dug, kneeling small and slim in the roseate dusk, a little grave, and laid the withered wild ginger-flower therein.

Lewis watched her without a word. When she had done she looked up at him, sitting back upon her heels, her face flushed, her eyes mysteriously luminous.

"Am I to say something over it?"

"Yes, and then I'll take you home—and never see you again," said Lewis.

She said very carefully in a slow, soft voice, her small hands folded in her lap, her look on the tiny grave:

"I have buried sweet Romance
Beneath a tree,
In a forest tall and black,
Where none can see.

I shall go no more to his grave,
For the woods are cold;
I shall gather as much of joy
As my hands can hold.

I shall stay all day in the sun
Where the wide winds blow;
But, oh, I shall cry at night,
When none will know!"

There was a break in the even murmur. She sprang to her feet, trembling.

"Now take me home. You promised!"

Lewis put a finger beneath her chin and tipped up the exquisite face.

"If you've got tears in your eyes," he said huskily, "it's Kealoha—and she's mine!" Seeing that she had, he finished with his lips on her cheek, her hands clenched tight against his heart. "You wonderful—beautiful maddening thing! Did you care—all the time?"

"Of course I cared," said Lissa Greenwood, choking back a sob. "Else why do you suppose I had to tell my soul to a silly dinner-party?"

"You know," said Lewis softly after a little while, "things like this don't happen."

"Maybe we're different, you and I," said Lissa Greenwood wistfully. "Anyhow, Kealoha was me, wasn't she?"

He kissed her. She never forgot it; but it's no good telling you how. Either you know or you don't know, and if your pulses don't remember, printer's ink won't make them.

A Paris Incident

(*Continued from page 8*)

the first name that entered her mind.

"Lagny."

His heart sank.

"Oh,——"

"Um——"

For the time being that settled it. Both of them relaxed into silence. The music drifted over from the garden, softly, sweetly.

"Why are you so sad to-night?" he asked after a long pause, during which she had resumed her melancholy manner.

"Thinking of something.

"Couldn't I cure you of it?"

"Of what"

"Of thinking of things that make you sad."

"Don't see how."

"May I show you?"

"You want to kiss me." She turned and looked at him.

"Precisely."

There was a silence of seconds and tens of seconds. And then she spoke.

"How many planes have you bagged?"

A flash of a recently acquired Parisian manner was apparent. She gave him to understand by her action her favours were simply rewards for merit in the great cause. And before he could answer:

"I'll make a bargain with you. One kiss for every ten planes. That a go?"

"Two kisses!" he claimed.

SHE lifted her veil and unmasked her face. Kendall stared wildly, his eyes wide with amazement. A strange power was holding him back. He couldn't move a limb or utter a word.

"Kiss me!" she commanded.

Finally he mastered himself.

"God!" he exclaimed. "Not you—Fay!"

At the mention of the name her face grew white; her eyes sparkled with amazement, and widened more when Kendall confronted her, unmasked.

One mad moment they stared; and his arms were around her, her head against his shoulder. The flowing veils of her dress mingled with the sweeping folds of his cloak. And somewhere a night bird was singing. The faint scent of blossoms, the cool breezes, the silence, save when the echoes of garden gaiety found their way into the bower—all, all was beautiful and quiet and sacred.

That Soft, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

BLEMISHES REMOVED QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY

YOUR COMPLEXION MAKES OR MARS YOUR APPEARANCE

Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Makes muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it.

Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

FREE COUPON

PEARL LA SAGE, "Dept 119"
[illegible] St., MONTREAL, P.Q., Can.

Please tell me how to clear my complexion in ten days; also send me Pearl La Sage Beauty Book, all FREE.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Prov. .....

For Mother and Baby, too

HORROCKSES'

Longcloths, Cambrics, Nainsooks, Madapolams and "Diaphalene"

are the most satisfactory fabrics for dainty underwear and dresses. For more than a century the name "Horrockses" has been the hallmark of excellence the world over.

Sold by most good dealers.

For address of nearest store where procurable, write

John E. Ritchie, Canadian Agent
591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

Garments made of Gabardines, Imperials, Tweeds, Coverts and other high-grade materials which have been showerproofed by the celebrated "Cravenette" Regd. process, can be worn on wet days as well as fine. They possess style, too, that is not possible with rubber-lined, wet-day-only coats.

In choosing your Between-Season Coat, for Spring or Fall, see that you get materials proofed by the "Cravenette" Regd. process, with the Trade-Mark stamped on every yard, or on the every ready-made garment. For Men, Women and Children.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us

83

THE CRAVENETTE CO., P.O. Box 1934, MONTREAL, Que.

"The One Who Comes Alone"

(Continued from page 7)

When he saw that I was awake, he smiled cheerily, and gathering up his kit, he went quietly out into the morning sunshine, and disappeared in the wee strip of woods beyond our doorway. The wounded English soldier raised himself on his elbow and watched the vanishing figure until the trees hid it from view; then, with a sigh of deep contentment, he dropped back upon his pillow.

No extra help was sent to the station and there was no real outward change in the days that followed, but, somehow, I never again grew so tired. A strange feeling of exaltation and courage sprang up in my heart and crowded out every atom of hopelessness. The men were still brought in in droves every night and I sponged, plugged and bandaged; incessantly; but neither their numbers nor the horror of their wounds overwhelmed me.

Then too, as the soldiers were brought in, I found myself searching eagerly for the boyish figure of the young doctor. Daily I pictured his slim fingers deftly manipulating a bandage; over and over I heard his gentle reassuring tones, or tried to describe to myself the wonderful kindliness of his eyes.

"His eyes, they shine with much understanding," I caught myself repeating one day; then, suddenly I knew, though in that moment, I knew that I had known all along. I had known when he gently led me to my cot, I had known as I watched him in the doorway, the Englishman and I had known, although neither of us spoke, when the trees of the woodland slowly hid The One Who Comes Alone from our sight.

It was early one morning in the latter part of February that "Sunny Jim," as one of our guard had been dubbed by the doctors, came in with a German officer he had taken prisoner. The man had crawled through the mud and snow till the peasant clothes that he wore as disguise had frozen to his body. It had taken two shots to make him halt, and the blood that had flowed down his face and neck had congealed in great clots, adding to the ghastliness of his appearance. He was too badly injured to be moved on to one of the hospitals, and, by the time his wounds had been dressed, he was in a high fever and delirious. He muttered incoherently about the cold, the mud and the darkness. Gradually, his talk became more collected and suddenly he sat up, shouting wildly:

"Reward! Gold! Gold!"

Cupping his hands, he scooped imaginary piles from the bed clothes. Jim and I tried to put him back on his pillow, but he pushed us away.

"Gold!" he shouted at us. "Gold! Land! Honor! Reward! Reward! "A kingdom to the man who finds him and brings him in!"—so said our Kaiser. He is great, is our Kaiser—he is the greatest!" he challenged, waving his fist and springing up. "There is none greater—none!" he insisted.

"All right, little nutmeg; lie down and think of something decent," Jim answered coolly forcing the German back on to the cot.

For a few minutes he lay breathing heavily; then again he began to mutter broken phrases, which gradually took form, and we were able to make out that it was not maps or statistics that this spy wanted, but some particular person. We wondered who, in all the Allied armies, could be worth so much to the Kaiser. As the man's fever rose, his talk became less and less guarded; suddenly, he laughed outright.

"I shall find him there, at the dressing station! He has been seen at the dressing station and there I shall watch until he comes. I shall know him because I saw him at headquarters. I cannot mistake him. His uniform, with the Red Cross on his arm; 'tis the same these pigs of English wear—but he looks different—yes, by his smile I shall know—or by his eyes. How queerly they look at one. They seem to understand . . . . . As they rested on me, I wondered if we are right—even in the presence of the Kaiser, my mind dared to wonder, when the man's eyes were upon me. I thought of children crying"—here the German broke off and moaned. "Children crying," he repeated, slowly.

Jim and I exchanged glances. "Get a pencil and take down what he says," Jim suggested. There was no longer any sunniness in his face as he watched the prisoner, who, after a few minutes, began to talk again.

"'Tis fool—only woman's foolishness—Hah! I shall capture him at the dressing station where he was seen, and I shall have reward, great reward! Gold and a kingdom! These pig English and Americans shall bow to me; they shall beg of me, these bawling French. Ha! Ha! We caught him once—we shall catch him again and take him to the Kaiser. He shall not get away again—no." Clutching Jim's coat, he went on in a puzzled whisper, "He got away that other time!"

"Sure," Jim said; then, slowly, piece by piece, we got the whole story from the dying German.

GRADUALLY, we learned how they had captured The One Who Comes Alone. Jim listened with clinched fists to the account of how the Germans had taken him from place to place; of how they had scoffed at and derided him. "It is trickery, it is fraud," they declared. "No doctor, not even a German, can do what has been claimed for this man, without an aeroplane no man can go from place to place so quickly, somewhere, he must keep a store of food and drugs—bah!" Yet they took him from one to another until finally they brought him before the Kaiser. The prisoner was bound with ropes, the German explained, and an officer of the guard stood at either side of him.

For hours, they questioned him; yet he stood there quietly, answering or refusing to answer, showing no sign of fatigue, although they knew, those Germans, that he had had nothing to eat or to drink since they had captured him. At last, the Kaiser grew impatient at the futility of the procedure and he spoke:

"I can see," he began graciously, "that you are a man of extraordinary intelligence. You know, of course, that Germany did not seek war, but since it has been forced upon us by our enemies, we shall fight, we were prepared and we shall win. We do not need to employ supernatural power—but Germany welcomes and encourages genius. You have but to unite with us—you shall be near our person and shall have high honours." The Emperor paused and smiled at the young man.

"My mission is one of mercy—" he began, but the Emperor interrupted:

"Of course, so is our mission one of mercy. Our heart bleeds for misguided humanity. When the war is over, we will teach these conquered people the true philosophy of life. We will exert ourselves to assist them. The greatest cities, the greatest seaports, the treasures of Europe and the wealth of the Americans will be ours. Ours!" he exclaimed excitedly. "You shall help us and we will be rulers of all. We will be rulers of all the world. You shall have untold wealth, you shall have a throne, a kingdom—for we will be masters! Masters! he repeated, and, unable to contain himself, he jumped to his feet and paced violently to and fro. His face grew crimson, great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his withered hand, forgotten for the moment, fluttered like a helpless rag at his side. "We will be masters of the earth and of heaven itself," he shrieked hoarsely wheeling swiftly toward the young man; but although the officers of the guard stood stiffly at attention, the prisoner had gone, and the Emperor stood staring insanely into space.

Here the German became exhausted and fell back onto his cot. "Gold—honours—great reward for his capture alive—our Kaiser promised," the man gasped weakly. "Every man knows and we shall get him—his eyes they make me think of those women dying—they make me think of the children. I shot a boy, a baby who was carrying a note to his father. The la struggled to his knees—he tried to get across the street and I shot a brick after him. He cried out when it hit him—a wailing cry—I can hear him now—his voice is like my own little Karl's. My Karl," the German cried passionately. "My Karl for you Gold!—Gold!"

Sunny Jim sprang to his feet. "Did you hear that?" he demanded. "This beast said that the Kaiser has offered great rewards, that the news has been spread along their lines, and that every man of them knows it. That means that every man of them will be after the reward—every man of them. We've got to do something—we've got to do something—to save him—to warn him—I don't know how—but somehow. That young American we sent on to the hospital this morning saw The One Who Comes Alone—saw him just beyond Moreuil—and the Germans may be in Moreuil now."

At that moment the Captain entered with the relief. In his great anxiety, Sunny Jim almost forgot to salute, but he did salute stiffly, and in disjointed sentences he poured out to the officer the story of that capture of The One Who Comes Alone. The Captain's face grew grave as Sunny Jim begged to be

(Continued on page 62)

Robbed of Health and Beauty

SLOWLY and stealthily, Pyorrhea has taken away the things that made her life worth while. That unaccountable depression, those nervous fears, that drawn and haggard look—these are the things Pyorrhea has brought her in place of health and beauty.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums; then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Perhaps the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that often cause rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea; and many under that age have it also. The best way to end Pyorrhea dangers is to stop them before they begin. Start to use Forhan's today.

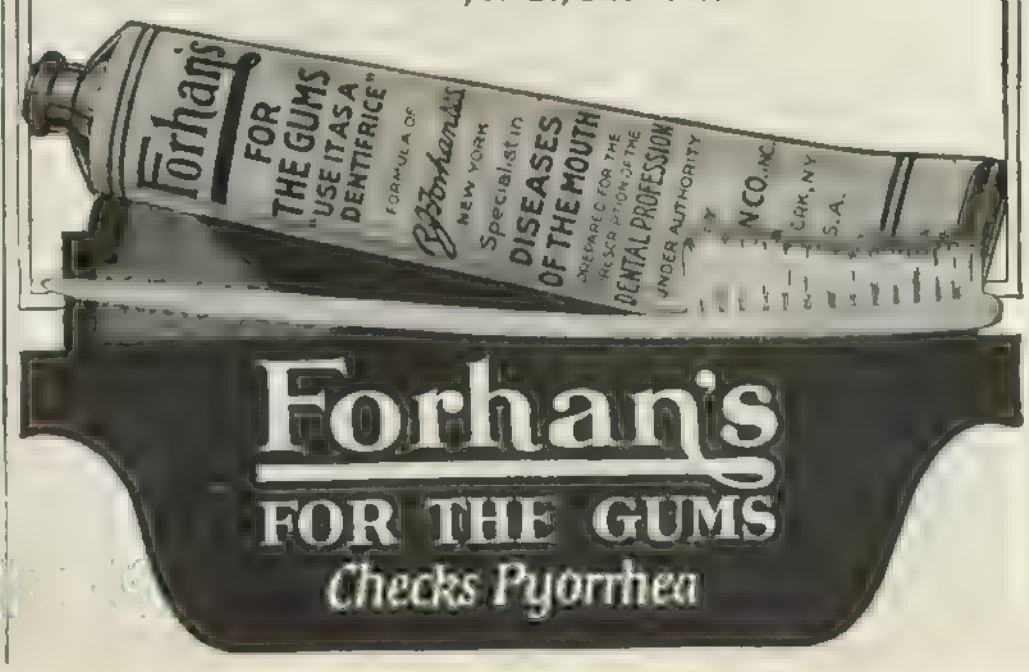
Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

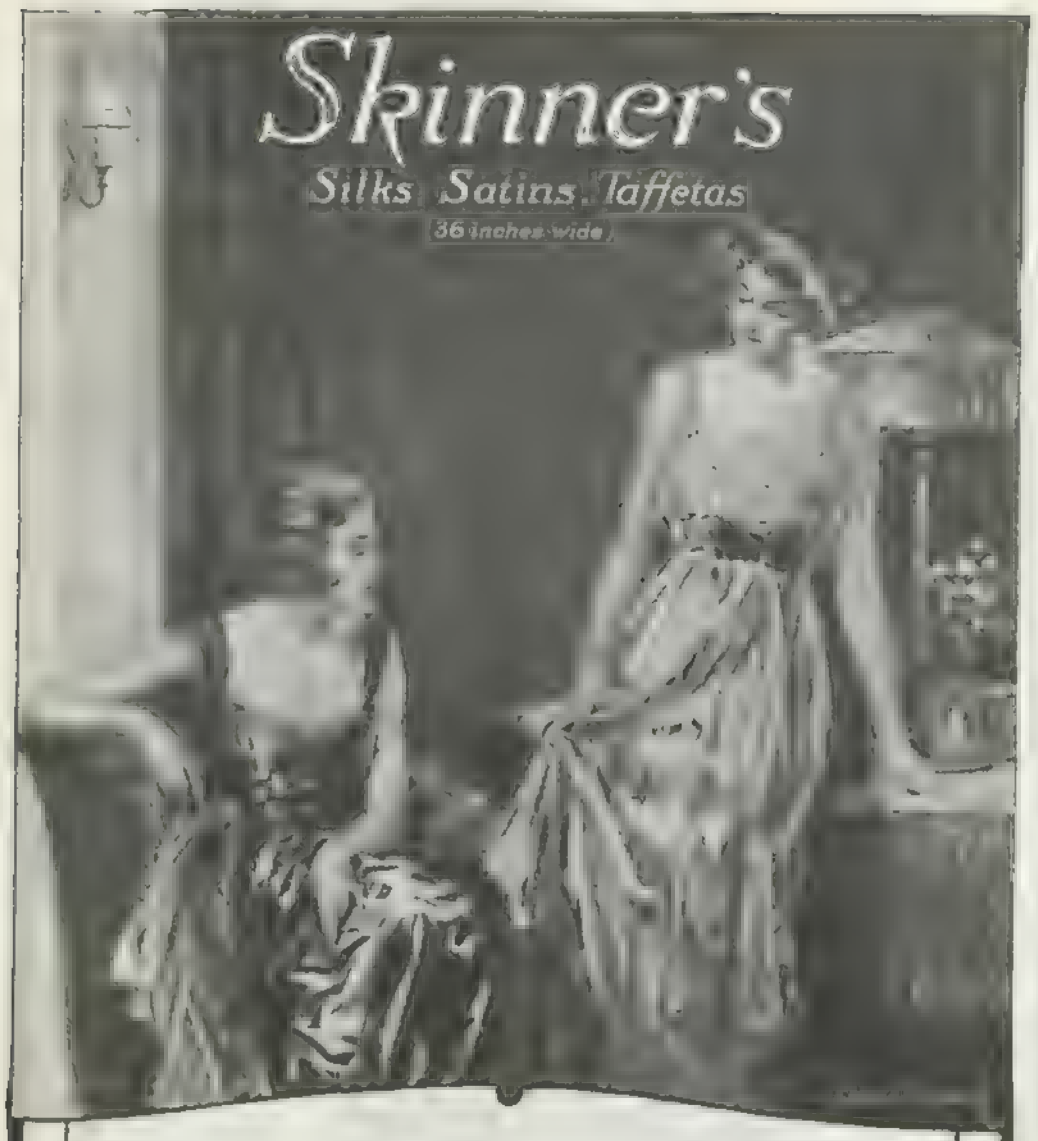
How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and United States. At all druggists.

Forhan's, Ltd., Montreal





"It Always Gives Satisfaction"

THIS young lady doesn't know it, but she is one of our best "salesmen." There are thousands like her in every country of the globe.

The extraordinary wearing quality of SKINNER'S Silks has been tested out by her mother, grandmother and great grandmother. It has been famous since 1848, and for your protection against substitutes, we weave the name in every inch of the selvage.

Sold by all first class Drygoods Stores in Canada

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Boston Philadelphia Chicago

Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848.

Skinner's "404" All-Silk is a soft, beautiful, pure dye fabric with a wide range of colorings, for gowns, blouses, petticoats skirts, undergarments.

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

BRUCE'S FLOWERING BULBS

For Winter Flowering in the House
and Spring Flowering in the Garden

Exquisite colors and fragrance—EASILY GROWN—Must be planted this Fall.

COLLECTIONS

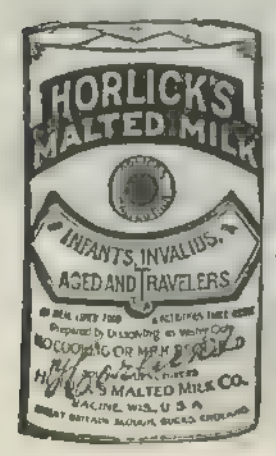
No. 1, Indoors,	30 bulbs,	postpaid	$1.25	No. 3, Indoors,	110 bulbs,	postpaid	$4.75
No. 5, outdoors,	50 "	"	1.50	No. 7, outdoors,	200 "	"	5.00
No. 2, Indoors,	60 "	"	2.50	No. 4, Indoors,	200 "	"	8.50
No. 6, outdoors,	100 "	"	2.50	No. 8, outdoors,	400 "	"	9.00

Each of these collections contains HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, LILIES, NARCISSUS and other bulbs.

FREE—Send for our 32-page illustrated catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, Seeds and Poultry Supplies, etc. NOW READY.

JOHN A. BRUCE & COMPANY, LIMITED

HAMILTON • Established 1850 • ONTARIO 218



Horlick's
Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly ½ century
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.
Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original

2519

"The One Who Comes Alone"

(*Continued from page 61*)

allowed to go to Moreuil to give the warning.

"We are short of men, Jim; I can't spare you from the guard," he began, but I interrupted.

"Can't I go? A nurse might get through more easily than a soldier."

"The Boche are gaining ground; I couldn't send a woman out there alone." Then the Captain added hopefully, "If he got away from under the Kaiser's very nose, do you believe it is necessary to warn him—don't you think he will know?"

"I've thought of that," Jim answered soberly; "But, but, gee, Captain, I, I just can't help thinking about that time in the garden—when—oh, gee—when all his friends went to sleep." Then, with an impulsive little gesture of appeal, he added, "If—if you'd ever seen him, Captain!"

But the Captain no longer hesitated: "Change coats with one of the stretcher-bearers," he said, "and take the nurse with you!"

IT was a rough and circuitous route that Sunny Jim and I took from the dressing station toward Moreuil. We passed numberless refugees, men, women, and children, stumbling breathlessly along the road. Occasionally, we caught glimpses of our own men, but we avoided these groups carefully, lest they insist upon our turning back.

Finally we saw, a short distance ahead of us, a few buildings that marked the outskirts of the village, but in our anxiety we had made too great a detour and were approaching from the wrong side. All about us we could hear the sharp crack of the guns and suddenly, Sunny Jim stumbled forward. Regaining his footing, he caught me by the arm and hurried with me to the shelter of the nearest building, which happened to be the ruins of a church.

"Well, they nipped me that time," he said, coolly, trying to open his coat; then, as I started to help him, he exclaimed, "Never mind fussing over me. Just give me a bunch of that bandage and I'll plug this thing up by myself but you go on; you must go on, and as soon as I get this fixed I'll come too. We just can't fall down on this job," he whispered. Even as he spoke, his knees sank under him, but he pushed me away when I tried to support him. "You go on," he begged; "I can't help, but you go on—go on and warn him—he can't be far—" and his eyelids quivered.

At that moment, a tiny door in the ruined wall opened and a young man in the uniform of the Red Cross came toward us. Kneeling, he pillowed Sunny Jim's head on his arm, and firmly pressed a dressing over the wound. The boy opened his eyes and, instantly remembering our mission, struggled to rise.

"I'm all right," he insisted feebly. "We must find him, Miss—we—we musn't be asleep—." Just then, his eyes rested on the man leaning over him and a glorious smile illumined his face as he said:

"We came to tell you the Boche—the Boche are after you. They're coming—coming—I was afraid I couldn't help you—. We'll have some work to get back—the Boche—."

"It is all right; you have done your work nobly," The One Who Comes Alone answered softly; but Jim struggled:

"The girl. I must get the girl back, you know—the Boche—they—I must—" he pleaded.

"She shall go back to the line unharmed," he promised; then looking straight into his eyes, Jim sighed contentedly, and whispered:

"Gee, I'm glad I found you," and The One Who Comes Alone answered him with a joyous laugh:

"I, too, am glad, Sunny Jim!"

After a few minutes, The One Who Comes Alone laid the limp form of Sunny Jim beneath the shelter of the ruined church. There was a beautiful smile on his face as he slipped his own coat under the boy's head and tenderly brushed back a refractory curl from his eyes. Then, with a whispered, "Come," we two started back through the queer little street which was torn and littered with the wreckage of homes and human beings.

We had advanced only a few feet, however, when a troop of Germans stood jeering in our path.

One of them caught me roughly by the arm, while a second levelled his rifle at The One Who Comes Alone. Standing thus, expecting every moment to be my last, I could think only of those pioneers of America who were overtaken and massacred by tribes of Indians, and, as I looked into the leer-

PURE AND DELICIOUS

BAKER'S COCOA

is a most satisfactory beverage. Fine flavor and aroma and it is healthful.

Well made cocoa contains nothing that is harmful and much that is beneficial.

It is practically all nutrition.

Choice Recipe book free.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass. Montreal, Can.
Canada Food Board Licence 11-690

DUSTBANE

Makes housecleaning just half as hard, for it keeps the dust down and assists the broom to leave a bright, clean, shiny, surface. Use it in your home.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement to returned soldiers and sailors in 160 acre blocks Free; to others, 18 years and over, 50 cents per acre.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write—

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.

G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

ing, bestial faces of my captors, I felt sure that the fate of those other women was preferable to what was in store for me.

But the menacing rifle was lowered, and the hand that held me in a vise-like grip was suddenly loosened at a sharp command from a young German officer, who stared for a moment into the face of The One Who Comes Alone.

"It is the one we want," the officer exclaimed, excitedly. "The woman may be a partner with him—take them both to the Kaiser." Then, he added threateningly to his men:

"You know the reward for this man's capture; don't forget the penalty of letting him escape."

Half an hour later, The One Who Comes Alone and I were securely strapped into an aeroplane and, with an armed guard, were being rushed breathlessly through space. Up, up, we soared, through piles and piles of great clouds. Then, seeming to have set our course, we drove straight ahead, with only an occasional swerve or a gentle dip. Swiftly, we left the battle-scarred earth, sped beyond the roar of the cannon, over ribbon-like streams and toy villages whose inhabitants looked to be about the size of ants. We were cramped and stiff with cold when the machine finally descended into a large open field. Here we were hustled into a high-powered automobile and hurried on.

"We are in Germany," The One Who Comes Alone whispered to me, but, before I could reply, we were ordered gruffly to keep quiet.

At a turn in the road we were joined by other cars, in one of which I made out the figure of the Kaiser, who looked to neither right nor left as we rushed along. Occasionally, as we passed a group of old men or women, a feeble cheer or a half-hearted wave of the hand greeted us; but there were no bursts of enthusiasm such as one would expect a beloved ruler to receive. Most of the people that we passed were hurrying along with tickets tightly clutched in their hands, and were too engrossed in the problem of securing their daily rations to notice us. At one point, I caught a glimpse of a child struggling with a dog for the possession of a bone; the dog was snarling ferociously, then snapping in the child's face, made off with the booty. I cried out in horror, but we hurried on, as the dog had done, leaving the little victim struggling and bleeding in the mud. I could stand no more, so, to shut out the ghastly sights, I closed my eyes and did not open them again until our car stopped and we were ordered to alight.

"This is the palace; we are in Berlin," The One Who Comes Alone managed to tell me, as we were being hustled along between rows of soldiers.

AFTER a few minutes' delay we were taken, under heavy guard, into the presence of the Kaiser, who, with his greatcoat still on, sat with several members of his staff around a long table. The Kaiser looked up at us expectantly, and without preliminary remarks, addressed himself to The One Who Comes Alone:

"You said that your mission here is one of mercy," he began, running his fingers nervously through numberless reports that were piled high before him. Then, with an ingratiating smile, he added: "Germany is in great need. Perhaps you saw evidence of want as you rode from the border. Come," he invited us, stepping to the window and pointing into the street. There, we saw mobs of old men and women struggling frantically with one another to get the miserable portion of food that was being allotted to them. Ravenously they devoured the unwholesome mess and begged for more. Famishing mothers fed their own rations to hollow-eyed babies who cried piteously, while half-grown boys and girls fought and snarled like savage young animals.

"The rations will have to be cut down to-morrow," the Kaiser said as we turned away, "unless," he went on, with an insinuating emphasis, "you come to their aid. Surely, there is no work of mercy that can be greater than feeding these suffering people. The children—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,'" he said, slowly. "We shall not ask you to fight—we shall not ask you to visit the battle-front. You shall remain here and divide the rations among our suffering brothers. You shall bring to them comfort and faith in us; you shall renew their hope and courage. When we have conquered our enemies, we shall extend our borders; our power on the sea shall be unsurpassed; gold shall pour into our treasury; our glory shall be world-wide. You shall share in our honours, and a beautiful peace shall prevail."

But The One Who Comes Alone looked pityingly at the Emperor. "How can there be peace unless you love one another?" he asked quietly, but the Emperor waved that remark aside and picked up a handful of papers from his table. "Here," he said, "are facts and figures. You can see that the provisions for those who cannot go to the front are very meagre—they are the ones who need your help. Men who are lame and blind; women broken by years of struggle and privation; little children—babies are starving. You can help them—a loaf and five fishes—you can—"

A message was brought in hurriedly. The Kaiser read it and scowled.

"Take them back," he ordered, waving his hand toward us. In a few hours, we were again landed behind the German lines, near Moreuil.

As we walked into the village, The One Who Comes Alone whispered to me, "When we pass the next dwelling, you will turn into the yard; walk through to the next road, then go straight ahead until you reach your own people."

"But you?" I asked fearfully.

"Have no fear for me," he answered with a smile. "I shall stick to my job until it is finished. Now, go," and he gave me a little push toward the gate.

Why the guard did not notice my going and stop me, or how I managed to make the trip unharmed to our own lines, I cannot explain, but I did reach them safely, and I found our Captain. I told him about our capture, of my escape, and that the Germans had The One Who Comes Alone at Moreuil. He listened attentively, asked a few brisk questions, then ordered me to rest before reporting for duty at another dressing station; ours had been destroyed in the advance.

I did lie down, and after tossing restlessly for half an hour, fell into a troubled sleep. I dreamed of seeing at a distance a wonderful garden, whose trees hid their topmost branches in billowy clouds, the breeze was laden with the sweet fragrance of flowers, and the merry laughter and voices of children at play came to me. I hurried eagerly toward the beautiful spot, only to find that the trees were great painted screens, that the sweetness of the air was deadly, that the children were suffering and dying, while the sounds of their gay voices came from an immense phonograph. I struggled frantically with a serpent-like creature who murmured words of love and charity while devouring his helpless victims, and in the agony of my dream, I shrieked aloud and jumped from my cot. A stretcher-bearer poked his head in at the door and said briskly.

"Guess you've had a nightmare in your sleep."

"We're having something of the sort out here. Can you come and help us?" So soon I was again busily sponging, plugging and bandaging, while the wounded were brought in in great numbers, cared for, and sent on in the ambulances to the hospital.

It was about midnight when a young Canadian whom I recognized as a friend of Sunny Jim's, was brought in. The boy was severely wounded, but he insisted upon going back.

"You just tie me up, nurse," he begged. "I've got to go back; just as long as there's a breath in me, I've got to go back there and fight. I can't waste time in a hospital while I'm needed out there."

"You'll be sent back in a few days," I tried to tell him.

"A few days," he cried. "Do you know what these Huns can do in a few days?" Then suddenly recognizing me, he caught my hand:

"You went out there with Sunny Jim, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"When you came back, our Captain passed along the word that the Germans had The One Who Comes Alone at Moreuil. He told us a little of what had happened, and—well, we went to get Moreuil. We got it—we fought like hell, but we got it." The boy sprang to his feet. "I'm going back," he declared, leaning dizzily against the pole.

"Lie down and I'll make those bandages more secure. They would slip off as they are now," I urged. So he let me help him back to his cot.

"Hurry up," he pleaded, impatiently, as I readjusted a compress. "You left The One Who Comes Alone at Moreuil," he said; then went on excitedly. "We hunted for him in every house and shell hole."

"Then you did not find him?" I asked eagerly.

The boy looked at me for a moment.

"Yes," he nodded. "That's why I'm going back. We found him in the churchyard beyond Moreuil."

The boy's lips quivered and great tears sprang to his eyes. His voice was tense and his words came slowly.

"We found him in the churchyard. His body was riddled with bullets—and —and they'd nailed him to a cross."

Here it is At Last

Champion of the World

HERE it is at last! The Liquid Veneer Mop—the mop with the swab that comes off with a pull—that can be washed and put through a wringer like a handkerchief—a gigantic improvement over all other mops. It fairly bristles with Liquid Veneer quality.

LIQUID VENEER MOP

"The Swab Comes Off With a Pull"

Just observe the lower illustrations. The mop has a full yarn center and is not merely a fringe of yarn around a frame. It is very light in weight, yet it has more cleaning and polishing surface than any other mop in the world. It will carry away a wonderful amount of dirt before it needs washing.

The handle is adjustable to any angle and remains secure in the position desired, without tampering with nuts or bolts. When the swab wears out, you simply buy a new one at slight expense and replace it. Your mop will then be as good as new and it will, therefore, last a life-time.

But, best of all, as the mop is treated with Liquid Veneer, it is now possible to keep your floors just as lustrous, spotlessly clean and greaseless as your piano and expensive furniture. No housewife who uses Liquid Veneer on the Liquid Veneer Mop will ever go back to the old greasy oil mop with its trail of greasy, discolored floors.

The Liquid Veneer Mop is sold on approval. If it is not all and more than we claim, return it to the store you bought it from and your money will be refunded.

Price, complete with 54-inch handle, $1.75

Extra swabs $1.00 each. Ask your dealer for the Liquid Veneer Mop, and take no other, because it is the Champion of the World.

SWAB PULLS OFF QUICKLY EASY TO WASH

Buffalo Specialty Co.

379 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.

Bridgeburg, Ont., Canada

MADE IN CANADA

EXTRA MOPPING STRANDS IN CENTER EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

TO TREAT SPRINKLE WITH LIQUID VENEER

HANDLE ADJUSTS TO ANY POSITION

If Thin And Nervous, Try Phosphate

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

When one stops to consider the host of thin people who are searching continually for some method by which they may increase their flesh to normal proportions by the filling out of ugly hollows, the rounding off of protruding angles with the attendant bloom of health and attractiveness, it is no wonder that many and varied suggestions along this line appear from time to time in public print.

While excessive thinness might be attributed to various and subtle causes in different individuals, it is a well-known fact that the lack of sufficient phosphorous in the human system is very largely responsible for this condition. Experiments on humans and animals by many scientists have demonstrated beyond question of doubt that a body deficient in phosphorous becomes nervous, sickly and thin. A noted author and professor in his book, "Chemistry and Food Nutrition," published in 1918, says: "* * * that the amount of phosphorous required for the normal nutrition of man is seriously underestimated in many of our standard text books."

It seems to be well established that this deficiency in phosphorous may now be met by the use of an organic phosphate known throughout English-speaking countries as Bitro-Phosphate. Through the assimilation of this phosphate by the nerve tissue the phosphoric content when absorbed in the amount normally required by nature soon produces a welcome change in our body and mind. Nerve tension disappears, vigor and strength replace weakness and lack of energy, and the whole body soon loses its ugly hollows and abrupt angles, becoming enveloped in a glow of perfect health and beauty and the will and strength to be up and doing.

CAUTION:—While Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility, etc., those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

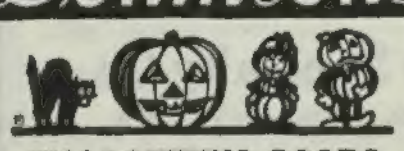
Includes underwear in combinations or vests and drawers, corset covers, night dresses, petticoats, bathing suits, stockings, shirt waists, pyjamas, dressing gowns, coats, golfers, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, hats, caps, shawls, gloves, slippers, etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For Sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883". 25

Dennison's



HALLOWEEN GOODS

Oo-o-oh! Hallowe'en magic lurks in Dennison's paper Hallowe'en specialties. Clean, charming, amusing Dealers everywhere.

Write to Dennison, Dept. 8, 160 Richmond Street West, Toronto, for "Bogie Book," 5c.

70 What Next ?

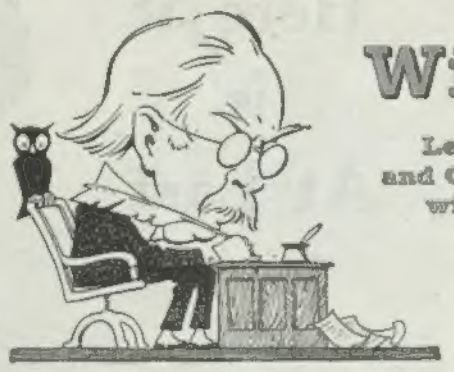
15 Buys ¢ 100 Engel "Art Corners"

Millions Billions in use to-day

NO PASTE NEEDED

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stat'y stores. 15¢ brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 44-1455 Leland, CHICAGO



Wise and Otherwise

Leaves from the Editor's Scrap Book and Comments from Her Diary Presented with one Idea—to Stimulate Interest and Afford Relaxation

THIS page is compiled simply of waifs and strays. It is not intended to be either uplifting or demoralizing, sense or nonsense, clever or prophetic, so—

If the anecdotes chronicled hereon are "stale"—comfort yourself with the thought that you're smarter'n I am.

If the bits of news seem to you to be not extraordinary—take pride in the knowledge that you are an unusual and discriminating reader.

If you cannot agree with my views—write and tell me so. I love an argument.

If something on this page reminds you of something else, twice as funny, twice as interesting—send it in. I'll pass it on.

If the page appeals to you—read it as a personal tribute to me. Thanks!

The Editor.

IN South India the Pipal trees are, botanically, male and female. These are tall, handsome trees, much like a poplar and their foliage is consequently rustling, even in the slightest breeze. The natives believe these trees are talking to each other and regard them with great veneration.

A male and female Pipal tree is set out, side by side, and then, with a long, serious and formal ceremony, they are solemnly married. After that the young Hindu bride marches around the female Pipal tree and prays to be as faithful and ideal a wife to her husband as this tree will be to "her" mate.

EMBALMED Egyptians that have been buried for thousands of years have become the basis of a new industry. From them is made the finest brown paint known to artists.

When we gaze on the rich browns of an oil painting we may be unconsciously admiring the remains of a beautiful Egyptian princess. When a person died in Egypt a few centuries before Christ the body was preserved in the finest bitumen and wrapped in linen. On being unwrapped to-day, such mummies present an appearance similar to light coloured leather. They are ground down by machinery and turned into a beautiful brown powder, from which is made a paint that is the delight of artists. It is said that colour manufacturers keep a mummy locked away in an airtight case for use as required. A single one will last for years and make a stupendous amount of colour.

THE life of cut flowers may be lengthened considerable by dipping their stems into melted candle wax, after they have been in water for several hours. When a small knob of wax has formed on the end of the stem, it will keep them from wilting for some time, even if kept out of water after treatment.

NEARLY everyone must have noticed that when a building is half finished, or when alterations are being made to it the windows are liberally daubed with some kind of whiting.

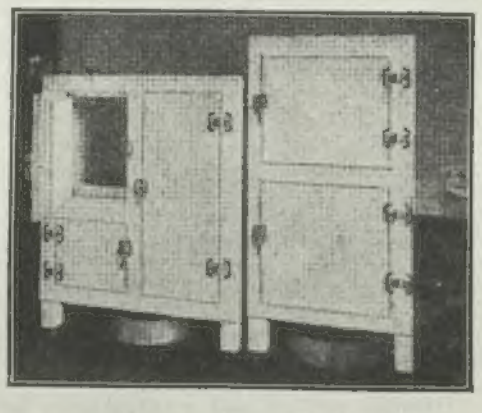
The current impression seems to be that this is done so that people cannot see the work as it is progressing, and opinions have even been expressed that the windows are often put in and whitened as soon as possible, so that the flimsy character of the work shall not be apparent.

The real reason, however, is one of extreme utility. A workman, accustomed to the roughness of an unfinished house, and often wearing a hat which is pulled down over his eyes, is not the most careful person in the world, and when he is carrying large beams, and working quickly near windows, he is apt to run into the large, transparent piece of glass, which constitutes a large window, without interseeting panes. This is especially true when he has been engaged on the construction since the beginning, and has grown accustomed to having an open space where the window is to be. Hence the whiting.

THE Brute: "I think that women are much better-looking than men."
She: "Naturally."
The Brute: "No, artificially."

HE has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, who has left the world better than he found it, who has never lacked appreciation of the beauty of the earth, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, and whose memory a benediction.

AS it gains in popular confidence, concrete is used in more and stranger ways. Now it is the concrete refrigerator, quite compact and far from unsightly with its gleaming metal fittings and glazed finish. Chief among its ob-



vious merits is its indestructibility; though it is sanitary, too, as there are no joints nor crevices to conceal dirt and germs. The doors will always fit snugly as the material is comparatively unaffected by changes in the temperature or humidity of the air.

THE other day, wrote in a subscriber, I discovered my five-year-old daughter weeping. When I asked what was the trouble, instead of looking frantically to find a scratch or other severe injury she had received and "lost," she replied: "Mother, since I haven't no brothers, what'll my children do for uncles?"

THE following story is an illustration of the unfailing humour of soldiers in the trenches:

Bill, from the Bowery, busily engaged in hunting "cooties," says to his companion in misery: "Say, I knows now why dat guy Napoleon always had his picter took wid his hand in de front of his shirt!"

"BUT, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"
"On any grounds within a mile of our house."

ABOUT 5,000 tons of margarine, made according to government formula and sold at less than one-third the price of butter, are manufactured by British factories every week.

THAT a brewer's vat may serve as an efficient substitute for a wheat field is the latest suggestion of science calculated to shine through the gloom that hangs over the brewery business. Yeast, which can readily be grown in such a vat, is declared to possess many of the food properties of wheat. It is also a nutritious substitute for meat, and not far removed in food value from cream and butter. As prepared for eating, the yeast is dried at a temperature of 221 degrees F., and one part is used with four of wheat to make bread. It may also be mixed with other dishes, adding palatability as well as nutriment. The tiny plants which compose the yeast family are really a form of fungus, and grow with tremendous rapidity.

TO recover from the bottom of Canadian streams the sunken logs that are lost while on the way from the logging camps to the mills, a newly organized corporation will employ machinery specially adapted to the purpose, instead of the ordinary devices used for moving timber. Compressed air and high-pressure water streams will be to loosen the logs. As 10 per cent. of the logs cut sink and remain imbedded for various periods without losing their value by deterioration, the business of raising them should prove to be one of great commercial importance to lumbermen.

MRS. TANSEY, a nervous and inexperienced hostess, rose hurriedly as one of her guests finished the song she was singing.

"Ladies and—er—er—gentlemen," said she, nervously clutching at the side of her gown, "before Miss Jepson began she asked me to apologize for her voice, but I omitted to do so—er—so—er—I apologize now!"

ANY woman who owns a sewing machine can easily have an emery wheel of her own with which to sharpen knives and smooth off the damaged points of machine needles. It will also sharpen a lead pencil more quickly and neatly than can be done by hand.

Get a roll of half-inch adhesive tape, cut off a strip just long enough to reach around the hand wheel of the machine, and press it firmly to the metal rim of the wheel. Next, cut a strip of fine emery cloth the same length and width as the tape and glue it firmly to the tape. Then wind the wheel all around with a strip of cotton cloth or muslin to hold the emery in place until the glue is dry, which will require about a day. (The machine may be used in the meantime for sewing as usual.)

When it is worn another strip may be glued over it.

• •

RECTOR (calling at parish school): "Which of you can tell me something about Adam?"

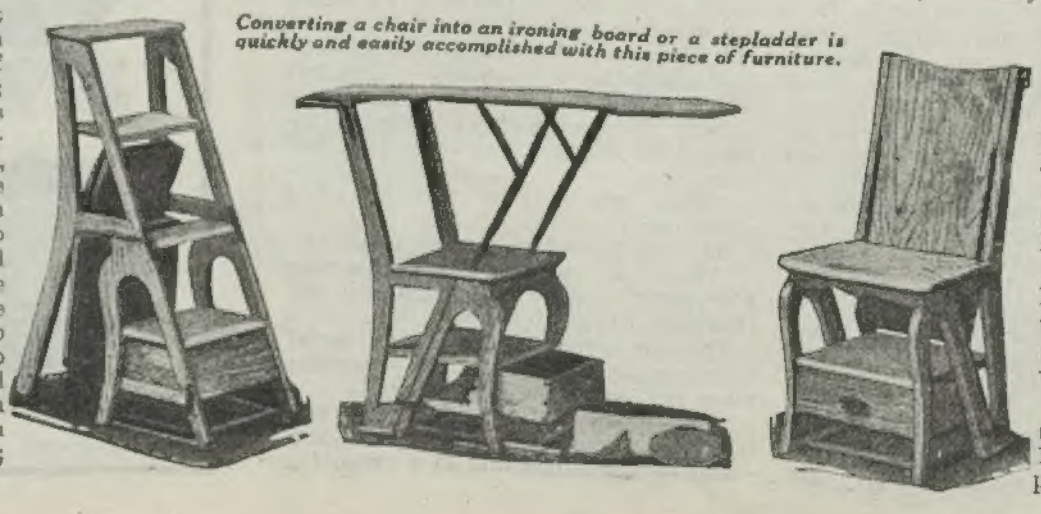
Little Dora: "Adam was the first man, and had trouble with one of his ribs."

NOT many children have the painful struggles with word-personalities Sentimental Tommy had. If they can't think of the right word they cheerfully use the wrong word and let it go at that.

Yesterday a six-year-old imp was looking through a school physiology, apparently engrossed with the captivating pictures of livers, lungs, stomachs and other organs, sometimes vulgarly referred to as one's "insides." Finally, she thrust the book from her and announced with conviction:

"Well, I must say that I don't like to look at people's insides!"

Converting a chair into an ironing board or a stepladder is quickly and easily accomplished with this piece of furniture.



Pompeian
BEAUTY POWDER

"Don't Envy Beauty. Use Pompeian"

"How can I have beauty instantly for tonight?" Every woman asks hereelf that question. Will she be the center of attraction at the theatre, the dance, or that jolly informal party? Yes, instant beauty is possible if she uses the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! The face is youth-i-fied in an instant!

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't break — light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian Fragrance (a 30c talc with an exquisite new odor.)

"Don't Envy Beauty. Use Pompeian"

Get Art Panel and Samples

All sent for a dime. This beautiful 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel, entitled, "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is 26 inches long by 8 inches wide, and is finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, 5 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ont., Can.

Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN CO.,
5 Kildare Road, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and three samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....

Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

Two Sides To a Question

Don't take anybody's word for it. But if you're a coffee drinker, and feel as though something is wrong with your nerves, *Quit Coffee* and use

POSTUM

You'll know more after a couple of weeks about the effects of coffee, than you can learn from reading in a couple of years.

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM